

Carter Hulsey

"What To Make"

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Oh Mama what to make of my dreams?
I crawl into bed with awful things.
I tried so hard to sleep so well,
But something drags my mind to hell.

Doctor, doctor what this sickness in the soul?
That makes my friends grow so cold.
What kind of love is so easily sold?
I think it's finally taken it's toll.
And tin man you speak of vancancy,
But my friend you're so naive.
You got more love than you could ever believe.
And that's more than I can say for me.

Oh darling how deep is your wound?
Do you still belive that promises come true?
I know it feels like you won't make it though,
But you kinda got what abandoned you.

And oh Jesus why must I sing?
When I feel I've lost everything.
I swam so far, my body grew weak.
So I close my eyes, I close my eyes,
And I just sing.

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