

The Weirds

Katie Costello

Tiny raindrops salute gravity
The pavement smells like the taste of blood
I need to get out of here - even the trees are gilded
Smiles ooze of depression with no creative perks

I've overstayed my welcome in this life
And it seems as though time won't tell you exactly what you'd like
I've given up on waving off the flies that have blackened my mind -
My sugarcoated mind

Why can't I whistle? And why can't I cry?
Why can't I be the way I wish I liked?
I guess I have The Weirds
Which truth is true? And which real is real?
Why must we whistle to what we cannot feel?
I guess I have The Weirds, oh I have them bad, and it's so sad

Starring contests with eggshell-tinted walls
It's all that seems productive - you'd be surprised
Procrastination Nation is where I've learned to live
Turn on the tube, romanticized until you can't move

I've overstayed my welcome in this life
And it seems as though time won't tell you exactly what you'd like
I've given up on waving off the flies that have blackened my mind -
My sugarcoated mind

Why can't I whistle? And why can't I cry?
Why can't I love you the way I wish I liked?
I guess I have The Weirds
Which truth is true? And which real is real?
Why must we whistle to what we cannot feel?
I guess I have The Weirds, oh I have them bad, and it's so sad

Why can't I whistle? And why can't I cry?
Why can't I love you more than what I'd like?
I guess I have The Weirds, oh I have them bad, and it's so sad

Prisoner of the mind, trapped within the confines
Of self expectation, of obligation -
I guess I'll be just fine