

## **The Coral**

# **"Confessions Of A.D.D.D"**

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On this here street where I do sit  
There lives a man we can't forgive  
His felony was jealousy  
An impossible personality  
And if you think it's you then let me know

He wasn't rich and he wasn't poor  
Oh how he longed for so much more  
At night he dreams of buccaneers  
Pirate ships and privateers  
And if you think it's you then let me know

His window was his favorite seat  
For watching history repeat  
Was he cursed or was he blessed?  
In the end well he confessed  
And if you think it's you then let me know

This is what he said  
"The warning signs are on my wall  
There's no feelin' anymore  
Has it always been like this?  
Signed and sealed without a kiss  
Well, I know it's there  
It's just something that I missed"

And through the tears of madness, souvenirs of  
sadness  
Is all he sees, all he sees  
Oh how do I begin to end this tale?  
Of a time when all was well  
And he'd laze on summer days  
Down by the lake where the seagulls play  
What a way to waste his days!

Who is to blame?  
Have I been framed?  
Yeah, who is to blame?  
Have I been framed?

(For the death of these days)  
For the death of these days

(For the death of these days)  
For the death of these days

(For the death of these days)  
For the death of these days  
(For the death of these days)  
For the death of these days

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