

Joseph Arthur, Making Mistakes

I can't feel now anybody
Buried under who I am
Just another one of many
Wishing we could start again
Making mistakes
To kill some time
Waking up with the shakes
And a poisoned mind
I know that you might not feel the way I do
Still I hope you're going to come around
I don't need an explanation
Walking through your junkyard
I've reached the bottom of addiction
Just to make it to where we are
Lying on a killing floor
With a frozen spine
Back to where I was before
Only worse this time
I know that you might not feel the way I do
Still I hope you're going to come around
I've been locked up with my shadow
Bouncing off these crazy walls
Surrounded by all kinds of darkness
Praying for a light to fall
So if forgiveness avoids you
And all your love is soft like clay
I hope you will think to call me
You know I would be on my way
Making mistakes
Across state lines
Sweeping up the dirt
In my broken mind
I know that you might not feel the way I do
Still I hope you're going to come around
What I hope you're going to come around
And I hope you're going to come around