

Streets, The "Puzzled By People"

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Love is the answer.

I'm pretty good at puzzles but puzzled by people
and I don't trouble trouble and trouble don't trouble
me.

Stare at the paper, fold it in two
facing the walls are the soles of my shoes.

Sometimes you have to find out for yourself.
Sometimes you need to be told.
Sometimes you never find the answer.

We never had a crossword (crossed word)
My words got lost and you never heard
I'm 2 (too) down you're one across the room
Beginning with I and ending in U
beginning in my eye and ending as an X
leaves a bad taste in my mouth
To think of you again like the bad taste leaking from
the ink in my pen
doodle at the side as I do to life
choosing to lose time instead of doing what I like
Starts off black and white and lacking in life
until pen in blue lends it a hue.

Puzzled by people
loving isn't easy
you can't google the solutions to people's feelings

Sometimes you have to find out for yourself.
Sometimes you need to be told.
Sometimes you never find the answer.

Chewing on the pen
2 down again
not enough letters for the clue in my head
Lost in thought, never been there before
with the turn of a pun on the tip of my tongue
the freshest memory will fail to recall
as well as the messiest, faded scrawl

Love is the answer.
[Repeat Pre-Chorus & Chorus]

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