

Stephen Kellogg

"In My Season"

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You've been saying I couldn't understand, not giving
me a reason
Like you're operating some master plan, trying to go on
pleasing
You've taken on more then you can possibly ever
squeeze in
And for reasons that seemed damned, you're doing it
in my season
Is this thing on? Can you hear me?
I'm reaching out for someone to set us free
Cause one things for sure, happy not are we
Fighting and Fussing all of the time,
It ain't no way to be.

You're hedging your bets today, trying to see if he's in
It's a busted game you play, we're both on our knees
then
By standards of another day, this kind of love would be
treason
You lucked out your getting away, doing it in my
season.

Is this thing on? Does it cut through?
Someone needs to split this up, someone who's not you
or me
Cause one things for sure, happy not are we
Fighting and Fussing all of the time,
it ain't no way to be, in my season

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