

Keith Caputo "Troubles Down (attic Crawlspace)"

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Smell of roses does not remain
I'm crawling, crawling
Like a snake I'm hung over
Hung up & hung down

So I took my took my troubles down
And I quit my, quit my low down ways
And I took my my troubles down

I'm on a one way track
Burgundy & black
All is gone, all is gone
So far away from home
You're walking all alone
The fields burn away

The music did play the smoke drifts away
I put on my smile
I wander off in shame
Even through the tears
I took my troubles, down, down, down

Smell of roses does not remain
I'm crawling, crawling
Like a snake I'm hung over
Hung up & hung down

So I took my took my troubles down
And I quit my, quit my low down ways
And I took my my troubles down

It's just a passing fright
As cold as ice
My head began to spin
Stabbing on your brain
Every breath you breathe
No place to hide, to hide, to hide

I can't stand this
Silk & satin
I can't stand this
Silk & satin

Smell of roses does not remain
I'm crawling, crawling
Like a snake I'm hung over
Hung up & hung down

So I took my took my troubles down
And I quit my, quit my low down ways
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