

# Low Life

Jonah Tolchin

I've been low living like I do  
And I've been tired, but when the day is through,  
Half awake when I try to face the night  
I would sleep but I only dream of you. And low is the life and I know that I'm right;  
Cold is the comfort it brings in the night.  
Fast will I hold to these truths that I know,  
Even though they never really seemed  
Quite real to me; so I'll keep on lying low. And I've been swept and brushed under the rug,  
Like the dust collecting in my thoughts.  
And I have tried to shake the cobwebs off,  
But they grow back whenever I wake up. And Ice is the line that grows on the wings,  
Down from the sky I'm adrift in the night.  
Soft is the sound as I crash to the ground,  
Knowing you will never hear the news,  
And you never will be told, so I'll keep on lying low.

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