

Wounded Head

William Fitzsimmons

How this feels like a floating
For the physical form you crave
And the gentle reminders
Hovering still the same For the curative portion
The dysthymic of bold and blue
You are softened and hollow
Reflecting this winter hue Wounded head
You will be fine
Your weary legs
Will hold you in time So you open the window
Wipe the gray from your salted eyes
Feel the string that once broken
Mended and slowly tied Hope for remedies comfort
For the listless and looming moon
And the ghost of your father
Follow you home no more Let water run through
Won't you open your eyes?
Let water run through Wounded head
You will be fine
Your weary legs
Will hold you in time Wounded head
You will be fine
Your weary legs
Will hold you in time

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