

# Fever

Deaf Havana

I broke down through everything  
and you tried your best, to live through the state  
I was in oh I know.  
I remember all those dark days  
with darker friends when I wouldn't come home,  
you'll never get back a piece of yourself that I stole.

I know you keep it all your head locked away and I,  
can't fight the feeling I can't fight the feeling inside.

It's the little things, oh it's the little things that you hide  
(with a steady hand and a little time you will find, that),  
even you can see, I got the fever in me.

I was beat down and drunk as hell when I lost my home,  
I guess I knew what was coming for me then.  
I saw myself in my mothers eyes and I found some hope,  
but now my dreams are in black and white again...