

# Andrew Bird, Goth Olympians

My pitiful sorrows have seen more tomorrows than yours  
My rain really pours  
At least more than yours  
At least more than yours

In the depths of my sadness there's a beautiful madness you see  
It's right here on my sleeve  
You must not believe  
I can see you just don't believe

So I really have to say it's all just so romantic  
Cause I've seen the others try and they just seem pedantic

Cause when it comes to misery  
When it comes to misery  
When it comes to misery  
No one competes with me

My sweeping emotions have spanned the great oceans  
From this fifty foot wave I just can't be saved  
O don't even try  
I can't be saved

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