

## Tuesday People

Deaf Havana

Nothing like you wish you were,  
Your name is the only thing you're really sure of,  
Sitting on the wrong side of 25.  
You keep your problems buried oh so deep  
Then wonder why you wake up crying,  
At least the pain means you're alive.

Cause it's been months and you've had time  
To face what you've been running from, running from  
Yeah it's been months and you can't find  
A reason why you're holding on, holding on.

Before you went away you said you thought  
You'd try your hand at being a writer,  
After all could it really be  
Worse than waking up on Tuesday mornings  
to sign away your pride for money?  
At least you'd have your dignity  
Yet all the while your mind is drifting back  
To all those nights when you were happy,  
Or at least you thought you were.  
But nothing here can take away the years you wasted  
Thinking you weren't lonely,  
Or alone if you prefer

Cause it's been months and you've had time  
To face what you've been running from, running from  
Yeah it's been months and you can't find  
A reason why you're holding on, holding on.

If all you wanted was somebody to hear you out,  
To chase away the empty nights of fear and doubts.  
Running away won't answer any of your prayers,  
But you're praying, yeah you're praying.  
But who are you praying to?  
Is it the God you stopped believing in when he abandoned you?

Cause it's been months and you've had time  
To face what you've been running from, running from  
Yeah it's been months and you can't find  
A reason why you're holding on.

But you're praying, yeah you're praying.  
But you're praying, yeah you're praying.  
But you're praying, yeah you're praying.  
But you're praying, yeah you're praying.  
But you're praying.