

Tindersticks

"4.48 Psychosis"

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But you have friends
What do you offer your friends
To make them so supportive?
What do you offer?

100, 91, 84, 81, 72, 69, 58
44, 37, 38, 42, 21, 28, 12, 7

And hatch opens, stark light
The television talks full of eyes
The spirits of sight
And now I am so afraid

I'm seeing things, I'm hearing things
I don't know who I am
Tongue out, thought stalled
The piecemeal crumple of my mind

Where do I start? Where do I stop?
How do I start? How do I stop?
How do I stop? How do I stop?

At 4:48 when sanity visits
For one hour and twelve minutes
I am in my right mind
When it has passed I shall be gone again

Remember the light
And believe the light
Nothing matters more

Hatch opens, stark light
A table, two chairs and no window
Here am I and there is my body
Dancing on glass

In accident time
Where there are no accidents
You have no choice
The choice comes after

Cut out my tongue

Tear out my hair
Cut off my limbs
But leave my love

I would rather have lost my legs
Pulled out my teeth
Gouged down my eyes
Than lost my love

At 4:48 I shall sleep
What do you offer?

Hatch opens, stark light
And nothing, nothing
See nothing

Still black water as deep as forever
As cold as the sky, as still as my heart
When your voice is gone
I shall freeze in hell

At 4:48, my happy hour
When clarity visits
Warm darkness
Which soaks my eyes

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