

Foo Fighters, Tired

I can be your liar
I can be your bearer of bad news
Sick and uninspired by the diamonds in your fire
Burning like a flame inside of you
Is this just desire or the truth
So shame on me for the ruse
Shame on me for the blues
Another one returned that I'll never use
I won't go getting tired of you
I won't go getting tired of you
I'm not getting tired
I won't go getting tired of you
I won't go getting tired of you
I'm not getting tired
Hanging on this wire
Waiting for the day where I'll have to choose
Cursed by love so dire
One more boy for hire
One more boy to lend a hand to you
Is this just desire or the truth
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Shame on me for the blues
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