

## 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...