

## Caught Up

Crimpshrine

In the city my mind's a mess.  
No room to think, too fucking stressed.  
It's hard to stop when you're obsessed.  
Careful what I say, everyone's  
So quick to judge me.  
This kind of support  
Isn't doing much for me.  
I need a chance to think straight.  
Take some time to contemplate  
All the questions in my head.  
Sometimes I get so caught up  
I need to stop before I lose touch  
And let my chances pass me by...  
Without feelings compromised.  
Without feeling so confined.  
With the city far behind.  
Now I've left it all behind.  
At least I've got my peace of mind.  
I always knew I'd have to leave some day.  
In the distance I can see the cars pass,  
And garbage and broken glass trail out into the bay.  
Thinking about what I want to do  
With no one to tell me  
Dreams can't come true.  
I know they never will if I don't try.  
Sometimes I get so caught up  
I need to stop  
Before I lose touch  
And let my chances pass me by...