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Britta Persson "Annoyed to death"

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Just before I sleep I close my eyes, and picture your funny, funny face. I tell you I forgive you just to make you mad. Yeah, you never liked when I did that.

Your skin turns red.
You can't defend yourself.
Your eyes turn black.
When you try to speak,
and find that you are dumb.

Trust me, I am over you.
This is just a pleasure of the night.
A satisfaction just as true,
as any caused by you.

A waste of time, most people would say.
They don't know what it is like.
How good it feels to watch you get,
annoyed to death.

I heard you're going steady and that she is nice.
I hope that she is ready for what will come.
Have you told her your idea of love?
Does she know of your approach to life?

Your skin turns red.
You can't defend yourself.
Your eyes turn black.
When you try to speak,
and find that you are dumb.

Trust me, I am over you.
This is just a pleasure of the night.
A satisfaction just as true,
as any caused by you.

A waste of time, most people would say.
They don't know what it is like.
How good it feels to watch you get,
annoyed to death.
To death.
To death.

Trust me, I am over you. This is just a pleasure of the night.

A satisfaction just as true, as any caused by you.

A waste of time, most people would say. They don't know what it is like. How good it feels to watch you get, annoyed to death.

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