

The Jub-Jub Bird

The Bluetones

Please, your sympathy's not what I crave,
Nor judgement on how I behave,
Or to wake up beside you today,
Try as I do to let somebody in,
Well I never know where to begin,
It's just a sweet word and on to the next thing. But whenever I hear your name,
A mist comes down over my eyes,
The burden of hiding my shame,
It grows weak and eventually dies, then it dies.
And what can I say,
If confession won't send them away?
These demons inside are refusing to die,
I hope against hope, but they stay,
And I'll disprove all that you've heard,
The shortcomings of all their long words,
Chattering of little birds,
Now, hormonal suppression kicks in,
And I'm lost in the scent of your skin,
And it hits like a left to the chin, But whenever truth starts to ring,
A mist comes down over my eyes,
The pain and the guilt that it brings,
Loses faith in its host and then dies, then it dies.
But whenever I hear your name,
A mist comes down over my eyes,
The burden of hiding my shame,
It grows weak and eventually dies, then it dies.
And what can I say,
If confession won't send them away?
These demons inside are refusing to die,
I hope against hope, but they stay,
But they stay, stay, stay, stay,
Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay.

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