

Eyedea

"Exhausted Love"

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Random Dude:

To hell with the kind of work you have to do to earn a living
All that does is fill the bellies of the pigs who exploit us
Look at me, I'm makin' it
I may live badly, but at least I don't have to work to do it
To all you workers out there, every single commodity
you produce is a piece of your own death
End of interview

Eyedea:

I'm so goddamn tired
Can't tell if I'm done or just uninspired
And don't give me that you can be somebody speech
That ain't your place, let me be
I'm an example of a candle-lit life with electric relaxation
Brain trampled by devotion to remote-control channel changin'
Somethin' provoked the whole GLOBE to lower expectations
Damn, what's wrong with my generation?
We was the cream of the crop, but it seems we've been robbed
That's what happens when you trade in all your dreams for a job
And every day it gets less and less exciting
And I would make a difference but I'm busy fakin' this instead of tryin'
Change my shift from now to never and I'll pretend I'm fine
Why am I always stuck at the shitty end of the assembly line?
I guess I'm built to be intoxicated with hope
Sometimes it's a journey, most of the time it's just a bad joke
And in my skull is a junk drawer, I can't organize
The first to come and last to leave will never be immortalized
This sort of life is completely overrated
I'm sick of being the only one I know who's trying to

make it
So, right now I'm headin' home
Got Sounds of Nature Volume 1 in my headphones and
half a bottle of Pretnazone
That's the reaction to an overdose of passion
Brainless, stagnant, ain't it magic?

[Chorus]

Eyedeas:

I never knew ambition could be so fuckin' disgusting
I earn a good commission but it makes me feel so ugly
I'm on some not even knowin' I'm an illuminatus (?) (this
is right, illuminatus)
Just as long as playin' agent don't disrupt my funeral's
progress
I ain't changin' for you, I ain't reachin' for the sky
I would, if you would give me one good reason why I
should even try
Cuz after a while this never-ending lame game of
what's better could fracture your smile's main frame
forever
It's so fun to be in love or so I've heard
The meaning has no feeling even though I understand
the words
I used to try to make heaven right here on Earth
But that'll only happen if you find someone else to do
the work
I'll be surprised when my psychosis turns out to keep
the drive in focus while I hold the same blurred cloud
as burnt out dope-heads
So for now my worthless counter-work has found a
purpose
Every time a pound of dirt's produced I get my frown
refurbished
2-for-1 specials if you order shoulder devils
Head swell, runnin' outta petrol but I won't let go of this
gas pedal til' I'm settled and they finally wet me with
that sweet blind security
So insecure and messy
Mark today the day that dedication died, instead of
sayin' goodbye I'm stayin', prayin' that I stay alive
Cuz even though I KNOW I hate to love you so much
I got no better place to go, that's why I always show up
Damn!

[Chorus]

[Guy talking]

