Joseph Arthur, Making Mistakes

I can't feel now anybody Buried under who I am Just another one of many Wishing we could start again Making mistakes To kill some time Waking up with the shakes And a poisoned mind I know that you might not feel the way I do Still I hope you're going to come around I don't need an explanation Walking through your junkyard I've reached the bottom of addiction Just to make it to where we are Lying on a killing floor With a frozen spine Back to where I was before Only worse this time I know that you might not feel the way I do Still I hope you're going to come around I've been locked up with my shadow Bouncing off these crazy walls Surrounded by all kinds of darkness Praying for a light to fall So if forgiveness avoids you And all your love is soft like clay I hope you will think to call me You know I would be on my way Making mistakes Across state lines Sweeping up the dirt In my broken mind I know that you might not feel the way I do Still I hope you're going to come around What I hope you're going to come around And I hope you're going to come around