

Blur, Coping

PRIMAL, EVIL WHAT AM I ?
TONGUE-TIED UNTIL THE DAY I DIE
THERE'S NO LOVE MADE WITH MERMAIDS
IT'S JUST DISTRACTION OR SO THEY SAY

[CHORUS]

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 WEARING THIN
THERE'S NO SELF CONTROL LEFT IN ME
WHAT WAS NOT WILL NEVER BE

[CHORUS]