

There, There

The Muldoons

You're just trying to read but I'm always standing in your light.
You're just trying to sleep but I always wake you up to apologize.

I'm sorry I don't laugh at the right times.

I know how it seems when I always sing to myself in public.
I babble on like a mad man.
I know how it seems when I'm always staring off into nothing.
I'm lost in my head again.

I'm sorry I don't laugh at the right times.
Is this what it feels like?

I've got my heart strung up on clothing line through tenement windows in mid-July.
I've got my heart strung up on clothing line through tenement windows.

I'm sorry I don't laugh at the right times.
Is this what it feels like with my wings clipped?
I'm awkward and nervous.
I'm awkward and nervous.

Lyrics submitted by colleen johnson.

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