R.E.M., Country Feedback

This flower is scorched
This film is on
On a maddening loop.
These clothes,
These clothes don't fit us right
I'm to blame
It's all the same
It's all the same

You come to me with a bone in your hand You come to me with your hair curled tight You come to me with positions You come to me with excuses Ducked out in a row You wear me out You wear me out

We've been through fake-a-breakdown Self hurt Plastics, collections Self help, self pain, EST, psychics, fuck all I was central I had control I lost my head I need this I need this A paper weight, junk garage Winter rain, a honey pot Crazy, all the lovers have been tagged. A hotline, a wanted ad It's crazy what you could've had It's crazy what you could've had It's crazy what you could've had I need this I need this