

Miserable Exaggeration

John Reuben

Inconsistent my feelings change quicker than
I can get the words out
And tell you what I'm thinking
Inconsistent I don't have much grace or patience
I hold this grudge and my tongue no further statements
It plays out in my mind
All the lost words I could have used to describe
And even though it's left such a bad taste in my mouth
I guess I'd rather swallow my pride than spit it out

What a miserable exaggeration
Happier said than done
What a wasted conversation
In my head everyone was listening
Everyone was interested

Failure cuts the spirit to hear
That's why I have to let my pride interfere
I'll take it from there
If you see me acting differently
Don't worry
That's just me dialoging with me internally
About the hypothetical over-analytical
Still what do I know
Central Ohio's grey skies provide a lot of time to be stuck inside
Close the world out
Introvert's paradise

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It's that wishy washy topsy turvy monotony
I've been here before both emotionally and logically
You know that you know until the wind blows
It's as easy as no and as hard as no
People-pleasers never win
Spread yourself too thin
It's best to just do what you feel in the end
But you'll change how you feel for the sake of the truth
When the world you're living in becomes bigger than you

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