

# Everything Hurtz

The Fall

Come to me  
Come unto me  
All ye that labor  
You that are heavy laden  
Cos everything hurts

And everything hurts

I've been pursuing the fuel too long  
Got a big fat pain in my chest bone  
Got an empty pocket book  
Got a big fat momma in my cheque-book  
And everything hurts  
And everything hurts  
I got the disease tinnitus  
I'm speakin' like I've got Tourette's  
And everything hurts X3  
I'm born X 2

I'm dressed like a road beacon  
On my way to Valhalla breakfast  
And everything hurts  
Can't you see the bitches by my side  
Followin' me through all my life  
And everything hurts  
I was born X 3  
Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden  
My head dip dip dip dipping, man  
All my limbs are disconnected  
And everything hurts X3

I've been pursuing the fuel too long  
Got a big fat pain in my chest bone  
And everything hurts X2  
Everything hurts  
[...] man  
Cos everything hurts  
I got a big fat [slug] on my knee bone  
And the back of my [...], zipped up  
And everything hurts X2