

Pulp

"Tired"

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I'm so sick and tired
Of never being gratified
I'm special when I cut you
I like to see you bleed
I feed off your dejections
It's all I could conceive

I'm so sick and tired of never being
When will my desire ever stop?

I'm so sick and tired of never being gratified
When will my desire ever stop or petrify?
I hate you 'cause you chase me
While in front of me
Is there something I could do now
To enjoy this breath

I'm so sick and tired of never being
When will my desire ever stop?
I'm so sick and tired of never feeling
When will I acquire a sense living?

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