Swimming Through Molasses

Tsunami Bomb

There's a light inside my head Flickering but almost dead My will to be awake Covered in two tons of sand More weighed down than when I began Impossible to get up now, it's too late And I feel like moving on And I feel like getting on with life To feel the presence of the sun on my face Is what I need to smack those cobwebs into shape My room is an empty cave Darkness swallows up the day The shades are always drawn Skin as pale as dirty soap Eyes that do nothing but close Can't even see that my love of life is gone Oh, outside my bed it's cold Each day I'm swimming through molasses How will I wipe the sawdust from my eyes? Each day I'm swimming through molasses

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