

Bored To Tears

Black Label Society

Tired of this done with that
Never satisfied with where I'm at
I sit and think what to do
Just a motherfuckin' bore without a clue
Shot my drugs drank my booze
Tired of joy and self abuse
Eternally jaded through and through
Just a self loathin' dick without a clue
Oh, bored to death I'm just bored to tears
Same old shit just different day and year
Killed myself but that got borin' too
So beyond the point where it's not true
Far beyond high dramatically low
Eternal stare as if I care to know
All of this struggle all of this work
In the end you die like some moronic jerk
Shot my drugs drank my booze
Tired of joy and self abuse
Eternally jaded through and through
Just a self loathin' fuck without a clue
Oh, bored to death I'm just bored to tears
Same old shit just different day and year
Killed myself but that got borin' too
So beyond the point where it's not true, oh yeah
Yeah
Colors that I see are all bleedin'
The sound that was is now standin' still
I wonder when it was it all faded
A duller corpse that cannot be killed
Oh, bored to death I'm just bored to tears
Same old shit just different day and year
Killed myself but that got borin' too
So beyond the point where it's not true

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