

I Am An Island

The Good Life

Mostly I sleep it off
It's easier in the morning
To shrug off the evening's
Drunken pathetic pleas
Cause the night's tragic rambling
Is the next day's apologies
So if you can sit tight
'Til the sun hits the blinds
We can settle everything,
Oh no.

Turning on a dime
I just can't trust my instincts
One day my heart beats with passion
The next it waxes back
If I seem a little callused
I assure you it's just a scratch
So if you can hold on
'Til the mood swings are gone
Then we might just have a chance,
Oh no.

Baby, I quit
I just can't fake it anymore
I'm an indulgent selfish, abusive
Disfunctional fuck-up
I needed to be rescued
I'm stranded on myself
And I can't escape from this island I made
I'm afraid I never will,
Oh no