

Kind Of Like Spitting "Happy?"

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I'd like to blame it on my job, but I cant blame it on that.
I cant blame it on the tetherball that never comes
unattached. I'd like to blame it on the dead ears the
ringing in my dead ears. Every note I hit feels a little
flat, tied to the chasm of a broken heart. A toothache of
sorts a very late start and I'm rockin the sea it ain't like
me, you're sinking in the sand. I can't blame my
girlfriend shes a real real real real real friend with a
cool cool heart than never goes cold on me. I can't
blame it on the lying idiot rockstar mirror, I'm dancing
like a moron, I guess its my own fault. Yes, its my own
fault again. there's temperament and there's tentative
action and somewhere in the middle is a bitter young
fool with a palate for poison and a poem for every
rejection. Comes down to me and me, or you and you
alone. The people we love can never crawl inside of us,
even if they wanted to. Happy's up to you.

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