

The National

"Demons"

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When I think of you in the city,
The sight of you among the sites.
I get this sudden sinking feeling,
Of a man about to fly.
Never kept me up before,
Now I've been awake for days.
I can't fight it anymore,
I'm going through an awkward phase.
I am secretly in love with,
Everyone that I grew up with.
Do my crying underwater,
I can't get down any farther.
All my drowning friends can see,
Now there is no running from it.
It's become the crux of me,
I wish that I could rise above it.

But I stay down,
With my demons.
I stay down,
With my demons.

Passing buzzards in the sky,
Alligators in the sewers.
I don't even wonder why,
Hide among the under views.
Huddle with them all night long,
The worried talk to god goes on.
I sincerely tried to love it,
Wish that I could rise above it.

But I stay down,
With my demons.
I stay down,
With my demons.

I stay down,
With my demons.
I stay down,
With my demons.
I stay down,
With my demons.

Can I stay here? I can sleep
On the floor
Paint the blood and hang the palms,
On the door.
Do not think I'm going places anymore,
Wanna see the sun come up above New York.
Oh, everyday I start so great,
Then the sunlight dims.
Less I've learned,
The more I see the pythons and the limbs.
Do not know what's wrong with me,
Sours in the cup.
When I walk into a room,
I do not light it up.
Fuck.

So I stay down,
With my demons.
I stay down,
With my demons.
I stay down,
With my demons.
I stay down,
With my demons.

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