

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.

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