

Then Go

Damien Rice

Among the afflictions,
With which I've been marked,
None so pretentious, no,
And none quite so dark.
I get the feeling you're bored with me,
Not through habit or frequency,
Did you mother have you easily?
And if there's some place else that you would rather be;
Then go,
Then go,
Then go,
Then go. Among the intentions,
Which have been sought,
Numbered and labelled,
But none of them bought.
I get the feeling you're testing me,
You're saturated in urgency,
And you stick your probe in further,
But you're still not pleased,
And if there's someplace else that you would rather be;
Then go,
Then go,
Then go,
Then go. Then go,
Then go. Then go, go

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