

# Anaesthetic

## Thomston

Living on anaesthetic  
No one seems to get it  
You're numb to the sensation  
Living on anaesthetic  
Not the way you've chose to have it  
It's too cold to care  
It's only fair  
Waiting for a rendezvous  
It's getting heavier the longer you are waiting for her  
Pulling through  
There's a smell, like it died in the gutter  
And it's getting you  
You're tied to your stay away mother coz there's no one else  
You're at your wits end  
Losing feeling in your finger-tips  
And now you're wondering if anyone is showing  
And you're losing it  
All you ask is for anyone to care  
The sun it sets  
And now you're walking and the cars flirt with you  
Direct your stare  
You're at your wit's end  
Living on anaesthetic  
No one seems to get it  
It's too much to take and now  
You're numb to the sensation  
Living on anaesthetic  
Not the way you've chose to have it  
It's too cold to care  
It's only fair  
Swum right out your depths  
Now you drown and you go down feeling  
Second hand regret  
Consequence and self defence  
Retrace your steps  
You'll find where it all went wrong  
Have someone to blame  
You hope it's a name  
You already know  
You're at your wits end  
Living on anaesthetic  
No one seems to get it

It's too much to take and now  
You're numb to the sensation Living on anaesthetic  
Not the way you've chose to have it  
It's too cold to care  
It's only fair  
It's only fair  
Sick of all the stares  
Wait until your dead  
Til they pretend to care  
It's only fair  
Wait until you own the air  
When you're alone  
The ceiling is gone  
Chilled right to the bone  
Lost without a home  
When you're alone  
You feel you are known Maybe you will mend  
You're at your wits end Living on anaesthetic  
No one seems to get it  
It's too much to take and now  
You're numb to the sensation  
Living on anaesthetic  
Not the way you've chose to have it  
It's too cold to care  
It's only fair

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