

Gotholympians

Andrew Bird

My pitiful sorrows have seen more tomorrows than yours
My rain really pours
At least more than yours
At least more than yours

In the depths of my sadness there's a beautiful madness you see
It's right here on my sleeve
You must not believe
I can see you just don't believe

So I really have to say it's all just so romantic
Cause I've seen the others try and they just seem pedantic

Cause when it comes to misery
When it comes to misery
When it comes to misery
No one competes with me

My sweeping emotions have spanned the great oceans
From this fifty foot wave I just can't be saved
O don't even try
I can't be saved

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