Consoler Of The Lonely

The Raconteurs

(Daddy, will you tell me the story about the chicken? ha ha ha)

(Ah ha ha ha, ah ha ha)
(Let's double track that)

Haven't seen the sun in weeks
My skin is getting pale
Haven't got a mind left to speak
And I'm skinny as a rail

[Chorus]
Light bulbs are getting dim
My interests are starting to wane
I'm told it's everything a man could want
And I shouldn't complain

Conversations getting dull
There's a constant buzzing in my ears
Sense of humor's void and null
And I'm bored to tears

I'm bored to tears, yeah
I'm bored to tears, yeah

If you're looking for an accomplice
A confederate, somebody's who's helpless
You're gonna find, you'll find yourself alone

If you're looking for cut-throat
Singing above note, looking for a scapegoat
You're gonna find, you'll find yourself alone

Looking for sympathy
I can get you something
Something good, something good to eat

Haven't had a decent meal
My brain is fried
Haven't slept a week for real

My tongue is tied

[Chorus]

Conversations getting dull
There's a constant buzzing in my ears
Sense of humor's void and null
And I'm bored to tears

I'm bored to tears, yeah
I'm bored to tears, yeah

Ah ah ah ah ah

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