

Damien Rice, Eskimo

Tiredness fuels empty thoughts
I find myself disposed
Brightness fills empty space
In search of inspiration
Harder now with higher speed
Washing in on top of me
So I look to my eskimo friend
I look to my eskimo friend
I look to my eskimo friend
When I'm down, down, down.

Rain it wets muddy roads
I find myself exposed
Tapping doors, but irritate
In search of destination
Harder now with higher speed
Washing in on top of me
So I look to my eskimo friend
I look to my eskimo friend
I look to my eskimo friend
When I'm down, down, down.

When I'm down, down, down.
When I'm down, down, down.