

The Fall, Everything Hurtz

Come to me
Come unto me
All ye that labor
You that are heavy laden
Cos everything hurts

And everything hurts

I've been pursuing the fuel too long
Got a big fat pain in my chest bone
Got an empty pocket book
Got a big fat momma in my cheque-book
And everything hurts
And everything hurts
I got the disease tinnitus
I'm speakin' like I've got Tourette's
And everything hurts X3
I'm born X 2

I'm dressed like a road beacon
On my way to Valhalla breakfast
And everything hurts
Can't you see the bitches by my side
Followin' me through all my life
And everything hurts
I was born X 3
Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden
My head dip dip dip dipping, man
All my limbs are disconnected
And everything hurts X3

I've been pursuing the fuel too long
Got a big fat pain in my chest bone
And everything hurts X2
Everything hurts
(...) man
Cos everything hurts
I got a big fat (slug) on my knee bone
And the back of my (...), zipped up
And everything hurts X2