

I'm Tired

Amber Run

And I wake up, and start the day
Look in the mirror, yeah fine, okay
I'm tired, tired of getting through

Listening to Whitney as I board the train
What's it all for? Everyday's the same
I'm tired, tired of getting through

And I can't be the only one

I was on time to stare at a screen
Pencil pushing monotony
Oh, I'm tired, tired of getting through

Procrastinating, pens put in a line
Daydreaming of new alibis
I'm tired, tired of getting through

And the keys stuck in the front door
Had to wait an hour, it didn't rain, it poured
I'm tired, tired of getting through

And I can't be the only one
And I can't be the only one

TV dinners, still don't want to eat
Sex in the city, huh? I'd be so lucky
I'm tired, tired of getting through

And it's night time so I take off my clothes
Look in the mirror, swear I'm alone
I'm tired, tired of getting through

And I can't be the only one
No, I can't be the only one
Tired of getting through
Tired of getting through
I'm tired of getting through
I'm tired of getting through