

# Thoughts Wasted

Róisín Murphy

Don't call me up wasted  
Senselessly jabbering on  
Don't talk to me like that  
You're picking me up all wrong  
You came to your conclusions  
And I will come to mine

I'm all about your opinions  
Not about letting you cry  
Don't hide your emotions  
So twisted up inside  
Don't you call me up so wasted  
Don't talk to me when you're high

I can't seem to get it, a word in edge-ways  
Sound like you're forgetting  
The things that you said  
I just wanna let the love in edge-ways  
So I'm gonna wait until you come to your senses

I know, I know, I know  
I've heard it all a million times before  
And if you've something new to add...

Running away with yourselves  
Galloping on  
At an impossible speed  
Like nothing is wrong  
Hurtling into space  
You're too far gone

You better be off your face  
Running away with yourselves  
Galloping on  
At an impossible speed  
Like nothing is wrong  
Hurtling into space  
You're too far gone

Seething, a quiver of cobras has a vitality  
An intimate enemy, resentment, a lounge of dragons  
Like mold, resentment grows  
Unforgiveable; there's no way to be good  
There's simply many ways to be more or less bad  
He had to find religion to measure his evil against  
Too much information, too much time has passed  
Too much history

Humans are fucked, a smack of a jelly fish  
So complex, even the most simple of us  
Needing one another  
In the wake of resentment  
Only broken hearts shattered souls