

Betty Ween "Comfortable Pain"

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Land of dust
I have slept with your lullaby
Dreaming of hope and trust

Oh how meaningless even the thought of it
How absurd the idea of the pain of longing
When the whole world is struggling

We trade our times
We're selling minds
That's the newest trend
To survive

(Will you survive?)

Do you have something to complain?
Do you dare to mention your personal pain?
Don't you see that the whole world's gone insane?
Ain't it nice to suffer a comfortable pain!

Centuries of thoughts
Medecines for any of your moods

From "upset" to "regret"
Everthing is set
To serve you comfortable pain

Do you have something to complain?
Do you dare to mention your personal pain?
Don't you see that the whole world's gone in-
Do you have something to complain?
Do you dare to mention your personal pain?
Don't you see that the whole world's gone in-
Do you have something to complain?
Do you dare to mention your personal pain?
Don't't you see that the whole world's gone insane?

Ain't it nice to suffer a comfortable pain!

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