

Josh Rouse, Miserable South

Put on your overcoat
This old house has some kind of draught
Even the warmest days it seems cold out
Summers never seem to last

So maybe we should move to Arizona
Stay at a dozen houses per spell
Spent the last three months in South Dakota here
Difference now I can't seem to tell

And I'm trying to sleep but there's talking in there
And the smoke from the room leaves a stench in the air
And you've waited and waited and waited
Just to fall here
And again

Now we find ourselves in temple
Write these thoughts down every day
Seems the symptoms of self discovery
Often lead to our dismay

And I'm trying to sleep but there's talking in there
And the smoke from the room leaves a stench in the air
And you've waited and waited and waited
Just to fall

There's no use in trying when you can't even see
The distinction between what is real and you need and your
Your hope's gone away
And you're away
And I'll tell
And you're away
And I'll tell

So where did he come?