

# Drunken Choirs

## Nowherebound

Drunken Choirs

Well I pushed away the anger, welcomed loneliness instead,  
And those tears just kept on coming, flowing more than they did ebb.  
And I cried a little harder, Iâ€™ve been beaten half to death.

And poetry made motion in the fingers of these hands,  
Each melody, a memory, every word a whispered stand.  
But deaf ears rarely notice and they never understand.

So Iâ€™m trying to get home,  
To the mirrored man I know.  
Well, sheâ€™s just not fond of memory like she was just yesterday,  
And she donâ€™t love me anyway.

So I wept with lonely echoes and drank with lively friends,  
And distraction served salvation â€™til the beer was at its end,  
And drunken choirs of promise might raise me from the dead.

And poetry made motion in the fingers of these hands,  
Each melody, a memory, every word a whispered stand.  
But deaf ears rarely notice and they never understand.

Well Natchet spit me wisdom, with a side of open hands,  
And an empathetic heart song that carried me to stand,  
Amidst the unsung wreckage well, Iâ€™m rising from the dead.

And poetry made motion in the fingers of these hands,  
Each melody, a memory, every word a whispered stand.  
But deaf ears rarely notice and they never understand.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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