

Hawksley Workman, It's Not Me

It's not me. I don't usually do this. I'm not normally like this.

So where have I been then?

It's not me. Where have I gone? How long ago did I leave?

Can anyone still see me? And who should I believe, is me?

I'm sure that by the water somewhere, among the broken things that gather there,
I might be found, safe and sound.

Why can't I feel? The sadness walks around me.

All the terrible things that I see.

How beautiful it's supposed to be, to me?