

## Coping

Blur

Primal, evil waht am I?  
Tongue-tied unti the day I die  
There's no love made with mermaids  
It's just distraction or so they say

But I'm too tired to care about it  
Can't you see it in my face, my face  
When I feel this strange can I go through this again

It's a sorry state you're getting in  
The same excuse is wearong thin  
There's no self control left in me  
What was not will never be

But I'm too tired to care about it  
Can't you see it in my face, my face  
When I feel this strange can I go through this again