

Withered Hand "For The Motion"

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Maybe the world would be better without me
I got a bad habit of fucking up
when every sunrise I see takes the piss out of me
and there's cold tea in our loving cup

I don't mean to suggest that I loved you the best
I mean it's heavy, but it's not heavy rock
and now I'm feeling depressed sitting here in my vest
it's like we're born with our heads on the block

And this song is for the strugglers
it's for the cynics and the maudlin
and this song is for the poor boy
I won't be there in the morning

Oh don't give up, don't give up on us
and sure these are degenerate times
you don't have to be some kind of guru
just chuck something together as long as it rhymes
and I hope that is means something to you

And if I suck in my cheeks when I'm with you
and if I wear too much soap in my hair
pull on your kitten heel shoes
we've got dancing to do
pulling teeth from the jaws of despair

Cos this song is for the strugglers
it's for the cynics and the maudlin
this song is for the poor boy
I won't be there in the morning

And this song is for the strugglers
it's for the cynics and the maudlin
and this song is for the poor boy
I won't be there in the morning
no, I'll be asleep on an overnight bus

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