

Feeble

The Screaming Jets

There's nothing like the feeling at the boarding gate
Not sure I'll ever get used to that one
Now I see her, now she's gone then I turn and go away
Then I start counting down the days

When you stop and look what you've become
You've lost yourself and now you've come undone, you've come undone

But it was never gonna happen to me
Never gonna happen to me
And I'm gone

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A different restaurant every night and a bath to take my burdens
It's someone else's turn to rock the cradle
A different accent every night and a bath to take my burdens
It's someone else's turn to fix the feeble
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