Friday comes with little warning
Saturday is close behind
Then you sleep in Sunday morning
Monday back out on the line
Bitter friends go passing by you
They pretend that you're not there
It's their affection they deny you
So you pretend that you don't care
You're not to blame 'cause you were never
Made aware

(that) it all comes back
In good time and that's a fact
It's all right--at least for now
A healthy dose of deep depression
Keeps you comfertably smug
Life without you can't imagine
It's become your favorite drug
Once you had your own direction
And all your thoughts were clean and clear
Now gazing at your own reflection
Makes you want to smash the mirror
You can never listen but I know that
You can hear

You can always worry
You can always think that you're wrong
But never say you're sorry
For something that you've never (x2) done
The weight of the world is on your shoulders
You've seen so much and your so young
But you'll have to wait until your older
To understand all that's been done
Stand your ground because the battle has
Just begun