

# Consoler of the Lonely

Raconteurs

(Daddy, will you tell me the story about the chicken? hahahahaha...)

(ahahahaha...)

ahahaha

Let's double track that...)

Haven't seen the sun in weeks  
My skin is getting pale  
Haven't got a mind left to speak  
And I'm skinny as a rail

Lightbulbs are getting dim  
My interests are starting to wane  
I'm told it's everything a man could want  
And I shouldn't complain

Conversations getting dull  
There's a constant buzzing in my ears  
Sense of humor's void and numb  
And I'm bored to tears

I'm bored to tears, yeah...

I'm bored to tears, yeah...

If you're looking for an accomplice  
A confederate, somebody's who's helpless  
You're gonna find, you'll find yourself alone

If you're looking for cut-throat  
Singing above note, looking for a scapegoat  
You're gonna find, you'll find yourself alone

Looking for sympathy  
I can get you something  
Something good, something good to eat

Haven't had a decent meal  
My brain is fried  
Haven't slept a week for real  
My tongue is tied

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Ah Ah Ah Ah Ahhh....