

Good Advice

Basia Bulat

Well any sense I had is gone
On an open field you had me run
Where was the light we had before
I don't know why I asked at all
I keep on talking carelessly
I look in books and magazines
Thinking a word could be enough
You look at me, I'm burning out
When I hear your good advice
I'm starting something
And good advice, I'm running from it
I didn't ask you, I didn't want it
In an empty room you pardoned me
But all around us whispering
What we have now, anyone's guess
So just be rude or your kindness
You give it up so easily
But now I drown in reasoning
I can't be helped or even held
And every word makes me feel worse
When I hear your good advice
I'm starting something
Your good advice I keep running from it
I shouldn't ask since I never want it
Any sense I had at all is gone (Any sense I had at all is gone)
On an opened field you had me run (On an opened field you had me run)
Where was the light we had before (Where was the light we had before)
I don't know why I ask at all (I don't know why I ask at all)
If a pardon isn't what I want (A pardon isn't what I want)
I can't be helped or even held (I can't be helped or even held)
Of all this good advice I've heard
All your good advice, I started something
I should have known that I didn't want it
I never hear it, I keep on running
I didn't ask it, I can't be pardoned