

When You're Born in the Gutter, You End Up in the Port

Evergreen Terrace

We're always searching for daylight (daylight)
Will we ever find what we're looking for

Bloody my fists.
Against the same wall.
Hoping for a different dent.
Over and over again.
my floor boards.
Clawing in the dark for a switch.

Indian summer upon us.
Tried to see but thick was the haze.
How can I ever get one leg up.
When I was born with my two feet in the grave.

When I was young.
The preacher told me.
I'd be found out by my sins.
Bloody my fists.
Against the same wall.
Hoping for a different dent.
Over and over again.

Keep searching for daylight, searching for daylight
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Keep searching, keep searching
Keep searching for daylight, searching for daylight
Keep searching, keep searching
Searching for daylight

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Will we ever find what we're looking for