

## The Psychedelic Ensemble

### "Better Days"

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People call to say hello  
They call to talk about the weather  
All the places i don't go  
They call to talk to me  
They've got names without a face  
And they've got faces i don't see  
From the corners of my mouth  
I hear your voice come falling down  
From the corners of my mouth  
Can't hear myself at all  
All my senses in a know  
It gets too dark in here  
That i can't move  
And i can't feel to touch  
And there's you standing in my clothes  
A perfect picture with you on my side  
I never let it show  
From the corners of my mouth  
I hear your voice come falling down  
From the corners of my mouth  
Can't hear myself at all

I can't seem to find my feet

My body's shaking and

My tongue can't move

I turn my head to speak

I hear you call my name

I hear you calling me

On better days

On better days

From the corners of my mouth

I hear your voice come falling down

From the corners of my mouth

Can't hear myself at all

From the corners of my mouth

I hear your voice come falling down

From the corners of my mouth

Can't hear myself at all

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