

# Weary Progress

## New End Original

It was a nervous little shudder,  
I was thinking of my mother,  
I was making up excuses,  
I was sorry, sore, no intimacy.  
Cradlecap and funny sports and thin.  
I miss my daughter's breath.  
What really sticks it in  
are the cold spots in the bed. Like everybody in the world,  
I want to be misunderstood.  
Likable, creepy,  
underrated, braggart,  
busy, really good.  
It's weary progress. I yell, I get frustrated, I scream.  
Drunk brother painting bare rooms.  
Christmas trees are scary things at 2 a.m and  
foolish lips are all the way in Boston,  
but they're sounding pretty good. Like everybody in the world, I want to be  
misunderstood.  
Likable, creepy,  
underrated, braggart,  
busy, really good.  
It's weary progress.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>