I Get Nervous

Lower Dens

Lady, I get nervous
Just a-being in your service
Words are full of indecision
They evince the troubled nimble witOh, nothing in return
But storm and pessimism 'stead of dreamin'
Being good for me
And just a-standing in your pretty prison
You're standing hereYou think you love me, don't you?Maybe you're the presence
That begs needing other reasons
I got "Summer still looks pretty"
I got hungry for the hungry seas
Oh, living for the people
That have nothing but their blues
And I have nothing to be nervous about
Hungerin' over you

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