

The Jub-jub Bird

The Bluetones

Please, your sympathy's not what I crave
Nor judgement on how I behave
Or to wake up beside you today
Try as I do to let somebody in
Well I never know where to begin
It's just a sweet word and onto the next thing

But whenever I hear your name
A mist comes down over my eyes
The burden of hiding my shame
It grows weak and eventually dies, then it dies
And what can I say, if confession won't send them away?
These demons inside are refusing to die
I hope against hope but they stay

And I'll disprove all that you've heard
The shortcomings of all their long words
Chattering of little birds
Now hormonal suppression kicks in
And I'm lost in the scent of your skin
And it hits like a left to the chin

But whenever truth starts to ring
A mist comes down over my eyes
The pain and the guilt that it brings
Loses faith in its host and then dies, then it dies

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