

# 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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