

Charlotte Martin, Madman

I woke up this morning and my head, i started roaming
Now nothing's right, nothing's right
Don't remember being born, don't know why we're being torn
Now nothing's right, nothing's right
I open up my mouth just to let the demon shout
'Bout my dirty little schemes, that the wettest of my dreams are you
Nothing's right, nothing's right

Over and over I'm feeling the same of loneliness
And under me, under me feeling the madman

I'm breaking off a piece of what's left of what was me
But it feels all right, it feels all right
I'm laying on your road 'cause I thought that it might hold
It feels all right, feels all right
Do I wanna take a bet, is this as good as it'll get?
And I cannot get away from the comfortable, familiar chains
Nothing's right, nothing's right

Over and over I'm feeling the same of loneliness
And under me, under me feeling the madman
Over and over it's chilling, the things I've let you miss
And if you're a miracle, I am the madman

And I'm sorry I didn't build your walls and
I'm sorry I had to go and fall and
I'm sorry I had the whole thing wrong and
Well I guess I'm the sorriest of all
And I'm sorry that you are feeling small and
I'm sorry that I'm not used to crawling
I'm sorry the writing's on the wall and
Well I guess I'm the sorriest
I guess I'm the sorriest of all

I woke up this morning and my head, it started roaming
Now nothing's right, nothing's right
Don't remember being born, don't know why we're being torn
Now nothing's right, nothing's right
You said you don't identify with my sort of petrified outlook
On the pride that I've managed to ignore so long
Nothing's right
Nothing's right
Nothing's right
Nothing's right
But it seems all right
Seems all right