

Pity You

Devo

Pity you
You're telling me you've got a problem
A nervous sort of contraction
A mindless kind of reaction
You never get no satisfaction
Here's to you

I know you really got a problem
A nasty kind of reflection
A dangerous sort of destruction
That makes it difficult
Makes it hard to reach
Takes it all away
From what you had in mind
Yeah yeah yeah

A nervous kind of distraction
A nasty sort of contraction
But there's some big fat point
That you seem to be missing
And it's driving you to destruction
But it doesn't seem
To stop you in the least
Or halt this obsession got you

Going on back
Week after week
Day after day
Hour after hour
From where you came
For more of the same