

Selected Poems

The Gaslight Anthem

Honey bee, she say I got too much sympathy.
But I can call her anytime.
And if you're lost and you need a little peace from me,
Bring all your trouble by
Honey bee, how have I hurt you?
C'mon tell your blues to me.
Maybe I should live up there in the curtains,
On the wings of Mercury. I was fortunately desperate and turbulently innocent.
I was living underneath my body weight.
My eyes were swollen green and hazy, sick from grief and hate and envy,
I was crawling up inside my head. And all I seemed to find is that everything has chains.
And all this life just feels like a series of dreams.
Selected poems and lovers I can't begin to name.
And all in all I find that nothing stays the same. And I was crazy like the moon for you and head over my heels
for you.
And never would I change or compromise.
But something in my mind does things I can't contain for anything.
Last night I don't think sleep even touched my eyes. And all I seemed to find is that everything has chains.
And all this life just feels like a series of dreams.
Selected poems and lovers I can't begin to name.
And all in all I find that nothing stays the same. And all I seem to find is how everything has chains.
And all my life just feels like an idiot dream.
Selected poems and lovers I never seen again.
And all in all I find that nothing stays the same.

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