

## 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