

Accidents

Alexisonfire

I'm not sure what's worse
The waiting or the waiting room
"You're next sir" becomes a cruel taunt to you
Recycled air, the smell of sleep and disinfectant
Your god is a two door elevator Do they even cure you
(cut me open drug me)
Or is it just to humor us before we die
(Repair all my defects)
If only we could heal ourselves
We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machines
Let's redefine!
Let's redefine!
Let's redefine!
Let's redefine!
Let's redefine!
Let's redefine!
What it means to heal
Do they even cure you
(cut me open drug me)
Or is it just to humor us before we die
(Repair all my defects)
If only we could heal ourselves
We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machines
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>