

# Bored To Tears

## Black Label Society

Tired of this  
Done with that  
Never satisfied with where I'm at  
I sit and think  
What to do  
Just a motherfuckin' bore  
Without a clue  
Shot my drugs  
Drank my booze  
Tired of joy and self abuse  
Eternally jaded through and through  
Just a self loathing dick  
Without a clue  
Oh  
Bored to death  
I'm just bored to tears  
Same old shit just different day & year  
Killed myself but that got boring too  
So beyond the point where it's not true  
Far beyond high  
Dramatically low  
Eternal stare as if I care to know  
All of this struggle  
All of this work  
In the end you die like some moronic jerk  
Shot my drugs  
Drank my booze  
Tired of joy and self abuse  
Eternally jaded through and through  
Just a self loathing fuck  
Without a clue  
Oh  
Bored to death  
I'm just bored to tears  
Same old shit just different day & year  
Killed myself but that got boring too  
So beyond the point where it's not true  
The colors I see are all bleeding  
The sound that was is now standing still  
I wonder when it was it all faded  
A dullen corpse that cannot be killed  
Oh  
Bored to death  
I'm just bored to tears  
Same old shit just different day & year  
Killed myself but that got boring too

So beyond the point where it's not true  
The rose petalled garden  
Yeah...Alone in the garden  
And all that would be  
Alone in the garden  
You thought would set you free  
Nowhere to draw water  
And if you could it would be damned  
Go on turn your back now  
On everything...Yeah...

Songwriters

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