

A Pain That I'm Used to

Depeche Mode

I'm not sure what I'm looking for anymore

I just know that I'm harder to console

I don't see who I'm trying to be instead of me

But the key is a question of control Can you say what you're trying to play anyway

I just pay while you're breaking all the rules

All the signs that I find have been underlined

Devils thrive on the drive that is fueled [Chorus]

All this running around, well it's getting me down

Just give me a pain that I'm used to

I don't need to believe all the dreams you conceive

You just need to achieve something that rings true There's a hole in your soul like an animal

With no conscience, repentance, oh no

Close your eyes, pay the price for your paradise

Devils feed on the seeds of the soul I can't conceal what I feel, what I know is real

No mistaking the faking, I care

With a prayer in the air I will leave it there

On a note full of hope not despair [Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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