

# Don't You Want to Share The Guilt

Kate Nash

BBQ food is good  
You invite me out to eat it, I should  
Go, but I'm feeling kind of nervous  
And not quite myself  
So I'm running late on purpose  
And I know this won't help  
How things have become between us  
But if I go you'll give me hell  
And that I don't know how to fix it  
Is making me unwell, well  
I arrive at your house  
But you've just got up  
And you are wearing a towel  
And your eyes look dark  
I help to dry your body  
And I see your cut  
So I give you a plaster  
And we cover it up  
I say "Have you been crying?"  
And you say "Shut Up"  
So we sit in the garden  
And touch the grass  
With our handsThe sun is going down now  
And it's been okay  
You tell me all these things you did  
While I was away  
And this worries me somewhatYou say you're fine  
Listen  
Can you hear it?  
Does it speak?  
Will I feel it?  
Will it hurt?  
Am I near it?  
I don't knowI don't know how more people haven't got mental health problems  
Thinking is one of those stressful things I've ever come across  
And not being able to articulate what I want to say drives me crazy  
I think I should try and read more books  
And learn some new words  
My sister used to read the dictionary

I'm going to start with that  
I'd like to travel  
I want to see India and the pyramids  
A whale and that race with all the bicycles in France  
I'm not sure about rivers, they scare me  
But I love swimming, I'm good at it  
And when I swim I think about numbers  
And count the laps  
When I was younger I saw a house burnt down  
And I walked past it everyday for the next six years  
Derelict, black, chalky and dangerous  
I wondered if squatters lived there  
I'm still not sure but I know there were never any parties cause it was shit  
After a while the council got round to tidying out the town  
Making it less offensive here and there  
They said it was an eyesore so they let tore it down  
Behind the house was a wall with a few bits of crappy graffiti  
and the word 'Cunt' written on it in giant letters  
And now I walk past that I like sitting in the park  
And I like walking through it  
I like taking my dogs there  
And friends, and I like being alone  
I like flowers and simplicity  
I like compassion and thoughtful gifts  
I like being able to shout  
But I wish I could be quiet  
When I'm quiet people think I'm sad  
And usually I am Sometimes when I'm at a busy train station  
Somewhere big with the noisy trains like King's Cross  
I feel like putting down my bags and shouting things out  
because I've got something to say  
Don't you want to share the guilt?  
Don't think, just try and sleep

Songwriters

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