

What'd you do when I was gone?
I pretty much just hung around.
Did you get any work done?
I said "no, I just hung around..."

I've got a lack of motivation, a lapse in ambition,
I sit and watch the fire burn and wish I could burn with it.
I've fallen by the wayside of pretentious young writers,
looking for inspiration in party time liars.

What do you do now that I am gone?
I spend most nights alone, singing songs in my room,
and all of them are for you.

It's an awful sinking feeling when your own heart starts stealing
reason from the mind. Some nights I dream of getting in my car,
and driving straight through the night.

You can't force a feeling and you can't conjure up meaning,
without perhaps believing that you're good enough.