

You keep me waiting
You keep me alone in a roomfull of friends
You keep me hating
You keep me listening to the Bends

No amount of pointless days
Can make this go away

You have me on my knees
You have me listless and deranged
You have me in your pocket
You have me distant and estranged

No narcotics in my brain
Can make this go away

I'm sorry that, I'm sorry that I'm not like you
I worry that, I don't act the way you'd like me to

You find me wanting
You find me bloodless but inspired
You find me out
You find me hallucinating fire

No narcotics in my brain
Can make this go away

I'm sorry that, I'm sorry that I'm not like you
I worry that, I don't act the way you'd like me to