

## The The "Delirious"

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When spring comes around and the ice runs away  
And the sun hits the top of our heads  
Then the dormant desires, explode into life  
And the body demands to be fed

Whispering sadness like a mild form of madness  
Or a line from a meaningful song  
Turn your eyes to the Lord but the churches are empty  
They're is now no escape from your longing

Things are gonna start getting good  
You hear them call  
You captured the unspoken feelings of my heart  
Which gave me a start

I know, I'm nowhere near perfection  
I'm pointing in the wrong direction  
All I ever seem to do is sit here  
Playing around with this stupid guitar, guitar

When spring comes around and the ice runs away  
And the sun hits the top of our heads  
Then the dormant desires, explode into life  
And the body demands to be fed

I've got a million ants under my skin  
They're all digging a hole where the rain can't get in  
My world comes out when the sun disappears  
But my blood is turning sour with insect fear

Whispering sadness like a mild form of madness  
Or a line from a meaningful song  
Turn your eyes to the Lord but the churches are empty  
They're is now no escape from your longing

I've got a million beetles under my skin  
They're all digging a hole where the rain can't get at  
'em  
My blood will come out when the earth disappears  
And my girl will turn to flour with insect fear

So you are at an age where you should be feelin' good

But when you hide in your bed and look in your head  
You find you've gone deeper than you should  
It could be your shallowness is your strength

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