

Be Kind

Desperate Journalist

A bundle of nerves, I am a vale of tears
I'm overwhelmed by the weight of all these years
You come in late, this place is such a non-event
They are so loud and I am so ineloquent

And I want to be kind
And I want to be perfect to you
And I hope you don't mind

Blood in my mouth and my muscles ache
You are all give and I am nothing but the take
The woodland deep, the trees are all I see
You are running through and calling out to me

And I want to be kind
But when it comes I am blinded to you
And I hope you don't mind
All the stupid things I put you through

When I fail and I need rescue
When I fail and I need rescue

And I want to be kind
But when it comes I am blinded to you
And I hope you don't mind
All the stupid things I put you through.

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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