

# Native Numb

## Enon

doors get a love and the ones get sliced  
don't make the first dried least and the rename course

well let's go back to where we started from

a story with a trail of crumbs

i was stellar then today

don't make up a rename

i've done so gone to waste

let's start we'll travel into the weekend home

the times are wicked with the native numb

generation feel OK

to your prison

to a Bordeaux

so say OK

the century's over

pay up, you know you're stayin'

the boys are gonna

there's no one to blame

statistics honor

attentions are overrated

they're either buyin'

gimme gimme that thing

doors get a love and the ones get sliced

don't make the first dried least and the rename course

she's spurting adult with the blood and gore

it's like she's speaking from an open sore

cancella-communicue

she's a double-wire-crosser

another broken cup-and-saucer

with a kiss and disarray

split it with a razor

it'll be on the way

it doesn't matter

sink it, you'll never save it

the boys are gonna

there's no one to blame

correct-a-rama

save it, but don't mistake it

there is a motto

baby baby don't you bring me no shame

the phone rings but you won't get through

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>