# American Trilogy

## The Delgados

I became accustomed to a kind of social servitude
and no one, I mean no one, could accept what I had become
Selfish, bitter, weak
Enough to make you sick
And lately, I've been feeling there are bits of life I'm stealing
Get me homeAt times it seems I will not help
but it's just that I must save myself
from fear that blankets me like mist
on an optimist who insists
it's the simple things that crush
and I'm crying far too much
so much so that I'm thinking my control on life is shrinkingThere's a light on in my head and I'm thinking what I said
All the freedom in my brain, I'm alright now
I'm just thinking what to say
Sorry doesn't seem to wash
when there's truths around that I have quashed
and no one, I mean no one, can depress me more than I can
So does that make me weak or should that make me sick?
But lately I've been feeling that I'm gonna give up breathingThere's a light on in my head and I'm thinking what I said
All the fever in my brain, I'm alright now
I can even take the pain
There's a light on in my head and I'm thinking what I said
All the fever in my brain, I'm alright now
I can even take the pain

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