

## BriBry

# "Everything"

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With a head as muddled and cloudy as mine  
And a heart that's winning races in record time  
A town crier who is seldom heard  
A novel writer with no words

But every last detail, and every little problem took

You have been everything to someone like me  
You have done all the things I didn't do for you

A mind so cynical for a happy place  
With sense, you'd have took my hand and left this  
place  
Conjoined, but never on the same page  
Would you have stuck around if I acted my age?

But every last detail, and every little problem took

You have been everything to someone like me  
You have done all the things I didn't do for you

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