

Some Days

The Maine

Some days feel alone, on your own like a rolling stone
A perfect waste of a perfect day
Some days feel like chores, you get more than you bargain for
A heavy plate for one to undertake

I hate to say I told you so, but I just thought I'd let you know

Some days, they taste like lemonade
Some days can feel like razorblades
I wish I could float away, some days

(Some days)

Some days smell like spring, birds, they sing, jasmine's blossoming
Everything, oh it's everything
Some times things can seem evergreen, like the TV screen
Reality, it's reality

I hate to say I told you so, but I just thought I'd let you know

Some days, they taste like lemonade
Some days can feel like razorblades
I wish I could float away, some days
(I wish that I could float away)

Float away, I wish I could float away

I hate to say I told you so

Some days, they taste like lemonade
Some days can feel like razorblades
Oh I wish I could float away