

Out Of Ideas

A.C.T

I guess I'm out of ideas
How can it be I've got nothing to say
I used to think I was good
I used to say this came naturally

But now there's nothing, no words, no wisdom
Not even nothing about the life that I once lived

This is were hours go by
This piece of paper makes me feel sick
I slowly start to confess
I never got it, I'm just a mess

I'm not ironic, I'm not sarcastic
I'm not poetic nor am I good with words
What's left to say?

Oh, nothing to say, how cruel
Who do you think you fool?
You'll never get it right
This is a tragic fight
Can't you see?
This is not what you are meant to be

I start adjusting my chair
I'm getting ready to write about love
That was a desperate attempt
My brain is blank and I stare at the wall

I'm not dramatic, I'm not romantic
I've got no talent, nor am I good with rhymes
Come on, give up!

Oh, nothing to say...