

Foo Fighters, Tired Of You

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
But 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

But 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 I 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
Another one returned that I'll never use

But 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
Of you
You

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