

# The Bluetones, The Jub-Jub Bird

Please, your sympathys not what I crave.  
Nor judgement on how I behave.  
Or to wake up beside you today.  
Try as I do to let somebody in.  
Well I never know where to begin.  
Its just a sweet word and on to the next thing.  
But whenever I hear your name a mist comes down over my eyes.  
The burden of hiding my shame, it grows weak and eventually dies.  
Then it dies.  
And what can I say, if confession wont send them away?  
These demons inside are refusing to die.  
I hope against hope, but they stay.  
And Ill disprove all that youve heard.  
The shortcomings of all their long words.  
Chattering of little birds.  
Now, hormonal suppression kicks in, and Im lost in the scent of your skin.  
And it hits like a left to the chin.  
But whenever truth starts to ring a mist comes down over my eyes.  
The pain and the guilt that it brings loses faith in its host and then dies.  
Then it dies.  
But whenever I hear your name a mist comes down over my eyes.  
The burden of hiding my shame, it grows weak and eventually dies.  
Then it dies.  
And what can I say, if confession wont send them away?  
These demons inside are refusing to die.  
I hope against hope, but they stay.  
But they stay.  
Stay.