

I'm A Bore, Mostly

Deaf Havana

I spent most of my days neither sleeping nor awake
Watching pointless documentaries on tornadoes and earthquakes,
Coffee keeps me going though It fuels my wandering mind
Wishing I was Kurt Cobain or Morrissey
It takes up most of my time,
It shows with me losing my voice, it always seems a chore
My faith in music slowly disappearing more and more
These tattoos on my hands are there for life
And the songs inside my head won't come out right.

The times are changing, we can go anywhere
But we're far too cool to admit that here
The times are changing, we can go anywhere
But I'm stuck in my ways and I won't change.

So I try to drag my fragile frame through another day
And another dose of caffeine in my veins,
My body aches and my mouth is full of sores
And I've reached the verdict that mostly, I'm a bore.

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