

Stumblin'

Powderfinger

I got to feeling low for making light of whatever you said
The pain went straight to my head chopping me up turning me to
morose
You've got a thing or two coming soon so I'll get out of your way
Beat blue, blackened and bruised chopping it up at the end of the day

You better step back and see the mess that you left
Won't you tell it to somebody who cares
I'm stumblin' all the way 'cause it's not such a beautiful day

You stopped to see the show but don't believe everything that you read
The pain's still there in my head pulling me close now that I'm
here alone
Don't stop because of me you'll never know just how long you'd
have stayed
So sleep through the slackening screws cutting me loose at the
end of the day

It's not such a beautiful day
But I'll stumble through all the same
The bright lights are fading away
It's not such a beautiful day