

It's cold, it's supposed to be.
The night has got a hold of me.
I hurt, but enough of me.
You glow, glow for all to see.
This is what I do, this is who I am.
At the park at four am drinking beer out of a can, wishing I could understand what it takes to be a man.
I realized I'm a natural second best and whatever is against me
I'll appear as something less.
So hold, grab a hold of me.
I know, you are in control of me.
It's dark like it's supposed to be.
But you glow, please just glow for me.
This is what I do.
This is who I am.
Praying for the strength to try, wiping tears out of my eyes.
Watching chances pass me by as romance behind it dies.
I realized I'm a natural second best and whatever is against me
I'll appear as something less.
I've come to grips with the fact that I'm depressed and whatever's in front of me I'll see as something less.
And the sad thing is that I've never been better.
And the sad thing is that I've never been better.
But if you look at the facts, you know I've never been better.
I've realized I'm a natural second best and whatever is against me I'll appear as something less.
I've come to grips with the fact that I'm depressed and whatever's in front of me I'll see as something less.