

Braid

"First Day Back"

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so frustrated
that something (so) complicated
could hang over my head
on my first day back
and already i'm treading on unsteady ground
so strike me down or check me out
so elated
that this soul so understated
could be making eyes at me
but first i'll be
another innocent victim looking for some
sense of sympathy
in the middle of a state
the sorry story of a star
that goes "here's my heart"
it's a start
and if anything, we haven't seen everything
in the middle of a stage
there's a girl and a guitar
but there's your car
have we forgotten who we are?
we haven't seen anything
so i'm told that chicago's cold
can't be cool as california
for the first time ever
i feel severed yet smooth removed
if you approve then check it out
to what do i owe this attention
i'm only half of the reflection
and the conversation goes
oh, nevermind (oh, nevermind)
to what do i owe this tension
if deception's fine
then this is divine
divine define divine
on my first day back
and already i've settled on
my weak front

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