

Poor Boy

Such A Surge

Mind is empty like a six pack
If we could we would throw it away
Silence like silver
Empty words went gold and if we could fly
I close my eyes to see the stranger under my skin
Laughing about me
Feelin' high
With my concrete feet on the ground
Poor boy

They want me to say
That good things will come your way
One day
Soul no control
And if we could we would yeah throw it away
You're the last one cause it seems anyone else is gone
So please stay
I open my eyes and voices in my head
They're talkin' about me
Feeling down
With my head in the clouds
Poor boy

I try to fill hard times with green
I try to throw the blinding red away
They say the only way to make theme pay is to lie
I rather die
250000 ways to die so it's my choice
What you see is what you get
So am I better off dead ?