

## **Delgados**

### **"American Trilogy"**

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I became accustomed to a kind of social servitude and  
no one, I mean no one, could accept what I had  
become.

Selfish, bitter, weak. Enough to make you sick. And  
lately, I've feeling there are bits of life I'm stealing. Get  
me home. At times it seems I will not help but it's just that  
I save myself from fear that blankets like mist, on a  
optimist who insists it's the simple things that crush,  
and I'm crying far too much, so much so that I'm  
thinking my control on life is shrinking.

There's a light on in my head and I'm thinking what I  
said. All the freedom in my brain, I'm alright now, I'm  
just thinking what to say.

Sorry doesn't seem to wash when there's truths around  
that I have quashed and no one, I mean no one, can  
depress me more than I can. So does that make me  
weak or should that make me sick? But lately I've been  
feeling that I'm gonna give up breathing.

There's a light on in my head and I'm thinking what  
you said. All the fever in my brain, I'm alright now, I can  
even take the pain.

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