

If I Had A Pound For Every Stale Song Title I'd Be 30 Short Of Getting Out Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly

You can call them chronicles,
You can call them songs,
It's an aural rhetoric for the year that's gone.
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You favour progression over honesty,
Whilst you pick apart the misguided things that you thought abo
ut me.
If you took the time just to get a clue,
Than you'll probably just realise I'm the same as you.

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And in the last 12 months,
I've felt like a stopgap
And a punchbag and a doormat,
But I'm better than that.

And I don't want to feel,
That the only thing that can make me real
Is the fact that I can sing and write
For the joy of someone else.

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