

## Body - 1/1

Interprété par The Servant.

Body

You've got to take your mind off him  
But not with aspirins  
You won't  
You won't let your family in  
Like smoke your body comes  
Through the gaps in the urban slums  
You try  
You try to speak american  
When you don't know what you want  
You end up finding that you haunt your own  
Your own life  
You're the daylight ghost that creeps  
You're the empty city streets and I  
And I see you  
And those talkshows fill your days  
Something is slipping away  
Sometimes it feels like you don't have a body  
Your skin is cellophane  
You know I feel the same  
Sometimes it feels like you don't have a body

When you make a cup of tea  
You act like it's alchemy  
But it's not  
It's not what you think it to be  
Seeing everything as signs  
Seeing everything as lines always  
Always lying saying you're fine  
When you don't know what you want  
You end up finding that you haunt your own  
Your own life  
You're the daylight ghost that creeps  
You're the empty city streets and I  
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