

Concede

J Church

I was feeling old today,
I know there comes a point,
When there's nothing left to say,
Lately everything sounds the same,
The things I hate in this fucking world,
Haven't gone away

Tomorrow, if I haven't lost my mind,
I'll beg and borrow all the words I can't define,
Today I woke up and I had nothing to say,
24th and Castro on any Saturday

It's hard to live with yourself,
When all the power seems to belong to someone else,
It's pretty easy to concede,
When everything around you,
Seems just like all the proof you need

Tomorrow, I'll try to change my mind,
I'll beg and borrow all the words I can't define,
Today I woke up and I had nothing to say,
24th and Mission on any Saturday

I'd like to say we'll work it out,
But every single issue seems to have an equal set of doubts,
When our souls were alive,
And thought only of pleasure,
When we heaved soundless sighs,
Free of pride