

# Sinead O' Connor, You Cause As Much Sorrow

I'm full of good intentions  
Like I never was before  
It's too late for prevention  
But I don't think it's too late for the cure  
So you call in your minions  
And see what you can find  
Night time or morning  
These hands are sticky but I don't mind  
Why must you always be around?  
Why can't you just leave it be?  
It's done nothing so far but destroy my life  
You cause as much sorrow dead  
As you did when you were alive  
I never said I was tough  
That was everyone else  
So you're a fool to attack me  
For the image that you built yourself  
Just sounds more vicious  
Than I actually mean  
I really am soft  
Yes, I'm tender and sweet  
Why must you always be around?  
Why can't you just leave it be?  
You've done nothing so far but destroy my life  
You cause as much sorrow dead  
As you did when you were alive  
Why must you always ask me?  
Why can't you just leave me be?  
You've done nothing so far but destroy my life  
You cause as much sorrow dead  
As you did when you were alive