

Eskimo

Damien Rice

Eskimo

Tiredness fuels empty thoughts

I find myself disposed

Brightness fills empty space

In search of inspiration

Harder now with higher speed

Washing in on top of me

So I look to my Eskimo friend

I look to my Eskimo friend

I look to my Eskimo friend

When I'm down, down, down. Rain it wets muddy roads

I find myself exposed

Tapping doors, but irritate

In search of destination

Harder now with higher speed

Washing in on top of me

So I look to my Eskimo friend

I look to my Eskimo friend

I look to my Eskimo friend

When I'm down, down, down. When I'm down, down, down.

When I'm down, down, down.

Songwriters

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