

Angus Stone**"Itch"**

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I am evening the score
I am cutting the umbilical cord
Curled with my teeth against my knees
I am scratching at my consciousness
Like a bitch with fleas
I think you'll be greatly pleased
To learn that yours was the hardest
Itch to relieve

This is me
Without my hair
Welcome to my open stare
I got nothing to hide no more
Why disguise what isn't there
I am an eyesore
I am a detour
You can find me crying on
The shoulder of the road
And I will tell you
What you want to hear
Before you go
And that is that
Yours was the hardest itch to relieve
Yours was the hardest itch to relieve

I've mapped out my course
Looks like it's all uphill
I've got a heavy heart to carry
But a very strong will
It's just hard to travel
In the shadow
Of regret
In fact it's so hard
That I haven't actually left yet

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