

# Sullenboy

Fiddlehead

Sun comes up on another day  
Of staring right at the floor  
Hiding my eyes and sad man sighs  
"I can't take anymore and I'm so tired  
I'm so fried from the failure inside my mind  
I think I'll hide, I think I'll die  
And quit this life-bit for a while"

I feel the fear, I feel the fear  
I feel the fear, I can't repair  
The broken records of family trees  
I feel the fear I will repeat

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Depressive Irish genes may have me breathing dismal poems  
Sad Shepard recipes for generations of laying low  
But I got fire, I got light  
She's in the mire by my side  
Hand in hand in the ice, cold night and mothering our brand-new life  
Yeah, I got fire, I got light  
They're three feet tall and smile bright  
Their day is young and their future's wide  
And I'll die before I don't help them rise

So face it, face it, face it all  
Replace it, replace, replace with love  
So face it, face it, face it all  
And watch it, see it, feel it grow

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