

Amitri Del

"I Was Here"

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Though the coffins are calling I'm not coming
I'm too young to listen and I'm still scrawling on
see-saws and slides, skipping ropes and swings,
Toothpaste and trousers, watches and wedding rings.
She shouted to me under the juggernaut roar,
"This is the Bad Life, what are we here for?"
And wonderful world why are you full
of endless monotony and tiresome fools?
These people that surrounded me were damaged and
done
and we were as compatible as swimming pools and
slums.
And why are you grinning from ear to ear,
Isn't this the Bad Life?
Though there was lead in the petrol and bacteria in the
beer
Though she moved away and left me hopeless, I was
writing
I Was Here.
She said this Bad Life that I'm leading is deceiving and
depriving me
I said why don't you try relieving me, while she was
reading
I was stealing from the library.

And sweetness and sadness lived in sin

with built-in indigestion the new buildings held their
stomachs in

Goodness and Badness were hardly anything

I wanted to love her but she was never in

Though they were taking out tongues in the land of the
gun

though the sweating was getting near

Though her head was hung saying I did not become
her, I keep writing

I Was Here

Though the dusts were growing in my lungs and some
were turning backs on the babies turning blue

And I adore you but before you say "I adore you too"

Say I Was Here, and so were you

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