Yearly Dying

Spiritual Beggars

Find myself in a state
That always appears this time of year
Feels like I'm in a dark muddy hole
Where everything seems to farBaby, maybe time to go
Baby, baby, make me warm
I know, you know, something's wrong
Baby, maybe time to goWeakness, concentrate
I'm too cold to wanna reach anything
Grab my pen without strength
Alcohol becomes my saviorBaby, maybe time to go
Baby, baby, make me warm
I know, you know, something's wrong
Baby, maybe time to go homeRain falling outside
Memories flashing behind my frightened eyes
Safe from harm, harmony
Ease my head with another oneBaby, maybe time to go
Baby, baby, make me warm
I know, you know, something's wrong
Baby, maybe time to go home

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