

## Dialogue

Rosie Thomas

Can you help me  
Figure out  
All of these things  
I'm restless I  
Feel reclusive  
Holding on by a string  
No I can't I'm  
Just as broken I'm  
Just as damaged as you  
I'm so tired and  
Uninspired and  
Dying in this living hell

Where do I go?

I can't walk in a  
A straight line, I  
Don't know what I'm heading for  
Just keep trying and  
No more lying  
To yourself anymore

Where do we go?  
Nobody knows