

# Blue Morning

## Bourgeois Gypsies

I'm not a monster  
I'm just a sick man  
Who would give anything  
To have his soul backI'm not a monster  
I'm just a sick man  
Who would give anything  
To have his soul backYou should probably just  
Shoot me in the head now  
Otherwise, I'm gonna kill you  
I'm sick, really sick  
I'm one of them nowQuarantine me  
I'm infected  
Quarantine me  
Don't you just love  
What I've become?I'm not a monster  
I'm just a sick man  
Who would do anything  
To get his soul backI'm not a monster  
I'm just a sick man  
Who would do anything  
To get his soul backYou should probably  
Just cover your eyes now  
I'll have to warn you  
This is gonna hurt, really hurt  
I'm one of them nowQuarantine me  
I'm infected  
Quarantine me  
Don't you just love  
What I've become?  
Don't you just love  
What I've become?I don't blame you  
For wanting me dead  
I don't blame you  
For wanting me deadI don't blame you  
For wanting me dead  
I'm one of them nowI don't blame you  
For wanting me dead  
I don't blame you  
For wanting me deadI don't blame you

For wanting me dead  
I'm one of them nowI feel it in my blood now  
It's turning me, it's turning me  
I feel it in my blood now  
It's turning meI feel it in my blood now  
It's turning me, it's turning me  
I feel it in my blood now  
It's turning me, it's turning meI feel it in my blood now  
It's turning me, it's turning meYou better lock the doors and hide  
You better lock the doors and hide  
You better lock the doors and hideYou better lock the doors and hide  
You better lock the doors and hide, hide

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