

Pictures He Drew

Bowling For Soup

He got up this morning
Rolled out of bed
And went out to change the world
Her head on his shoulder
He settles her down
It all started over and over again

His mom made him breakfast
Gets on the bus Goes out to see the world
He lies on the ground, wipes blood from his nose
Wonders why he's the one that doesn't fit In

The pictures he drew
But if only they told him
You're never gonna be like anyone
And that's okay
Give into your feelings
Don't give in to the ones that will own ya
Sometimes they just don't go away

Six double martinis, a night on the town
It sure makes the mornings long
He never imagined a life time like this would be
The only thing to let him get in Break down:

He gets up
He falls down
Wishes he could get the nerve to end it all now
He picks up the phone
And he slams it down

And swallows another
Now he'll never come around
It's all or none
It's one for one

You can make it
But ya' gotta do it all for yourself