

Maimed Happiness

New York Dolls

It's a maimed happiness
I keep trying to acquiesce
It's like a tempestuous child
You play with and humor to keep
Quiet as you possibly can
Til finally it goes to sleep
Life takes a lot of finesse
It's a maimed happiness Keep myself to every way
Both refined and uncouth
Then maybe once in a while
I can be with the truth Don't know if there's that much to be said
For this world, or the time that we spend
I doubt that I'd wanna live
This wasted life over again Yeah I been to the doctor
Said there ain't much he can do
"You got the human condition
Boy, I feel sorry for you."
There's a sorrowful joy
I known since hours ago
Joyful sorrow, I guess
It's a maimed happiness.

Songwriters

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