B.R.M.C. (Black Rebel Motorcycle Club) "Stop"

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We don't like you we just want to try you I'm tired of runnin' the feeling ain't comin' This all could be simpler it all could be simpler But all this is sickness the feeling ain't in this

We don't know where to stop
We don't know where to stop
I try and I try but I can't get enough
I won't fail you but you won't bleed for me

Have I been sinful have I been sinful It's all been for nothin' your good ain't for nothin' It's hard not to die when your time has been killed off But I have been grateful you know this could take hold

We don't know where to stop
We don't know where to stop
I try and I try but I can't get enough
I won't fail you but you won't bleed for me

Try keep your head up high Time burns so deep inside you Rips your throat out

We don't like you we just want to try you I'm tired of runnin' the feeling ain't comin' It all could be different it all could be different But all this is sickness the feeling ain't in this

We don't know where to stop
We don't know where to stop
I try and I try but I can't get enough
I won't fail you but you won't bleed for me

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