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