

## Pity You

Devo

Pity you  
You're telling me you've got a problem  
A nervous sort of contraction  
A mindless kind of reaction  
You never get no satisfaction  
Here's to you

I know you really got a problem  
A nasty kind of reflection  
A dangerous sort of destruction  
That makes it difficult  
Makes it hard to reach  
Takes it all away  
From what you had in mind  
Yeah yeah yeah

A nervous kind of distraction  
A nasty sort of contraction  
But there's some big fat point  
That you seem to be missing  
And it's driving you to destruction  
But it doesn't seem  
To stop you in the least  
Or halt this obsession got you

Going on back  
Week after week  
Day after day  
Hour after hour  
From where you came  
For more of the same