

Martha Wainwright

"Jimi"

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Sometimes I feel like there is no one
No one at all
That life is a myth
And I won't be missed
When I'm gone

But they say that you are no one
Without the people
Who love and know you around

And sometimes I feel like my Dad
For leaving her sad and alone
In this big house

These are the thoughts that I have
When I'm alone at home in my bed
And I get scared

And it takes up so much time
And it makes up for nothing
And it takes up so much time

And it makes up for nothing

And some people ask why I can't
Remember the past

There is this dead woman in my lane
She's eating my brain
Her skin is soft and white and bright
Against the night

There is this man in my house
When I'm not there
He says he knows me from somewhere

And it takes up so much time
And it makes up for nothing
And it takes up so much time
And it makes up for nothing

