

# Fireside, Sweatbead

I try to stop the train  
To get used to pain  
To get used to take the shit they're talking  
And i can't explain  
Whatever happened  
I try to write it down on paper  
And i don't know why you called me over  
You said you tried to make me bitter  
But i don't think you would do a thing like...  
That's not your way of getting sober  
Tell me more about your career  
I'll give you compliments not telling how i lie

And suppose i don't have feelings for you  
What good does that do  
Anyway it's sad to say  
And ignore that i'm not looking at you  
And don't care what our friends say  
Why do they bother anyway

And if you should be my savior  
Would you take care of my wounds  
Would you hold me and secure me in your womb

I'm the smallest lake  
Fits in every city  
Afraid the sun will dry me out  
And i see lovers loving  
And all the animals  
Are drinking from my hand  
Help's the sun to kill me

And though i don't have much to give you  
I try to offer you  
Whatever good i do  
And what if i can't live without you  
I'm not that good looking and bright  
But you know i'd treat you right

And if you should be my savior  
Would you take care of my wounds  
Would you hold me and secure me in your womb

The city smiles  
With all it's lights  
Shadows what i've accomplished