

# Bodyjar, Tortured Life

It's four in the morning you knock on my door.  
You're looking for sympathy, I've got no more.

Death's overrated  
You just need some rest  
You make it my problem when you're so depressed.

And you say  
It's all about you and your pain  
I'm so sick of hearing  
About your tortured life  
What are you hiding inside?

You called up and woke me  
Now I'm pissed off  
I've given you everything it's not enough

You bring on your problems  
That's what it's about  
Just look me up when you sort yourself out.

And you say  
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I'm so sick of hearing  
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