

Framing Hanley, Count Me In

Crying alone there's a fragile life
You can paint the picture pretty
But the stories is no disguise

It's only getting later now
And you may come away through time
The silver spoon won't feed your friends
'Cause life taste bitter when you eat with your hands

Count me in and I'll be the one
To take the knife out of your spine
'Cause I know you'd be the first
To bury the blade deeper into mine into mine

You've never know this charming life
You can write the perfect setting
But the story I'm not buying

We're only getting older now
And you can come away through time
The silver spoon won't feed your friends
'Cause life taste bitter when you eat with your hands

Count me in and I'll be the one
To take the knife out of your spine
'Cause I know you'd be the first
To bury the blade to bury the blade
I'm counting on you to bury the blade

Count me in and I'll be the one
To take the knife out of your spine
'Cause I know you'll be the one
To bury the blade but she's still mine

Count me in and I'll be the one
To take the knife out of your spine
'Cause I know you'd be the first
To bury the blade deeper into mine

Count me in count me in
Count me in count me in
To bury the blade deep in your spine