

Zita Swoon, 50 Years In Dop Jittery

There's a room where 50 years I kept it down
Now I hear out for someone to share my sounds
I hide in my perception like a god
This lack of information has to stop

The clock strikes error
Time's on hold

Take me disappearing on a shot
Have me leave my room and keep intact
The strongest and the loudest need relief
Replace him by the ones that live in grief

Get some to me
I never had any
Can't wait no longer
My 50 years keep rolling like a train

This train has gone insane

I need some water
I'll have it now

Take me disappearing on a shot
Have me leave my room and keep intact

I need those people
Can't live alone
My heart's all empty
My 50 years are sinking like a stone