

Blocked

Dan Bull

Somewhere along the way, I lost my aim
Somewhere along the way, I lost my aim
Somewhere along the way, I lost my aim
I struggle along in vain, just to not quite make it

It's late at night, I'm awake, surprise surprise
Trying to find some kind of way to write
It's a shame, I fail to find a blatant line
Between original art and what's plagiarised
It's vague and effectively makes playing a fresh
Melody impossible, I often wanna lay it to rest
I say with regret cos I love making music
Taking beautiful soothing sounds to make tunes with
Creating a groove and arranging and looping it
But usually it screws me straight up, I feel stupid
I need a tea break to replace my fuses
But my main mistake is that I keep making excuses
The truth is I can blatantly do this
But my brain just refuses to obey so I lose it
Thus making me choose to take painkillers and booze
Just to change up my mood plus maybe induce
A thrust of creative boost to raise me up from this place of wasted youth
And enable me to embrace my muse
Taste the fruits of the great musical roots
That grew from the days of slaves playing the blues

Somewhere along the way, I lost my aim
It's come and it's gone again I've lost my aim
Somewhere along the way, I lost my aim
My colour is gone and drained, I just might faint

So hold me so tight
Make me feel alive
Blocked out, locked out
Please, please, please not now

To find the right line to write's quite a painful paper chase
Sometimes it takes ages, other days I get it straight away
That's the main way I ever can create
But take away my aspirations and my brain's a vacant place
I hesitate for days in an attempt to make a serenade
And say something amazing to set the grade in clever ways
But fate never plays fair therefore I'll stay this way forever
Never creating 'til the end of days
Seven eighths of the time when I'm trying
To think of a lyric, picture an image or write a nice rhyme
I'm willing my mind to fill up with brilliant ideas
Bring them to life, like they were written in my tears
I fear it's quite clear I'm living a lie here
Eyes dried up but I wish I could cry, hear
Is this a signal or sign my mind's fucked up?
Cos if isn't I'm just blocked

Blocked out, locked out
Please, please, please not now

Something is wrong today, I'm not quite sane

Suddenly dropped from grace, and lost my train