

You Am I, Damage

I Woke up with a war in my head
an old man's grumble,
and an extra space in the bed.
and if ol' John Prine can't sing the next line
'bout something that can make me smile

I'm gonna have to be content
to stare at yer baby photos till it makes some sense
were you ever mine anyway?
speak up as i drop away...

I wrote down what i think on the head of a matchstick
wrote it all short n' sweet, all that made sense to me
burnt 6000 minds, sorry for all the times
I just cant add up the sums to find the damage we've done

I fell for you like a dog from a tree
keep a straight stitched face
as the ground makes a bed for me
I keep my eyes where it fell, sends no replies

And you can run so long from sadness
that you're never at home for the fun
I cant make excuses
for the short hand abuses
thank God it aint a sunday night

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I wrote it all short n' sweet, all that made sense to me
burnt 6000 minds, sorry for all the times
I just cant add up the sums to find the damage

I wrote down what I think on the head of a matchstick
I Wrote it all short and sweet, all that made sense to me
burning out in the lights, and I'm sorry for all times
I just can't see how it comes
The damage we've done

The damage we've done...