

Mark Lind, Compulsive Fuck Up

I'm sitting here and wondering why
I write in a notebook to ease my troubled mind
I can talk through a beat up guitar
cuz I can't find the words to say that are really on my mind
Its a lonely life when you can't do nothing right
I can close my eyes and hear the words not come out right
so its off to bed to grab some winks
cuz its easier than sitting here having to think
Give me diamond. I'll give you stones
Give me a chance and I'll see to it that my hopes are blown
I'll throw them away
All I do is all I know
But I want so bad to find that there's an easier road
And I can't help but wear my heart on my sleeve
I can't help but beg you, baby please
I'm only acting in my best interest
but the words come out, they sound so disastrous to me
Give me diamond. I'll give you stones
Give me a chance and I'll see to it that my hopes are blown
I'll throw them away
All I do is all I know
But I want so bad to find that there's an easier road