

# I Think That I'm Getting Boring

Phoebe Green

I don't picture you so sweetly now  
I know you're no angel  
I let you under my skin somehow  
I think I'll keep you there as long as I'm able

It's in my lungs, it's in my teeth  
It's in my bones and in my sleep  
It's in my throat, don't let me breathe

Suffocate the restlessness  
I'm not sick of this yet  
I'll sedate my racing head  
To waste more time with you in bed  
I don't mind the lack of dread  
I don't crave the end  
Won't resent being content  
I don't crave the end

Tried to be more gentle with myself  
But it makes me feel uneasy  
If you're the thing that's sending me to Hell  
Won't waste my time with inner healing

Suffocate the restlessness  
I'm not sick of this yet  
I'll sedate my racing head  
To waste more time with you in bed  
I don't mind the lack of dread  
I don't crave the end  
Won't resent being content  
I don't crave the end

I think that I'm getting boring  
Or maybe I'm getting better  
I don't hate the mornings  
I talk about the weather  
Will you think I'm boring  
When I don't want to go out  
Will you be there in the morning

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I'm not sick of this yet  
I'll sedate my racing head  
To waste more time with you in bed  
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Won't resent being content  
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