

## 4.48 Psychosis

Tindersticks

But you have friends  
What do you offer your friends  
To make them so supportive?  
What do you offer?

100, 91, 84, 81, 72, 69, 58  
44, 37, 38, 42, 21, 28, 12, 7

And hatch opens, stark light  
The television talks full of eyes  
The spirits of sight  
And now I am so afraid

I'm seeing things, I'm hearing things  
I don't know who I am  
Tongue out, thought stalled  
The piecemeal crumple of my mind

Where do I start? Where do I stop?  
How do I start? How do I stop?  
How do I stop? How do I stop?

At 4:48 when sanity visits  
For one hour and twelve minutes  
I am in my right mind  
When it has passed I shall be gone again

Remember the light  
And believe the light  
Nothing matters more

Hatch opens, stark light  
A table, two chairs and no window  
Here am I and there is my body  
Dancing on glass

In accident time  
Where there are no accidents  
You have no choice  
The choice comes after

Cut out my tongue  
Tear out my hair  
Cut off my limbs  
But leave my love

I would rather have lost my legs  
Pulled out my teeth  
Gouged down my eyes  
Than lost my love

At 4:48 I shall sleep  
What do you offer?

Hatch opens, stark light  
And nothing, nothing  
See nothing

Still black water as deep as forever  
As cold as the sky, as still as my heart  
When your voice is gone  
I shall freeze in hell

At 4:48, my happy hour  
When clarity visits  
Warm darkness  
Which soaks my eyes