Depression

Dirty Projectors

If I held my breath in the morning
Would I wake up for a lifetime
Lose my job in this depression
Well I donâ€™t care cause I got your love

In this depression
All I need is you
In this depression
What is there to lose

If I held your hand in this town
They would lock me up for possession
But now there strung out on heroin
And weve gone out to California

In this depression
Breaks my heart in two
In this depression
All I need is you

I could make some friends down at the courthouse
Get bailed out and go on welfare
Id rather lay down in a pine box
Then to sell my heart to a fucking wasteland

In this depression
Its just me and you
In this depression
What are we to do
In this depression
Breaks my heart in two
In this depression
All I need is you

If I held my breath in the morning
Would I wake up in a new land
Follow you forever
Dance all night in this depression

In this depression

In this depression
In this depression
In this depression

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