

Popium

"These Days"

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Got to figure it out, got to find out what love is all about
There's a kind of understanding, a sweet and simple
deal

On a little piece of paper, explaining how I feel
Got to make up my mind, I suspect it will occupy my
time

Every minute of the hour of every single day
Oh, I wish I had the power to make it go away
Hey, hey, I trust it turns out okay

There are days when I feel happy
There are days when I feel badly bruised
And days when you will find me clinging on to you
There are days when I feel ready
To confront my demons and my ghosts
And days when I know nothing about where I am, I
suppose
These days compare to those

There is plenty of doubt, and I feel I am falling in and
out
Of a state of knowing nothing, to a state of clarity
I'm not sure if it's a good thing, it's something I can't
see
But I feel it's real, it is taking up so much space
Don't know how to take it in
But I trust there will come days when I understand its
ways

There are days when I feel happy
There are days when I feel badly bruised
And days when you will find me clinging on to you
There are days when I feel ready
To confront my demons and my ghosts
And days when I know nothing about where I am, I
suppose
These days compare to those [x2]
These days...

