

# 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 wit  
Oh, 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 here  
You 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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