

## **Bayside** **"Masterpiece"**

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My friend  
You're always the last one to leave those dimly lit  
rooms  
Making sure the last glass makes its way to the table  
empty

And every bottle in the place  
Has been upside down at least a few times what a  
waste  
Is this what's left of you these days?

You're not 18  
Anymore five years should have been enough time  
For you to grow up and get over this

Not too cool  
To be throwing up all morning sick  
From what you might have done or done it with

I swear, if I could take your pain and frame it  
And hang it on my wall  
Maybe you would never have to hurt at all

I'm painting pictures in red and blue  
A portrait bruised just like you  
Now you're walking away

You're not 18  
Anymore five years should have been enough time  
For you to grow up and get over this

Not too cool  
To be throwing up all morning sick  
From what you might have done

When is enough, finally enough?  
All the hang-ups and the heartbreaks get you past  
All failures and bad breaks just accept yourself  
Find something that brings you closer to complete

Painting pictures in red and blue  
A portrait bruised just like you

And now you're walking away

You're not 18

Anymore five years should have been enough time  
For you to grow up and get over this

Not too cool

To be throwing up all morning sick  
From what you might of done or done it with

When is enough, finally enough?

When is enough, finally enough?

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