

## **Loud Family "Deee-Pression"**

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Must be the word, must be expression  
The creature stirs, must be progression  
Shake when I'm empty  
Like a bowl full of semper fi  
Hung by the chimney to signify, simplify

What wants to be what works through me  
What wants to be what talks to me

And if I'm right in my impression  
It's only luck, not self-possession  
If to examine what we slam  
Is a waste of fate  
Stockings are worn by the Santa grate  
To gravitate

What wants to be what works through me  
What wants to be what talks to me

Gentle into that good night we could ride  
The sky dark against trees bright from inside  
Which lit my roof up to land on at night  
Woke to the contract to see it as reflected light  
Fit of depression, right  
Fit of depression right now  
Fit of depression right now

Fit of depression right now  
Fit of depression right

Fit of depression right now  
Fit of depression right

Fit of depression right now  
Fit of depression right now

Fit of depression right now

Fit of depression right

Fit of depression right now  
Fit of depression right

Right now  
Right now  
Right now

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