

Damien Rice, Insane

Should I speak?
Should I bother shaking hands?
Am I weak If I leave it as it stands?
I've submerged
And I've surfaced with the blame
I guess I'm no good
I guess I'm insane

Should I go
If she calls out my name?
And if she bleeds
Should I wipe up the stain?
And if I'm low
Can I drown in this rain?
I guess I'm no good
I guess I'm insane

And I hate when you say
That I never fight for you
Sometimes you breathe
All over my scar
And you always end up
Closer than close
That's where I give in

Should I confess
The actions of a hand
In my mind
I'll betray you once again
Why should I climb?
What is there to gain?
This is no good
This is insane

And I hate when you say
That I never fight for you
Sometimes you breathe
All over my scar
And you always end up
Closer than close
That's whenre I give in

You're taking
You're taking
You're taking me down
You're taking
You're taking
You're taking me down
And you always end up
Closer than close
That's where I give in
That's where I give in
That's where I give in