

Question Mark "Left Aside"

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Spent my life watching others
I've passed my judgment I reject it all
But is there anything I know
I'm just an 18 year old punk saying no

You can describe it as the same
Only the stages differ from another
Yet still we lock out each other

I'm kind of done criticizing
Thinking I know what's best
I'm not that much better
I'm sick of living this contest

I've lost my credibility The credibility in me
It's these words Easy to spell and easy to live
But the benefit you get of it It doesn't fulfill or gives

Came to look at the world with spite
Progress stopped along the line
Maybe I should discern Indulge to life
Somehow create anything that feels mine

Does this mean anything, to anyone
These good intentions everyday
They've bored the life out of everyone
Everyone listens then throws it away

What the hell happened curiosity
It's fast asleep
It seems boredom grows along the years
Has it drifted so deep?

Disentangle from this void
I try to instigate myself
Instead of living in disdain

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