

Tales of Ordinary Sadness

Electrocute

I've gotta message for you,
But wonder what's the chance it ever gets through
You've got bad habits as bad as your skin
Don't you suffer from the shape that I'm in?
Well I'm sure that it thrills you when you pull on my
strings like a puppet
But I can think for myself, and I'm not so sure about
you,
But whatever, blah, blah, blah,
I guess it's all the same to you huh?
You spent a lifetime just calling on me,
No guts, no hunger for originality,
I'm something you only imagine to be,
Your dirty shame has you to blame for your fucked up
personality
Maybe I'm just very paranoid,
But you're probably someone that I should avoid
You think you leave your mark on society,
But honey your world looks like a fashion magazine
Please pardon me uh huh for being candid
But what exactly is bugging you and what's bugging me
From the very start of it our love was sick and
volatile
Now there's nothing left of me, I'm just uptight and
hostile
I want you to understand that I don't want to hold your
hand
Through every little step you take, we're all allowed
to make mistakes
But you have made a few or more and when I look at you,
Reflected in your eyes your ordinary sadness looking
back at me.
I'm sick of you, I'm sure your just as sick of me
I'm sick of it all, I'm sick of it all, so sick.