

## Sit N' Squirm

Richard Edwards

I sit and I squirm  
Try to observe each breath as it leaves me  
And greet its return  
I squirm  
And I think of her sometimes  
So I start again

I sit and I squirm  
Unpack the past  
Send it out for the weekend  
Hope it never comes back  
I squirm  
When I think of you sometimes  
So it goes

I hear a ghost  
I hear a ghost  
I hear a ghost and see Freud on the beach  
Drunk in the sun  
If you see me coming  
You better run

Oh while poor little rich bitch bangs on her drum

I come back to you in the dark  
I miss you when I'm soft  
So I gotta stay hard  
When I cannot stand who I am  
Oh my baby blue  
I feel glued to "it was" this evening  
Thought I'd lose it when I said that mantra, yeah  
If I'm with a woman and she blows my mind  
I forget you, baby, every time

But where are you tonight?  
My darling  
Oh, my darling  
While I sit and I squirm  
While I sit and I squirm  
Oh, yeah  
Oh, yeah