

I Won't Come Back

Grief

I can't socialize, puzzle with no nitch
Feelings obsolete, art a dying trade
No brass rings, no shooting stars to wish upon
Wishes, dreams and hopes have all been shit upon
No one wants to be with me 'cause I'm not really here
I'm just a fading picture man, image thinned by tears
I'd like to think I'm recognized but I'm not really here
The mind that was sculpted of has dried and cracked with
years
Enigmatic, schizophrenic, mad drug addict
There is no map, I'm lost inside my own mind
T.H.C. comforts me, sets me free
I won't come back...I won't come back...I won't come back