

# The The, Dis-Infected

I've got too much energy to switch off my mind  
But not enough to get myself organized  
My heart is heavy  
My head is confused  
And my aching little soul  
Has started burning blue

I can't give you up, 'till I've got more than enough  
Infect me with your love  
Nurse me into sickness  
Nurse me back to health  
Endow me with the gifts of the man made world

When desire becomes an illness instead of a joy  
And guilt a necessity that's gotta be destroyed

I can't give you up, 'till I've got more than enough  
Infect me with your love  
Nurse me into sickness  
Nurse me back to health  
Endow me with the gifts of the man made world

Take me by the hand  
And take me out of here  
Run your fingers through my hair  
And tell me what I wanna hear  
Will lies become truths in this face of fading youth?  
From my scrotum to your womb  
Your cradle to my tomb

I can't give you up, 'till I've got more than enough  
Infect me with your love  
Nurse me into sickness  
Nurse me back to health  
Endow me with the gifts of the man made world

I can't give you up, 'till I've got more than enough  
Infect me with your love  
Nurse me into sickness  
Nurse me back to health  
Tell me what it is that I want in this world

I can't give you up  
I can't give you up  
I can't give you up  
I can't give you up