

Poison Idea, Thorn In My Side

Here it comes again, a thorn in my side, a set of rules or a set up,
Give me grief and run it in just by the tone of your voice,
Something pained the side of me, I can't figure out.
All the pressures the day inflicts,
All the pain that makes that clock inside your heart tick.
Something pained the side of me, I can't figure it out.
Destroying me by the tone of your voice
Why can't you see that you're losing me, putting me in misery.