Damage

You Am I

Woke up with a war in my head
An old man's grumble
And an extra space in the bed
And if ol' John Prine can't sing the next line
'Bout something that can make me smileGonna have to be content
To stare at your baby photos till it makes some sense
Were you ever mine anyway
Speak up as i drop awayI wrote down what i think on the head of a matchstick
Wrote it all short and sweet all, all that makes sense to me
Burnt six thousand minds, sorry for all the times
I just can't add up the sums to find the damage we've doneI fell for you like a doll from a tree
Keep a straight stitched face
As the ground makes a bed for me
I keep my eye where i fell, sends no repliesAnd you can run so long from sadness, that you're never at home for the fun
I can't make excuses
For the shorthand abuses
Thank god it ain't a Sunday nightI wrote down what i think on the head of a matchstick
Wrote it all short and sweet all, all that makes sense to me
Burnt six thousand minds, sorry for all the times
I just can't add up the sums to find the damage we've doneI wrote down what i think on the head of a matchstick
Wrote it all short and sweet, all that makes sense to me
Buring out in the lights, sorry for all times
I just can't see how it comes
The damage we've done
The damage we've done
The damage we've done

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