

American Trilogy

The Delgados

I became accustomed to a kind of social servitude and no one, i mean no one, could accept what I had become.

Selfish, bitter, weak. Enough to make you sick. And lately, I've e feeling there are bits of life I'm stealing. Get me home. At times it seems I will not help but it's just that I save myself from fear that blankets like mist, on a optimist who insists it's the simple things that crush, and I'm crying far too much, so much so that I'm thinking my control on life is shrinking.

There's a light on in my head and I'm thinking what I said. All the freedom in my brain, I'm alright now, I'm just thinking what to say.

Sorry doesn't seem to wash when there's truths around that I have quashed and no one, I mean no one, can depress me more than I can. So does that make me weak or should that make me sick? But lately I've been feeling that I'm gonna give up breathing.

There's a light on in my head and I'm thinking what you said. All the fever in my brain, I'm alright now, I can even take the pain.