

# Kate Nash, Don't you want to share the guilt?

Barbacue food is good  
you invite me out to eat it i should, go  
but i'm feeling kinda nervous  
and not quite myself  
so im running late on purpose  
and i know this won't help  
how things have become between us  
if i go you'll give me help  
and that i don't know how to fix it is making me unwell  
But, i arrive at your house but you've just got up  
and you are wearing a towel and your eyes look dark  
i help to dry your body and i see your cut  
so i give you a plaster and we cover it up  
i say have you been crying and you say shut up  
so we sit in the garden and touch grass with our hands  
The sun is going down now and it's been okay  
you tell me all the things you did while i was away, and this worries me so much  
you say your fine  
Listen, can you hear it?  
if you speak, will i feel it?  
will it hurt?  
and i knew it  
i dont know?  
I dont know how all people haven't got mental health problems  
thinking is one of those stressful things i've ever come across  
and not being able to articulate what i want to say drives me crazy  
i think i should try and read more books and learn some new words  
my sister used to read the dictionary i'm going to start with that  
i'd like to travel i want to see india and the pyramids, a whale and that race with all the bicycles in F  
i'm not sure about rivers they scare me  
but i love swimming i'm good at it  
when i swim i think about numbers, i count the laps  
when i was younger i saw a house burnt down and i walked past it everyday for the next six years  
derelict black chalky and dangerous i wondered if squatters lived there?  
still not sure but i know there were not any parties coz they were shit  
after a while the council got round to tidying up the town making it less offeciencie here and there  
they say it was a nice sore so they threw it down  
behind the house there was a wall with a few bits of crappy graffiti and the word cunt written on it in  
i like sitting in the park and i like walking through it  
i like taking my dogs there and friends and i like being alone  
i like flowers and simplicity  
i like compassion and thoughtful gifts  
i like being able to shout but i wish i could be quiet  
but when i'm quiet people think i'm sad and usually i am  
sometimes when i'm at a busy trainstation somewhere big with noisy trains like kings cross  
i feel like putting down my bags and shouting out because i have something to say  
don't you want to share the guilt?  
don't think just try and sleep!