

Portishead, Threads

Better if I could find the words to say
Whenever I take a choice it turns away

I'm worn, tired of my mind
I'm worn out, thinking of why
I'm always so unsure

I battle my thoughts I find I can't explain
I've travelled so far but somehow feel the same

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I am alive when I sleep
Why am I not in all that I got?
I can't find no one to blame

Stand, stand, damned one
Damned one
Damned one
Damned one

I am one
Damned
One

Where do I go?