

The The, Dis-Infected

I've got too much energy to switch off my mind
But not enough to get myself organized
My heart is heavy
My head is confused
And my aching little soul
Has started burning blue

I can't give you up, 'till I've got more than enough
Infect me with your love
Nurse me into sickness
Nurse me back to health
Endow me with the gifts of the man made world

When desire becomes an illness instead of a joy
And guilt a necessity that's gotta be destroyed

I can't give you up, 'till I've got more than enough
Infect me with your love
Nurse me into sickness
Nurse me back to health
Endow me with the gifts of the man made world

Take me by the hand
And take me out of here
Run your fingers through my hair
And tell me what I wanna hear
Will lies become truths in this face of fading youth?
From my scrotum to your womb
Your cradle to my tomb

I can't give you up, 'till I've got more than enough
Infect me with your love
Nurse me into sickness
Nurse me back to health
Endow me with the gifts of the man made world

I can't give you up, 'till I've got more than enough
Infect me with your love
Nurse me into sickness
Nurse me back to health
Tell me what it is that I want in this world

I can't give you up
I can't give you up
I can't give you up
I can't give you up