

# Spiritual Beggars, Mantra

I've been down so long  
Nothing ever changes  
No matter how much I try  
Got neighbours in my head  
They're constantly arguing  
About each step I take  
My hands move like rattlesnakes  
And my fingers fumble  
Like they've just been invented  
I bleed through the faking truth  
I don't understand  
All you fools  
I keep drinking wine  
Alone in the dark  
You know the last drink  
Is always the saddest  
I have enough pills  
To take me home  
'Cos this neighbour's song is doing it too slow