

Three Days Old

I Mother Earth

The poetry of this hangover
I don't want to think, not hard anyway
The scenery and fish, they're bad
Take another breath, another look and swallow
Holding the hand of hard times and fallout
Yeah, it could be worse, my star could fall
It could fall
Pacified by little things, tones of beige and green
Seem to halt a scream in waiting
All red eyes, all heads thinking
No one says anything I can hear
Down here on the floor where I belong
Too young to find the horses
Too young fighting causes
I get overwhelmed
And I feel three days old
Another day goes and fails
The people lose control
Just 'cause things are going slow
Your corduroy coat has left you
Just when you're feeling the wind, the cold
And then comes a rain of old thoughts
That always have to wreck my high
And bring me down, bring me down
You and I are not the same, you like everything
Arms wave in a spin, blown by things I've hated
I've faded, faded to the point where
I'm not all there, curled up on the floor where I belong
Too young to find the horses
Too young fighting causes
I get overwhelmed
You and I are not the same, you like everything
Arms wave in a spin, blown by things I've hated
I've faded, faded to the point where
I'm not all there, curled up on the floor where I belong
Too young to find the horses
Too young fighting causes
[Incomprehensible]I'm over my head and over my head
I passed out the water line

Feel only three days old

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