

# Spiritual Beggars, Yearly Dying

Find myself in a state  
that always appears this time of year  
Feels like I'm in a dark muddy hole  
Where everything seems to far

Baby, maybe-time to go  
Baby, baby-make me warm  
I know, you know-something's wrong  
Baby, maybe time to go...

Weakness... Concentrate...  
I'm too cold to wanna reach anything  
Grab my pen without strength  
Alcohol becomes my saviour

Baby, maybe-time to go  
Baby, baby-make me warm  
I know, you know-something's wrong  
Baby, maybe time to go home...

Rain... Falling outside...  
Memories flashing behind my frightened eyes  
safe from harm... Harmony  
ease my head with another one

(Repeat chorus)