

# Tired

## The Pocket Gods

Hold my hand  
While you cut me down  
It'd only just begun  
But now it's over now  
And you're in the heat of moments  
With your heart playing up cold  
I'm between the middle  
Watching hastiness unfold  
On my eyes  
You were smiling in the spotlight  
Dancing with the night  
The night fell off your mind  
I'm tired of trying  
Your teasing ain't enough  
Fed up of biding your time  
When I don't get nothing back  
And for, and for, and for  
When I don't get nothing back  
Boy, I'm tired  
Where'd you go  
When you stay behind  
I looked up and inside down  
And outside only to find  
A double taking, punching hard  
And laughing at my smile  
I get closer  
You obviously prefer her  
I'm tired of trying  
Your teasing ain't enough  
Fed up of biding your time  
When I don't get nothing back  
And for, and for, and for  
When I don't get nothing back  
Boy, I'm tired of trying  
Your teasing ain't enough  
Fed up of biding your time  
When I don't get nothing back  
And for, and for, and for  
When I don't get nothing back

Boy, I'm tired  
I should have known  
Never mind  
Said your open arms  
I couldn't help believe  
The trick me back into them  
Even though I'm tired of trying  
Your teasing ain't enough  
Fed up of biding your time  
When I don't get nothing back  
And for, and for, and for  
When I don't get nothing back  
Boy, I'm tired of trying  
Your teasing ain't enough  
Fed up of biding your time  
When I don't get nothing back  
And for, and for, and for  
When I don't get nothing back  
Boy, I'm tired

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