

Useless

Depeche Mode

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