

# Caught in a Mess

## Storyhill

Caught in a mess  
caught in a mess  
must confess  
caught in a mess with you  
gave my best  
now there's nothing left  
nothing more to do  
your lucky number lost appeal  
no more magic charm  
the very power you use to heal can harm  
all we had makes me sad  
our good times are a curse  
called you tuesday when the sky went black  
time to reassess  
you hit the bottom when the market crashed I guess  
the great depression inspired a new deal  
I need a new one now  
a reconstruction of the way we feel somehow  
caught in a mess  
sinking fast  
going all the way down with you  
gave my best, now there's nothing left and there's nothing more to do  
caught in a mess with you

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