

Foo Fighters, Exhausted

I'm not around that much
Running exhausted and lost
If it could be undone
Will it have costed
It's taught and lost

Blowing away we stray, wilted
Insulted, at fault
What if the day had stayed in bed
These baubles we've brought
At fault

After the bliss has long ended
This caution this fault
Give me a breeze that's long winded
Accosted, adult arrested