

# Flying Blind, Work So Hard

Words, they bother me to no end  
To no end  
Always bad news, bad luck, bad weather  
Bad weather, yeah  
I wish you wouldn't talk so much  
Talk so much  
Then maybe things would get better  
Things would get better, yeah  
Songs filling up the room  
Still you don't hear, can't hear, won't listen  
If you'd only understand  
Only understand  
That I'm sure that things would get better  
Get better, yeah  
Why do I work so hard?  
Why do I work so hard?  
Why do I work so hard?  
All alone, conversations are driving me insane  
With quiet complications, desperately in vain  
I listen, I scream, I laugh out loud at myself  
Watchin' myself, playin' with myself  
'Cause everyone can't see  
The scared boy is me  
Honey, I will never let you go  
Said those strings of vile things  
Let's go places  
Excuse my intuition  
Yeah, my intuition, yeah  
There is no possible way that things could be better  
No, this won't be better  
Why do I work so hard?  
Why do I work so hard?  
Why do I work so hard?  
Why do I work so hard?