

The The, Delirious

When spring comes around & the ice runs away,
& the sun hits the top of our heads,
then the dormant desires, explode into life,
& teh body demands to be fed.

Whispering sadness, like a mild form of madness,
or a line from a meaningful song,

Turn your eyes to the lord,
but the churches are empty,
they're is now no escape from your longing.

Things are gonna start getting good,
...you hear them call,

You captured the unspoken feelings of my heart,
... which gave me a start.

I know I'm nowhere near perfection

...I'm pointing in the wrong direction

All I ever seem to do is sit here playing
around with this stupid guitar!!!

I've got a million ants under my skin,
they're all digging a hole where the rain
- can't get in.

My world comes out

when the sun disappears

But my blood is turning sour with
- insect fear.

I've got a million 'Beatles' under my skin,
they're all digging a hole where the rain
- can't get at 'em.

My blood will come out,

when the earth disappears

& my girl will turn to flour with insect fear.

WHY ARE YOU FOREVER - UNDER THE WEATHER,
YOU'RE AT AN AGE - WHERE YOU SHOULD
BE FEELING GOOD.

BUT WHEN YOU HIDE IN YOUR BED,

& LOOK IN YOUR HEAD,

YOU FIND YOU'VE GONE DEEPER THAN
YOU SHOULD -

IT COULD BE YOUR SHALLOWNESS
IS YOUR STRENGTH -