

# The Delgados, The Drowning Years

This is the life of a woman with demons  
The first time we met I was sure she was steaming  
This is my life, this is my life  
What a life  
Life isn't precious and life isn't sacred  
Sometimes release only comes when you meet death  
A night of reprieve we were wrecked when we slept in the park  
When we woke in the morning you cried could I squeeze out the dark  
Destroy the noises that make all the voices  
Get them out of my head  
Bring on the screaming and I'll take your demons now that I'm all already dead  
Days of release when she almost felt better  
Gradually faded and words couldn't get her  
Where is the light, where is the light, get the light  
Fearless and clear all her doubts had been cast off  
Last night alive is a nightmare I'm part of  
Dreams are a lie, dreams are a lie  
So am I  
If that's all there is then I might as well get in the fire  
Destroy the noises that make all the voices  
Get them out of my head  
Bring on the screaming and I'll take your demons now that I'm already dead  
Oh how the rights of the righteous kept coming  
Shining before like the day  
I stand before them and cried that you're dying your way  
I'm still not sure if the right and the wrong side is one