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
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