

# 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