

Uncle Joe

Red House Painters

Where have all the people gone in my life
I'm looking at the ceiling with
An awful feeling of loss and of loneliness
The after late night television pain
I'm running out of strength
I'm running, running, running out of strength
And it feels so wonderful to swim in our fears
And divide inseparable, the awakening of life
Oh, Uncle Joe
Could you tell me about what you know?
Of being having mental problems
And their solutions too
I'll give anything a try once
I'll try anything three times
I don't care, I don't care
I don't care, I don't care
But there's no company
That can stand to be with me
So my dependency on you grows
And I am not very well read
And consider I will lose my heart
And can you spare me of my pain?
Can't you spare me of my tears?
Oh, Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe
And suicide's intentional when I spin in your fear
I am over-influenced by movies
And you should've gone to the fear
To my hope, the darkest hope
Did you know? Lies become the sky
That's all gone to the fear
To my hope, the darkest hope
Do you know? Lies become the sky