Useless

Depeche Mode

Well it's about time
It's beginning to hurt
Time you made up your mind
Just what is it all worth
All my useless advice
All my hanging around
All your cutting down to size
All my bringing you down
Watch the clock on the wall
Feel the slowing of time
Hear a voice in the hall
Echoing in my mind
All your stupid ideals
You've got your head in the clouds
You should see how it feels
With your feet on the ground
Here I stand, the accused
With your fist in my face
Feeling tired and bruised
With the bitterest taste
All my useless advice
All my hanging around
All your cutting down to size
All my bringing you down
All your stupid ideals
You've got your head in the clouds
You should see how it feels
With your feet on the ground

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