

Broken Toy Airplanes "Figures The Day"

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One day if I'm walking I will just drop dead,
And you can be the last one to hold my breath.
Doctors can prescribe me lots of pills,
But I still can't describe exactly how I feel.

And I am letting go,
And I am letting go.

And I must decide wether to confide,
Wether to simply hide,
And I must realize I am a waste of time,
A waste of life.
You see me in the hallway and I turn pale.
When you hold my hand my heart starts to yell:

"doctors can prescribe you lots of pills,
But no one will ever know how you feel.
And you are a failure,
And you are a failure!"

And I must decide wether to confide
Wether to simply hide,
And I must realize I am a waste of time.
A waste of life.

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