

Roomful Of Blues

"Misery"

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Let's make believe i'm insane
Let's make believe i know what pain is
Let's make believe i'm not loved
Let's make believe i care for everyone

I tell myself
Maybe your obsessive mean's your great

I'm small, she wanted the tall guy
She's smart, i wanted the artsy girl
So i thank you (ooh, ooh, ooh)
Yes, i thank you (ooh, ooh, ooh)
For making my life a misery

Let's make it helieve i've gotten laid
Let's make it known i cleaned up after myself
Let's make it known i turned off the television
And let's make it known i got home on time

I tell myself
Maybe your obsessive means your great

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So i thank you (ooh, ooh, ooh)
Yes, i thank you (ooh, ooh, ooh)
For making my life a misery

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