

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

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..
What are you hiding..
What are you hiding..
What are you hiding inside?
What are you hiding inside?
What are you hiding inside?
What are you hiding inside?