

The Proclaimers, Don't Give It To Me

Your life is full of misery
Well take something for it
Or try to ignore it, don't give it to me
You trapped me in this corner
You're breathing it over me
Next stop's the Royal Infirmary

The room's started spinning
I'm finding it hard to breath
I think I'll have to leave, I need some air
That little black cloud
That follows you everywhere's
Floating my way and it's raining despair

Now I'm not immune to misery myself
But it's just a bore in somebody else
If you weren't allowed to talk of yourself
You would have nothing to say

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Now I'm not immune etc...