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 rightI 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 rightOver and over, I'm feeling the same old loneliness
And under me, under me feeling the madmanI'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 rightDo 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 rightOver 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 madmanAnd 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 allAnd 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 allI 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 longNothing's right, nothing's right
Nothing's right, nothing's right
But it seems all right, it seems all right

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