

# Nine Inch Nails, The Collector

I pick things up  
I am a collector  
And things, well things, they tend to accumulate  
I have this net  
It drags behind me  
It picks up feelings  
For me to feed upon

There are times, plenty of times  
I wish I could let it go  
But they start to breathe, and they start to grow inside me  
There are times, plenty of times  
I wish I could let it go  
But they start to make me think things I don't wanna know

[Chorus:]  
I'm trying to fit it all inside  
I'm trying to open my mouth wide  
I'm trying not to choke and  
Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all

I am the plague I am the swarm  
All your hurt sticks on me  
And I keep it warm  
They will make me stay, they won't let me leave  
There are so god damned many of them it gets hard to breath

[Chorus:]  
I'm trying to fit it all inside  
I'm trying to open my mouth wide  
I'm trying not to choke inside  
I am a good boy and I will  
Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all

Every last one [x20]