

Yoskar Sarante

"Damage"

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Woke up with a war in my head,
An old man's grumble
And an extra space in the bed
And if ol' John Prine can't sing the next line
Bout something that can make me smile

Gonna have be content
To stare at yer baby photos til it makes some sense
Were you ever mine anyway
Speak up as I drop away

I wrote down what I think on the head of a matchstick
Wrote it all short and sweet, all that made sense to me
Burnt six thousand minds, sorry for all times
I just can't add up the sums to find the damage we've
done

I fell for you like a doll from a tree
Keep a straight stitched face
As the ground makes a bed for me
I keep my eye where I fell, sends no replies

You can run so long from sadness
That you're never at home for the fun
I can't make excuses
For the short hand abuses
Thank God it aint a Sunday night

I wrote down what I think on the head of a matchstick
Wrote it all short and sweet, all that made sense to me
Burnt six thousand minds, sorry for all times
I just can't add up the sums to find the damage we've
done

I wrote down what I think on the head of a matchstick
Wrote it all short and sweet, all that made sense to me
Burning out in the lights, sorry for all times
I just can't see how it comes
The damage we've done
The damage we've done
The damage we've done

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