

Day At The Fair, A "Darkness Washed Over The Dude"

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I'll hide under the covers until this winter is over.
I won't see the sun, and I won't watch the rain and
I won't count my blessings for my blessings are my
pain. There's things I feel that scare me to death.
I've got a lot of fears I'll never fight until the
bring me down for the count.
I'm living in a world that's betting all of it's losses,
on all of it's promises. I'm up and
down like beers into my mouth.
It's a therapy I've been pending for my happy ending.
Now I'm trading my addictions but adding new
addictions.
New addictions to the rest.
I don't count the stars cause they don't count on me.
I won't leave my house tonight cause it's where I'd
rather be. There's thinks I know,
that scare me to death. I've got a lot of shit built
up inside, until it brings me down for the

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