

Delgados**"The Past That Suits You Best"**

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Salt in my eyes, stinging my brain.
It's been forty odd days since we've been clean.
Crawl in the cave looking for light
but the ceiling descends and still it's dark.
Hey there, don't declare
optimist
it's clear you resist.
I try all the time
to get it right
and still it persists.
Touched that you think I'm a heartless old crank
and there's things that I've done to convict me of that.
Try to look out eyes straight and fast
but I've struggled of late, my head in the past.
Hey there, don't despair
get in the cave.
We live day and night
to find the right
sort of light.
Bored of the truth I return to my youth,
drinking Breaker at night in the cold Duchess light.
Out by the fence there's a shout and I'm dead.
Get me out of this place, I'll take casualties another day.
All gates are locked, there's no way I can walk
and the paths that I took led me into the swamp.
Even this trusty accomplice gets rusty,
I'm not being cruel but your brain never ruled.
I've seen the trauma of lives that were squandered
but I'm not to blame for showing restraint.
Hey there, don't declare
optimist.
I try every night
to get it right.
And still.
(Something just fucking ran out behind me I swear to
God.
Probably a fucking moth knowing you.
Why don't you go back and see then?
Well naw.)
No path of truth led me where I could walk
but the lies that I made led me out of the swamp.

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