

Keep My Secrets

A Common Year

It was simple enough to say I quit
And it was easier to claim I'm working on it
But when the empty seat that's next to me
Is filled with what I wish to be
It's hard to stick to your guns
Stick to your guns
That's what I've been told
You'll find conviction and answers
As you grow old
But every second that elapses
Leaves me dizzy and collapsing
To the floor
In search of so much more

What's the problem here?
Do you even know?
It's an easy call
To say that this won't end up well
Before I say a word
I think it's better
When I keep my secrets to myself

So here I have returned again
With a new perspective right where I began
But the test is always harder
Than the practice that precedes
Will I keep my head above?

What's the problem here?
Do you even know?
It's an easy call
To say that this won't end up well
Before I say a word
I think it's better
When I keep my secrets to myself

What's the problem here?
Do you even know?
It's an easy call
To say that this won't end up well
Before I say a word
I think that I should
Keep my secrets to myself
I'll keep my secrets to myself this time