Threads

Portishead

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Better if I could find the words to say
Whenever I take a choice it turns awayI'm worn, tired of my mind
I'm worn out, thinking of why
I'm always so unsureI battle my thoughts, I find I can't explain
I've traveled so far but somehow feel the sameI'm worn, tired of my mind
I'm worn out, thinking of why
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsureI'm worn, tired of my mind
I'm worn out, thinking of why
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsureI'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsureI'm alive when I sleep?
While I look in all that I got?
I can't find no one to blameStand, stand, damned one
Damned one, damned one, damned one
I am one, damned one
Where do I go?

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