

Henry Rollins, Tired

I'm so tired of myself
I'm tired in my sleep
I'm so tired of my lies
I'm tired of the secrets that I keep
I'm so tired of looking inside myself
Trying to find something
I'm getting tired
And I know I need something
Because the grind is burning me out
I don't want to hurt one of them
But I'll do it
I'm getting tired
I'm so tired of the things that I hear
I'm so tired of the things that I fear
I've never seen the end so clear
I'm getting tired
I know I need something to make me live
Because the grind is pounding me down
I don't want to kill one of these walking insects
But I'll do it
I'm getting tired