

# 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