

# Madman

Charlotte Martin

I woke up this morning and my head started roaming  
Now nothing's right, nothing's right  
Don't remember being born, don't know why we're being torn  
And now nothing's right, nothing's right I open up my mouth just to let the demon shout  
'Bout my dirty little schemes  
That the wettest of my dreams are you  
Nothing's right, nothing's right Over and over, I'm feeling the same old loneliness  
And under me, under me feeling the madman I'm breaking off a piece of what's left of what was me  
But it feels all right, it feels all right  
I'm laying on your road 'cause I thought that it might hold  
It feels all right, feels all right Do I wanna take a bet, is this as good as it'll get?  
And I cannot get away from the comfortable, familiar chains  
Nothing's right, nothing's right Over and over I'm feeling the same old loneliness  
And under me, under me feeling the madman  
Over and over it's chilling, the things I've let you miss  
And if you're a miracle, I am the madman And I'm sorry, I didn't build your walls and  
And I'm sorry I had to go and fall and  
And I'm sorry I had the whole thing wrong and  
Well I guess I'm the sorriest of all And I'm sorry that you are feeling small and  
And I'm sorry that I'm not used to crawling  
And I'm sorry the writing's on the wall and  
Well I guess I'm the sorriest, guess I'm the sorriest of all I woke up this morning and my head, it started roaming  
Now nothing's right, nothing's right  
Don't remember being born, don't know why we're being torn  
And now nothing's right, nothing's right  
You said you don't identify with my sort of petrified  
Outlook on the pride that I've managed to ignore so long Nothing's right, nothing's right  
Nothing's right, nothing's right  
But it seems all right, it seems all right

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