

The F World

Bad Astronaut

Something always gives
It's the matter of the time you waste
And here I am out of your focus
it comes down to you
The direction that you choose
The choices in our lives
And you choose to live in spite
Far away from mine
choose a hundred possessions you're thankful to own
and those who atone
discount all but one

It stands to reason and I can't be by myself
It makes no difference what I have
I'm by myself

Intrinsic to your world
the benefit of doubt
Check your messages
through some trivial discord
the code of silence rings
and i can't recall the why or when, all i remember
is now we aren't speaking

It stands to reason and I can't be by myself
It makes no difference who I am
It stands to reason and it's better left undone.
It makes no difference what I have
I'm by myself, by myself, by myself

and you won't call me now