

Imperfect Tense

Frank Turner

Naked and retched and retching on a hotel bathroom floor,
Somewhere in the city,
Three days not sleeping, not eating, not feeling good anymore,
Drenched in sweat and self-
pity now, and it's not a pretty sight.

What to say in my defense? I was imperfect, tense.
I used to have such balance, but I don't know where it went.
So won't you be my present sense?

Breaking, I'm shaking, it's taking a long long time
To come down off this murderous medication.
Trying to remember my reasons for running myself
Into the ground with such dedication.

It's not meant to be,
I am lost at sea,
So mermaids sing to me
Of the better times and the things that can be,
And of islands in the Mediterranean sea,
And of eating and sleeping at times when I should,
And of washing the drink and the drugs from my blood.
And I've nothing to say in my defense,
I'm far from perfect and I'm still tense,
But they say that love can change you once,
Please say that love can change me once,
Come on change me.