

# Depeche Mode, Useless

Well it's about time  
It's beginning to hurt  
Time you made up your mind  
Just what is it all worth  
All my useless advice  
All my hanging around  
All your cutting down to size  
All my bringing you down  
Watch the clock on the wall  
Feel the slowing of time  
Hear a voice in the hall  
Echoing in my mind  
All your stupid ideals  
Got your head in the clouds  
You should see how it feels  
With your feet on the ground  
Here I stand the accused  
With your fist in my face  
Feeling tired and bruised  
With the bitterest taste  
All my useless advice  
All my hanging around  
All your cutting down to size  
All my bringing you down  
All your stupid ideals  
Got your head in the clouds  
You should see how it feels  
With your feet on the ground