

Slow To Rise

John Splithoff

I been up and down the rain washed boulevard
World turning as the days just fall apart
The air heavy in my lungs, pain in my heart, my heart

So I walk into the MD on 88th
And the waiting room is empty but still I wait
Does anybody know what's wrong with me? Cause you see

These days I can't help but feel paralyzed
Wake up in the morning I'm slow to rise
I need somebody to empathize
And try to help me understand

It won't be like this forever
Gotta find a way to make it better
No it won't be like this forever
Gotta put the pieces back together

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