

# The "Infected"

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I've got too much energy to switch off my mind,  
but not enough to get myself organized.  
My heart is heavy--my head is confused,  
And my aching little soul--has started burning blue!

CHORUS

I can't give you up, till I've got more than enough.  
So infect me with your love--  
Nurse me into sickness. Nurse me back to health.  
Endow me with the gifts--of the man made world.  
When desire becomes an illness instead of a joy,

And guilt a necessity that's gotta be destroyed.

CHORUS

Take me by the hands and walk me to the end of the  
pier.

Run your fingers through my hair,  
and tell me what I wanna hear--

Will lies become truths in this face of fading youth  
from my scrotum to your womb, --your cradle to my  
tomb.

CHORUS

Nurse me into sickness, nurse me back to health  
And tell me what it is that I want in this world!!

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