

## Stumblin'

Powderfinger

I got to feeling low for making light of whatever you said  
The pain went straight to my head chopping me up turning me to  
morose  
You've got a thing or two coming soon so I'll get out of your way  
Beat blue, blackened and bruised chopping it up at the end of the day

You better step back and see the mess that you left  
Won't you tell it to somebody who cares  
I'm stumblin' all the way 'cause its not such a beautiful day

You stopped to see the show but don't believe everything that you read  
The pain's still there in my head pulling me close now that I'm here alone  
Don't stop because of me you'll never know just how long you'd have stayed  
So sleep through the slackening screws cutting me loose at the end of the day

It's not such a beautiful day  
But I'll stumble through all the same  
The bright lights are fading away  
It's not such a beautiful day