

Coping

Blur

Primal, evil waht am I?
Tongue-tied unti the day I die
There's no love made with mermaids
It's just distraction or so they say

But I'm too tired to care about it
Can't you see it in my face, my face
When I feel this strange can I go through this again

It's a sorry state you're getting in
The same excuse is wearong thin
There's no self control left in me
What was not will never be

But I'm too tired to care about it
Can't you see it in my face, my face
When I feel this strange can I go through this again