

Imperfect Tense

Frank Turner

Naked and retched and retching on a hotel bathroom floor,
Somewhere in the City
Three days no sleeping,
Not eating, not feeling good anymore
Drenched in sweat and self-pity now,
It's not a pretty sight

What to say in my defense, I was imperfect tense
Used to have such balance, but I don't know where it went
So won't you be my present sense

Breaking, I'm shaking, it's taking a long long time
To come down off this murderous medication
Trying to remember, my reasons for running myself
Into the ground with such dedication

What to say in my defense, I was imperfect tense
Used to have such balance, but I don't know where it went
So won't you be my present sense, sense

'Cause it's not meant to be
I am lost at sea
So mermaids sing to me
Of the better times and the things that can be
Like the diamonds in the Mediterranean sea
Or the beatings and sleeping and times that I took
And of washing the drink and the drugs from my blood
And I've nothing to say in my defense
I'm far from perfect I'm still tense
They say that love can change you once
Please say that love can change me once
Come on change me

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written by TURNER, FRANCIS EDWARD
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