

Kate Miller-Heidke**"Don't You Want To Share The Guilt?"**

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BBQ food is good
You invite me out to eat it, I should
Go, but I'm feeling kind of nervous
And not quite myself
So I'm running late on purpose
And I know this won't help
How things have become between us
But if I go you'll give me hell
And that I don't know how to fix it
Is making me unwell, well
I arrive at your house
But you've just got up
And you are wearing a towel
And your eyes look dark
I help to dry your body
And I see your cut
So I give you a plaster
And we cover it up
I say "Have you been crying?"
And you say "Shut Up"
So we sit in the garden
And touch the grass
With our hands

The sun is going down now
And it's been okay
You tell me all these things you did
While I was away
And this worries me somewhat

You say you're fine
Listen
Can you hear it?
Does it speak?
Will I feel it?
Will it hurt?
Am I near it?
I don't know

I don't know how more people haven't got mental
health problems

Thinking is one of those stressful things I've ever come
across
And not being able to articulate what I want to say
drives me crazy
I think I should try and read more books
And learn some new words
My sister used to read the dictionary
I'm going to start with that
I'd like to travel
I want to see India and the pyramids
A whale and that race with all the bicycles in France
I'm not sure about rivers, they scare me
But I love swimming, I'm good at it
And when I swim I think about numbers
And count the laps
When I was younger I saw a house burnt down
And I walked past it everyday for the next six years
Derelict, black, chalky and dangerous
I wondered if squatters lived there
I'm still not sure but I know there were never any parties
cuz it was shit
After a while the council got round to tidying out the
town
Making it less offensive here and there
They said it was an eyesore so they let tore it down
Behind the house was a wall with a few bits of crappy
graffiti and the word 'Cunt' written on it in giant letters
And now I walk past that

I like sitting in the park
And I like walking through it
I like taking my dogs there
And friends, and I like being alone
I like flowers and simplicity
I like compassion and thoughtful gifts
I like being able to shout
But I wish I could be quiet
When I'm quiet people think I'm sad
And usually I am

Sometimes when I'm at a busy train station
Somewhere big with the noisy trains like King's Cross
I feel like putting down my bags and shouting things
out because I've got something to say
Don't you want to share the guilt?
Don't think, just try and sleep

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