

## 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.