

Seams And Stitches

With the Punches

I've lost another year
debating if my time would ever come
clocking in, clocking out
as the youth slid off my face
Nothing goes the way we plan
betrayed by hope and circumstance
the smarter moves we should have made
I guess we gave ourselves away too fast

the two things I've learned to not believe in
are the fear hell and waiting for good luck.

And it's not that I'm jaded
but I can't keep lying to myself
for the sake of appearances
And it's not just to save face
at the end of the day I'm still standing here
but what else can I do

how did I lose my direction
when did this become such an ugly place
guess I shouldn't be surprised
I'm always late for everything
feels my guts rotting out
and spilling on the floor
passed off enough lies as answers
so heres your bright caution sign

stop and think about how much time we spend
waiting for stoplights to change
timelines and dollar signs to rearrange
and make our point of view