

# 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