

# Madman

Charlotte Martin

I woke up this morning and my head, i started roaming  
Now nothing's right, nothing's right  
Don't remember being born, don't know why we're being torn  
Now nothing's right, nothing's right  
I open up my mouth just to let the demon shout  
'Bout my dirty little schemes, that the wettest of my dreams are you  
Nothing's right, nothing's right

Over and over I'm feeling the same of loneliness  
And under me, under me feeling the madman

I'm breaking off a piece of what's left of what was me  
But it feels all right, it feels all right  
I'm laying on your road 'cause I thought that it might hold  
It feels all right, feels all right  
Do I wanna take a bet, is this as good as it'll get?  
And I cannot get away from the comfortable, familiar chains  
Nothing's right, nothing's right

Over and over I'm feeling the same of loneliness  
And under me, under me feeling the madman  
Over and over it's chilling, the things I've let you miss  
And if you're a miracle, I am the madman

And I'm sorry I didn't build your walls and  
I'm sorry I had to go and fall and  
I'm sorry I had the whole thing wrong and  
Well I guess I'm the sorriest of all  
And I'm sorry that you are feeling small and  
I'm sorry that I'm not used to crawling  
I'm sorry the writing's on the wall and  
Well I guess I'm the sorriest  
I guess I'm the sorriest of all

I woke up this morning and my head, it started roaming  
Now nothing's right, nothing's right  
Don't remember being born, don't know why we're being torn  
Now nothing's right, nothing's right  
You said you don't identify with my sort of petrified outlook  
On the pride that I've managed to ignore so long  
Nothing's right  
Nothing's right  
Nothing's right  
Nothing's right  
But it seems all right  
Seems all right