

Thoughts Wasted

Róisín Murphy

Don't call me up wasted
Senselessly jabbering on
Don't talk to me like that
You're picking me up all wrong
You came to your conclusions
And I will come to mine

I'm all about your opinions
Not about letting you cry
Don't hide your emotions
So twisted up inside
Don't you call me up so wasted
Don't talk to me when you're high

I can't seem to get it, a word in edge-ways
Sound like you're forgetting
The things that you said
I just wanna let the love in edge-ways
So I'm gonna wait until you come to your senses

I know, I know, I know
I've heard it all a million times before
And if you've something new to add...

Running away with yourselves
Galloping on
At an impossible speed
Like nothing is wrong
Hurtling into space
You're too far gone

You better be off your face
Running away with yourselves
Galloping on
At an impossible speed
Like nothing is wrong
Hurtling into space
You're too far gone

Seething, a quiver of cobras has a vitality
An intimate enemy, resentment, a lounge of dragons
Like mold, resentment grows
Unforgiveable; there's no way to be good
There's simply many ways to be more or less bad
He had to find religion to measure his evil against
Too much information, too much time has passed
Too much history

Humans are fucked, a smack of a jelly fish
So complex, even the most simple of us
Needing one another
In the wake of resentment
Only broken hearts shattered souls