

Fitzgerald Patrik, Down

I created my own world
In my head
I thought that was a nice safe place to be
With the things that I didn't like
Thrown out of the window
There's a knock on the door now
It's always for me
And you'll always
Bring me down
You'll always
Bring me down
Down
I opened the door
There it stands
A world like a wound
Like a great gaping gash
Like the cuts
On a crucified hand
With the smile of a salesman
A lopsided grin
Knock as long as you like
As long as you like
I'm never going to let you in
Because you'll always bring me down
You'll always bring me down.
Down.