

Dept Hate "More Like Me"

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I'm feeling full of feeling; a little grey
a bit of drama on a lovely day
it's a simple thing
no confidence, no understanding, or identity

you should have been more like the teacher
more like the father
more like the pastor
more like God
more like me

I'm dragging loneliness, I have no use for friends
I don't see myself that heavy
kneel by my bed at night, I feel the family
I have the lights out, I have the darkness I need

my sympathetic eyes look down the sights

I find significance in the target
look deep inside, hopelessness crashing on me
this act of desperation explodes

you should be more like the father
more like the sun
more like a giver
more like a taker
not such a live(r)
more like a teacher
more like a dreamer
more like God
more like me
more like your mother
more like the father
more like the son
more like God
more like the teacher.

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