

American Idol

Jay Brannan

You say good start
I say perfect ending
This world has no heart
And mine is beyond mending

Wiping down menus
Of food I can't afford
If this is my destiny
Then why am I so bored?

Am I suicidal,
Or am I hungry?
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Can't write songs
As well as you
Can't play guitar
The way that I want to

I can sense the future
In this Pennsylvania night
It is sealed for my protection
But if I can pick my poison,
I just might

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Breaking up is hard to do
But waking up is harder
I had plans, and they fell through
Now I'm back to beg and barter

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Or am I hungry?
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