

Smith George "A Better Place"

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I'd like to tell you a story
Come sit with me here by the sea
I can't promise it won't be a long one
But I need you here to listen to me
I can't make sense of all that I'm feeling
& I don't expect you to understand
But when you're feeling like nothing else matters...
You're asking me all the wrong questions
It's true that you don't understand
But I can't help the way that I'm thinking
And I know that you're mad but don't cry if you can
Don't think that I'm being an outcast
Or just another teenage whore
Cos if I knew of some other way out there
I wouldn't be with you now up here up high up on
Some people say there is but one way out
I disagree can't you hear me shout
I'm sick of the looks and I'm sick of the stares
I'm sick of the ones that glance into the air
I'm sick of those tight-fisted wannabe fucks
How can you love when you're sick of yourself?
I'm sick of the looks that I'm getting
Cos I'm the only one with enough balls to be brave
I'm sicker than sick of just feeling this way
Thinking that there must be something that's better
that's out there
What is out there???
Nothing is out there...
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I'd like to sit by the ocean,
Curl up with a needle or 2
I think that you know what I'm getting at...

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