

# Hole In My Head

Herbert Grönemeyer

You stalked all those years  
waiting to pounce  
like mary, you'd comfort  
then judas, renounce  
seeking some light of guidance  
I saw your dagger glint

And boy did you kick  
when i hit the floor  
your fake sympathy  
kicked my ears even more  
growing rich from my toil  
like I worked in your shop

The good old days you used  
to bind me like rope  
dragged me through traitor's gate  
talking of hope  
my cards you revealed  
when i was winning the game

You shot me with arrows  
from nostalgias bow  
the rules to this sick game  
only you seemed to know  
from 'high' all the time then  
to stooping this low

You played at being my friend now confess  
how you gagged with envy, swallowing my success  
you laughed loud, I was finished  
when i laid down to rest  
my weakness, your banquet  
how your table's been blessed  
i need all your hurt  
like a hole in my head

I gave you one thousand  
percent of my trust  
and my most private feelings  
for you, I would defrost  
I crowned you with light  
maybe too hastily

There was never a problem  
who took and who gave  
but you killed off our friendship  
so let it rot in its grave  
the bed is so stoney  
when innocence dies

You held your nose and  
through ambition you'd wade  
how can you dig for gold  
when your spade's not a spade?  
you suffered in silence  
in full combat stance

'et tu brute' you stabbed  
me when you saw your chance  
i need all of your hurt  
like a hole in my head