

Novel Writer

Destine

Another ordinary man in town
His dreams are big, his hopes are fading
Guess who's sick of waiting
A bag o' stories left to be untold,
A dozen dreams outside & cold
Waiting till his hopes unfold

And every step of the way to escape the past mistakes
A shortcut destination nowhere
But what is left of the road that he liked to call destiny
Writing his own works of art

Another average 16 year old girl
Her head spins and her moods are waving
Guess who's sick of waiting
A bag o' secret insecurities
Oh don't believe the things that she sees
Makes a monster outta daisies

And as she slowly turns the burden on her shoulder
Into something golden as her heart had told her
So what is left of the road she liked to call conformity
Living her life giving up without a fight

And all I wanna be just a novel writer
Nonstop thriving & work so hard
And I don't care what you say when I can have it my way
I'll go on till the cord may part

Another wasted day okay
and maybe it's a shame
Guess I'm gonna find a job
cause life aint waiting

Another wasted day okay
and maybe it's a shame
Guess I'm gonna find myself
my life aint changing

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A shortcut destination nowhere
But what is left of the road that he liked to call destiny
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