

Davinare

Daniel Johnston

March, Friday or Saturday
Art show with Ron English
Says I'm a worthless bum
You know they call me a worthless bum
You know I had my share of chums
But I'm a worthless bum, says I
You might be thinkin' of Davinare
You might be thinkin' of things that scare
Whatever you're thinking, I don't care
To be stripped bare
Worthless bum says I
I never deny a precious gift
You know I probably stole all my riffs
But I'm a worthless bum, says I

Oh, can't you see
You belong to me
How my poor heart aches
Every move you make

You know if things get outta hand
You know I'm the one who understands
Without or with you I'm just doin', doin' fine
You know I probably stole all my poetry
Even they took the most of it from me
But I will go on through the infinite
Believin' the lie
Worthless bum says I
You know who that I hear is pretty good
Understand, I'm a worthless bum
Worthless bum says I
You know I never tried to rip you off
Never tried to take your life
Worthless bum says I

If you were me
And I was you
Then everything's alright
We're outta sight

Worthless bum
Worthless bum
Worthless bum, says I