

Tuesday People

Deaf Havana

Nothing like you wish you were, your name
Is the only thing you're really sure of,
Sitting on the wrong side of twenty five.
You keep your problems buried, oh, so deep,
Then wonder why you wake up crying, at
Least the pain means you're alive.'Cause it's been months and you've had time
To face what you've been running from,
Running from.

Yeah, it's been months and you can't find a
Reason why you're holding on, holding on.
Before you went away you said you thought
You'd try your hand at being a writer, after
All could it really be worse than waking up
On Tuesday mornings to sign away your pride
For money, at least you'd have your dignity.Yet all the while your mind is drifting back
To all those nights when you were happy,
Or at least when you thought you were.
But nothing here can take away the years
You wasted thinking you weren't lonely, or
Alone if you'd prefer.'Cause it's been months and you've had time
To face what you've been running from,
Running from.

Yeah, it's been months and you can't find a
Reason why you're holding on, holding on.
If all you wanted was somebody to hear you
Out, to chase away the empty nights of fear
And doubts. Running away won't answer any
Of your prayers, but you're praying, yeah,
You're praying.But who are you praying to? Is it the God you
Stopped believing in when he abandoned you?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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