

Die Kreuzen, I'm Tired

We're not even friends
We don't even talk
My presence isn't
Acknowledged
You don't even know me
You spread lies about me
I've heard it before you're
The same old problem
You hang around
You bring everybody down
With your gossip and all
Your rumors
I know your type
I don't go for your type
I'm tired of you
You're the same old problem