

## John Reuben "I Pictured It"

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You ever felt somethin' you couldn't explain?  
No definition, no name.  
Just a feeling.  
No definition, no name.  
I looked at her, she looked back at me.  
Her face looked different, I said,  
I looked at her, she looked back at me.  
Her face looked different, than I, than I...  
I looked at her, she looked back at me.  
Her face looked different than I pictured...hold up.  
I looked at her, she looked back at me.  
Her face looked different than I pictured it.  
And then there was me:  
Analyzing life more than I was living.  
Anything possible good,  
I destroyed before the chance was ever given.  
See, if I never have anything,  
I'll never have to lose anything;  
But then again if I never had anything worth losing  
I guess I lost everything.  
Either way, you could say,  
Pain will become a result from both,  
So actually I'm giving in to the very thing that I fear the  
most:  
Losing it all,  
Everything,  
Completely unaware,  
That a fear of failure was the one thing that was taking  
me there.  
Fear of life,  
Fear of love,  
Fear of man,  
Failure to relate  
How I and God, and His voice to me  
Would even begin to translate.  
So I wait  
To escape  
This condition of rationalizing my own destruction.  
But I keep on listening to the voices that don't deserve  
my discussion.  
I looked at her, she looked back at me.  
Her face looked different than I pictured it.

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Her face looked different than I pictured it.  
I looked at

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