

Don't You Want to Share the Guilt?

Kate Nash

Barbecue food is good
You invite me out to eat it, I should go
But I'm feeling kind of nervous and not quite myself
So I'm running late on purpose and I know this won't help
How things have become between us
But if I go, you'll give me hell
And that I don't know how to fix it is making me unwell, well I arrive at your house but you've just got up
And you are wearing a towel and your eyes look dark
I help to dry your body and I see your cut
So I give you a plaster and we cover it up I say, "Have you been crying?"
And you say, "Shut Up"
So we sit in the garden
And touch the grass with our hands The sun is going down now and it's been okay
You tell me all the things you did while I was away
And this worries me somewhat
But you say you're fine Listen, can you hear it?
Does it speak? Will I feel it?
Will it hurt? Am I near it?
I don't know I don't know how more people haven't got mental health problems
Thinking is one of the most stressful things I've ever come across
And not being able to articulate what I want to say drives me crazy
I think I should read more books, learn some new words
My sister used to read the dictionary, I'm going to start with that I'd like to travel, I want to see India and the
pyramids
A whale and that race with all the bicycles in France
I'm not sure about rivers, they scare me, but I love swimming
I'm good at it and when I swim, I count the laps, and this helps me relax When I was younger I saw a house burn
down
And I walked past it for the next six years
Derelict, black, chalky and dangerous
I wondered if squatters lived there
I'm still not sure but I know
There were never any parties 'cause it was a shithole After a while the council got 'round to tidying the town
They decided it was an eyesore and so they tore it down
Behind the house was a wall with a few bits of crappy graffiti
And the word "Cunt" written on it in giant letters
And now I walk past that I like going to the park, I like walking through it
I like taking my dogs there and friends, and I like being alone
I like being able to shout, but I wish I could be quiet

When I'm quiet people just think I'm sad, and usually I am Sometimes when I'm at a really noisy train station
One of the ones with the big, fat trains like Kings Cross
I feel like putting down my bags and shouting things out
Because I've got something to say Don't you want to share the guilt?
Don't think, just try and sleep

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