Numbers

Ryan Adams & The Cardinals

Here comes your song, it's on the radio Here comes your song, here comes your song Everybody in the backseat, come and sing alongWe're fucked, we're fucked There's been an accident, somebody stole your face We're fucked, we're fucked You were always something else, there's nothing to replace You got some shit to throw out You got some numbers to eraseNumbers, numbers, numbers, numbers Ringing all night, it's slower than the bar Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers How do you spell Look way around or replace those numbers? Here comes your song, it's on the stereo So turn it on, so turn it up Everybody in the backseat's about to throw upWe're fucked, we're fucked There's been a tragedy, hardly words remind us, baby We're fucked, we're fucked Fuck, you walked in a piece, this isn't war and peaceYou were always good enough There was nothing to replace You got some shit to throw out You got some numbers to eraseYou got names to forget Plus some people to call There was nothing to replace You've been good enough all along You just got settled in And you wanna get down And feel like you are loved Feel like you are lovedNobody's mad at you These people love you And they wanna see you are bein' strong Wanna see you are bein' strongSo lose no numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbersSo lose no numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers NumbersSo lose the numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers NumbersSo lose the numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers

The names and the phoneHere comes your song, it's on the stereo Here comes your song, it's on the radio Here comes your song, here comes your songWe're fucked, we're fucked And hung up alone

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