

The Raconteurs, Consoler of the Lonely

Haven't seen the sun in weeks,
My skin is getting pale.
Haven't got a mind left to speak
And I'm skinny as a rail.
Light bulbs are getting dim.
My interest is starting to wain.
I'm told it's everything a man could want
And I shouldn't complain.
Conversation's getting dull,
There's a constant buzzing in my ears
Sense of humor's void and null
And I'm bored to tears.
I'm bored to tears, yeah.
I'm bored to tears, yeah.
If you're looking for an accomplice
A confederate
Somebody that's helpless
You're gonna find, find yourself alone.
If you're looking for cut throat
Singing a bum note,
Looking for a scapegoat,
You're gonna find, find yourself alone.
Ahh...
(Looking for sympathy.)
I can get you something,
Something good, something good to eat.
Haven't had a decent meal
My brain is fried.
Haven't slept a wink for real,
My tongue is tied.
Light bulbs are getting dim
My interest is starting to wain.
I'm told it's everything a man could want
And I shouldn't complain.
Conversation's getting dull,
There's a constant ringing in my ears
Sense of humor's void and null
And I'm bored to tears.
I'm bored to tears, yeah.
I'm bored to tears, yeah.