

I'd Rather

Big D And The Kids Table

the feelings trapped, wrapped in all you might have said i want
to take it back, hide it in out it read a circled voice is som
ething that i cannot stop why have a friend just to cut him dow
n alone on top, never fought, never mean, you never turned away
, you never had to see, how can i hear your screams when you're
drowning in this silent place, how can i hear your screams whe
n i'm drowning in the same waste, i wipe this window to see the
fog it blocks my sight like when i want to believe but can't s
ee all that's right, a circled voice said, nothing, must have s
pread the word the word where small groups talk, their hearts l
ike rocks, it's all absurd, a chance for change blind by fame i
t's all the same a chance to let it go and what i think i know,
progress isn't stepping forward progress isn't judged by wealt
h too far to change us all but not too far to save yourself, (n
o, i think i'd rather go home solitude i want to be all alone)
but anyway i'm gonna to wake up do my daily act stick to what i
like hold on to what i hold real tight anyway it's not going t
o matter in the long run yet long enough to frame the picture y
ou show everyone, i don't know what to say, don't know what to
do, the only thing i know is that i can't get through to you, w
ell time is on my side, these things that pass me by, i never e
ven noticed, never thought, wondered why