

Gotta Get The Gist

Shorebirds

In my head there's 12 dozen angry men.
They're all talking at the same time
and singing songs and they're skipping the chorus
and I can't sing along.
I'm in a state of panic.
My head is constant static.
15 different radios playing 15 different songs
and they're all skipping the chorus
and I can't sing along.
I'm not mad, it's a panic attack.
It's a cyclical effect.
Depression spiraling out of control.
It's not you I hope you know.
They're all asking questions
and I can't hardly hear them.
I just bark, glare or hist
and they'll never get the gist.