

## Don't Give It to Me

The Proclaimers

Your life is full of misery  
Well take something for it  
Or try to ignore it, don't give it to me  
You trapped me in this corner  
You're breathing it over me  
Next stop's the Royal Infirmary

The room's started spinning  
I'm finding it hard to breath  
I think I'll have to leave, I need some air  
That little black cloud  
That follows you everywhere's  
Floating my way and it's raining despair

Now I'm not immune to misery myself  
But it's just a bore in somebody else  
If you weren't allowed to talk of yourself  
You would have nothing to say

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Now I'm not immune