

Brett Dennen, So Long Sweet Misery

So Long, my misery
I don't need you
you've only caused me grief
forgive me if I fall asleep
I haven't slept in centuries

Daylight lives like a burden for me
so I escape
sent it strewn about the street
beyond the ruins of my ancestry
far past the pages of my disbelief
I rose from my moat
like a ghost from a grave
sunken in the salty eyes of the wandering displaced
I was heading through the mist across the golden gate
all of my rebellions fall into the fog of fate

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Spring time came again
and Icarus fell
I flew past the numb lipped nuns who'll never tell
the secrets of the sailors and their 7 year spell
I will not fall, nor will my wings ever melt
if I could I would wash all these wounds away
I would surround your room with a sense of mental grace
I would paint your portrait over everything mundane
more colorful than Easter Sunday

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put me on a boat
leave my inhibitions at bay
my mind is spilling
but I haven't much to say
I was running through the canyons
pulse the echoes of your name
you were laughing at me like
the sun laughs at a flame
put me on a page in a book of beginnings
let me scroll me through old volumes of ancient teachings
let me reveal in all of these forgotten feelings
lay me with the wretched in the arms of my queen

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(x2)
no I haven't slept in centuries
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