

## Doldrums

Atlas Sound

Taking in the doldrums  
How could we foresee  
Terrible addictions  
Houses that were out of reach  
For me, for me

Hey you got a story,  
Would you trade with mine?  
Stubborn paths to glory  
Always two inches behind  
Behind

Hey there is a story,  
No one likes to tell  
Yeah, it is the story  
Of a little boy  
Who went to hell

If you have no reason  
To come here again  
I may never see you  
Remember your friend  
Your friend