

# Misery

## Bob Wills, Texas Playboys

Oh yeah

Oh yeah

So scared of breaking it that you won't let it bend  
And I wrote two hundred letters I will never send  
Sometimes these cuts are so much deeper then they seem

You'd rather cover up, I'd rather let them be

So let me be, and I'll set you free

I am in misery

There ain't nobody who can comfort me, oh yeah

Why won't you answer me?

The silence is slowly killing me, oh yeah

Girl you really got me bad

You really got me bad

Now I'm gonna get you back

I'm gonna get you back

Your salty skin and how it mixes in with mine

The way it feels to be completely intertwined

Not that I didn't care, it's that I didn't know

It's not what I didn't feel, it's what I didn't show

So let me be, and I'll set you free

I am in misery

And there ain't nobody who can comfort me, oh yeah

Why won't you answer me?

The silence is slowly killing me, oh yeah

Girl you really got me bad

You really got me bad

And now I'm gonna get you back

Now I'm gonna get you back

You say your faith is shaken, and you may be mistaken

You keep me wide awake and waiting for the sun

I'm desperate and confused, so far away from you

I'm getting there, I don't care where I have to roam

Why do you do what you do to me, yeah?

Why won't you answer me, answer me yeah?

Why do you do what you do to me yeah?

Why won't you answer me, answer me yeah?

I am in misery

And there ain't nobody who can comfort me, oh yeah

Why won't you answer me?  
The silence is slowly killing me, oh yeah  
Girl you really got me bad  
You really got me bad  
And now I'm gonna get you back  
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