

Low

The Slow Show

These streets, they just don't know me
Like you seem to do
Swollen disappointments but the loneliness is new
Take away this crown
Face paint's running down these walls
I'd like to say that I'm better now I'm home
But I'm still low

Mr. Blue, Mr. Grey, you're fine, but you drag me down
I've tried fucking every girl in town
But I'm still down
It's here again today
Sticks around won't go away
But it's colder than before
It does you no good
But you try to say that it's okay

This is all you all you know
Always, always low

But it breaks to see it, though
You're getting old, boy
Getting old, boy

I'm already low
I'm already low
I'm already low
You're getting old, boy
You're getting old, boy
You're getting old, boy
You're getting old, boy