

Hans York, Bored Out Of My Mind

(Scheid/Cohen)

Moving down the lonely road
White lines flicker like a strobe.
Longing for the morning sun.
Will the daylight ever come?

Bored out of my mind
I'm bored out of my mind

Staring down an empty well.
My life seems a hollow shell.
Time is passing by too slow.
Don't know where I want to go.

Bored out of my mind
I'm bored out of my mind