

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"A Pretty Sad Excuse"

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I feel so disappointing more times than I don't.
I feel like such a let down and I'm nervous that I won't
Deliver when I'm called upon to step up when I'm
needed.
I feel like such a failure when I'm sure that I've
succeeded.

I call myself an outcast, more than likely I am not.
An outsider on the inside and I hope I don't get caught.
I feel like an impostor who should not be on the roster.
Someone understands this and of course I've almost
lost her.
If I cherish or I value something then it's safe to say
I will dismantle or destroy it and I've always been that
way.

A pretty sad excuse that is fostering a sad existence.
The thought of altering myself just meets my own
resistance.
A pretty sad excuse that is fostering a sad existence.
Half the time I'm petrified and I'm terrified the rest.
If I'm not being selfish then I'm probably depressed.

What I haven't butchered here will probably be botched.
I tried pulling the wool down there where everybody
watched.
Only the best intentions did I mention I'm not sure.
Someone understands this she's got one foot out the
door.
In the interest of the time left and my own as well.
There is more that I will just ignore or just keep to
myself.

A pretty sad excuse that is fostering a sad existence.
The thought of altering myself just meets my own
resistance.
A pretty sad excuse that is fostering a sad existence.
Half the time I'm petrified and I'm terrified the rest.
Half the time I'm petrified and I'm terrified the rest.
And if I'm not being selfish than I'm probably
depressed.

The prophecy was self fulfilling.
And God knows who else would be willing?
With nothing but to respect.
Who would want to risk their neck?

And who among us would do that?
Just look at what we are looking at.
Take in what we are taking on.
Then look around now, and they're all gone.

I'm gonna go back there, I've gotta get out of here.
And I'll be headed your way, you know that I will one
day.
Back there, I've gotta get out of here.
And I'll be headed your way, you know that I will one
day.

What if it all was above-board?
Perhaps our faith could be restored.
And then the healing would begin.
We'd get to feeling we could win.

If we could only feel that way.
And what's the limit? Who's to say?
Who knows how far? Who knows how hard?
The only real possession is the sky.

I'm gonna go back there, I've gotta get out of here.
And I'll be headed your way, you know that I will one
day.
Back there, I've gotta get out of here.
And I'll be headed your way, you know that I will one
day.

One day.

I'm not sure how this came to be but it's a way to carry
on.
Someone understands this and of course she's almost
gone.

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