

Marit Bergman "Sweatbead"

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I try to stop the train
To get used to pain
To get used to take the shit they're talking
And I can't explain
Whatever happened
I try to write it down on paper
And I don't know why you called me over
You said you tried to make me bitter
But I don't think you would do a thing like...
That's not your way of getting sober
Tell me more about your career
I'll give you compliments not telling how I lie

And suppose I don't have feelings for you
What good does that do
Anyway it's sad to say
And ignore that I'm not looking at you
And don't care what our friends say
Why do they bother anyway

And if you should be my savior
Would you take care of my wounds
Would you hold me and secure me in your womb

I'm the smallest lake
Fits in every city
Afraid the sun will dry me out
And I see lovers loving
And all the animals
Are drinking from my hand
Help's the sun to kill me

And though I don't have much to give you
I try to offer you
Whatever good I do
And what if I can't live without you
I'm not that good looking and bright
But you know I'd treat you right

And if you should be my savior
Would you take care of my wounds
Would you hold me and secure me in your womb

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