

# Words Don't Mean a Thing

Taproot

Yesterdays were all the same  
Independent, where were you  
Nothing's changed, it's not a phase  
Or two  
Lakeside playing down on the docks, like a painting, skipping r  
ocks  
Killing time, awaiting nothing to be found  
No one to see, no one to believe in me  
Like a suspect walking free, anxiety is filling me I'm through  
So where the fuck were you?

You said you'd work to make things right  
You said that I wont have to worry  
you said you'd stay with me, honestly

Now I know your words don't mean a thing  
Killing time, awaiting, nothing to be found  
Nowhere to be, nothing to instill in me  
That I'm a part of humanity, the irony is splitting me in 2  
It's not my fault, that it is here I stand  
It's not your fault, that it is here I stand