

Some Days

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Some days, I'm only moved by the wind
I look around, but nothing stirs me within
And I wonder, am I the only one to see
This quiet time as such a comfortable thing

Some days, I'm only fueled by my mistakes
I turn around and slyly try to hide my face
I feel as though
I have to think everything through
I don't know how I am to act or how to move

When it's over, I feel as though it were a dream
And I wake up
Again, I'm new to everything

Some days, there's not a way to bring me down
I'm floating up in the clouds to get around
I think back to other times and wonder how
It was possible to not have felt as I do now

Every day's another way to feel
It's your own decision what is real
So try them out, all the different ways to play the game
And work it out, try not to want to be the same