

Raconteurs, The "Consoler Of The Lonely"

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(laughing, talking, "double track that")

Haven't seen the sun in weeks
My skin is getting pale
Haven't got a mind left to speak
And I'm skinny as a rail

Lightbulbs are getting dim
My interest is starting to wane
I'm told it's everything a man could want
And I shouldn't complain

Conversation's getting dull
There's a constant buzzing in my ears
Sense of humor's void and null
And I'm bored to tears

I'm bored to tears, yeah
I'm bored to tears, yeah

If you're lookin for an accomplice
A confederate
Somebody as helpless

You're gonna find
A find yourself alone

If you're lookin for comfort
Singing a bum note
Lookin for a scapegoat

You're gonna find
You'll find yourself alone
Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah,
Aah, Aah
Lookin for sympathy

I can get you something
Somethin good
A somethin good to eat

Haven't had a decent meal
My brain is fried
Haven't slept a wink for real
My tongue is tired

Lightbulbs are getting dim
My interest is starting to wane
I'm told it's everything a man could want
And I shouldn't complain

Conversation's getting dull
There's a constant ringing in my ears
Sense of humor's void and null
And I'm bored to tears

I'm bored to tears, yeah
I'm bored to tears, yeah

Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah

(laughing)

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