

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