

I'm Ready, I Am

The Format

I'm nicotine, I'm coming clean
I fooled the crowd when I made it sound like I was more than ready
Strike up the band, deprive my sleep cause there's no love like apathy
The bell that tolls rings loud enough that it should have woke us up

I'm trying to find truth
in words, in rhymes, in notes,
in all the things I wish I'd wrote
'cause I feel like I've been losing you

I read your last entry
Over-privileged kids keep crying
The need to fit in is harder when living life from a screen
Old classmates please drop all your pens
Don't write a word, 'cause I won't reply
And I'm not bitter,
no it's just I've passed that point in my life

Each night it ends too soon
you don't hold me like you used to
and your eyes look like they've seen too much
It's always some excuse
Too tired, too obtuse
you look so far removed,
this time I fear I'm losing you

I'm nicotine,
I'm a cash machine
I'm the color green
and you should have seen the looks I just received
I need a reason to let go
An intervention,
a lullaby,
something to cure me please believe me

[chorus]