

# Home In A Lighthouse

With the Punches

Deny the way things changed  
Call it growing up  
But that's a front  
You forget just how real  
Life can feel  
Finding it pointless  
To even say a word  
If it's all in fear  
Of what someone else might hear

Don't confuse the kindness in my eyes  
For a weakness telling me to compromise  
There's no bottle filled with answers  
No universal standard written down  
To save your life

But I bet this sounded better in your head  
I'm losing interest in all your promises  
It's a matter of fact  
I was all alone  
You were only looking out for yourself

I'll make my home inside this lighthouse  
It's where I'll find my own answers to it all

I just can't pretend to be comfortable  
With seeing the world through someone else's eyes