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 hide
You better lock the doors and hideYou better lock the doors and hide
You better lock the doors and hide, hide, hide

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