

Hey mike I wish I could help you figure something out  
But it's been too long since we spoke  
Your sarcasm radiates unhappiness  
So withdrawn and rooted deep inside  
Are you content at twenty-seven  
Were you hopeful at 17?  
A void the size of oceans stretches out between us  
I guess our blood is suppose to be a bridge  
Can you pull yourself up from this self hatred  
Can you pull yourself up  
Frustrations driven you to angry dreams  
Let nebraska disappear in golden flames of grain  
I know you can't imagine having company right now  
There's a world of tired faces that understand this pain  
There's a better life waiting on the outside  
Of these decaying walls  
Your bitterness doesn't surprise me  
As these pointless days go screaming by  
Rejected sour eyes can't imagine blue skies  
I wish you could find something to live for  
Besides the agony of bleeding towards the last breath  
I truly believe that you want more than this (this is killing y  
ou)  
That what you want is very simple  
Somehow so complex to get  
Please don't hate yourself.