

Body

The Servant

Youve got to take your mind off him
But not with aspirins
You wont
You wont let your family in
Like smoke your body comes
Through the gaps in the urban slums
You try
You try to speak american
When you dont know what you want
You end up finding that you haunt your own
Your own life
Youre the daylight ghost that creeps
Youre the empty city streets and I
And I see you
And those talkshows fill your days
Something is slipping away
Sometimes it feels like you dont have a body
Your skin is cellophane
You know I feel the same
Sometimes it feels like you dont have a bodyWhen you make a cup of tea
You act like its alchemy
But its not
Its not what you think it to be
Seeing everything as signs
Seeing everything as lines always
Always lying saying youre fine
When you dont know what you want
You end up finding that you haunt your own
Your own life
Youre the daylight ghost that creeps
Youre the empty city streets and I
And I see you
And those talkshows fill your days
Something is slipping away
Sometimes it feels like you dont have a body
Your skin is cellophane
You know I feel the same
Sometimes it feels like you dont have a body

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