

You're never going to say the things you want to say  
The things you want to change will usually stay that way  
The promises you break outweigh the ones you keep  
The sky I'm told is blue is looking very grey

Nothing's going to seem the way it seems to you  
It never turns out quite the way you want it to  
Paint upon the wall for the hundredth time  
But what you try to hide will come shining though  
But what you try to hide will come shining though

There's so much you would do if you just had the time  
Like try to write a song but it never rhymes (only sometimes)  
You'd love to change the system but it works too well for you  
If you didn't have to patience you could turn to crime

There's something that you feel that you can't explain  
That makes you feel lost when it starts to rain  
It bothers you the most when you are on your own  
It whispers your intentions will all be in vain

The month you hate the most is always february