

Maimed Happiness

New York Dolls

It's a maimed happiness
I keep trying to acquiesce
It's like a tempestuous child
You play with and humor to keep
Quiet as you possibly can
'Til finally it goes to sleep
Life takes a lot of finesse
It's a maimed happiness
Keep myself to every way
Both refined and uncouth
Then maybe once in a while
I can be with the truth
Don't know if there's that much to be said
For this world or the time that we spend
I doubt that I'd wanna live
This wasted life over again
Yeah, I been to the doctor
He said there ain't much he could do
"You got the human condition
Boy, I feel sorry for you"
There's a sorrowful joy
I've known since I was a boy
Joyful sorrow I guess
It's a maimed happiness