

Transition

"Placing Bets On Tomorrow"

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Stay awake for one more night, I'll pretend that I'm okay, everyone says I'll be alright. But I'm dreaming of things bigger than you know, would it hurt for me to make it? Would it hurt for you to let this go? But it's cold where I'm going and I hope that you'll be safe, you'll feel better when I'm leaving, you'll feel better when the pictures fade. I'll be waking up and thinking about the times I spent at home, you'll be waking up and thinking how it feels to be alone. Congratulations on receiveing, but I'd rather be believing that the things you said were for the best (I'd rather be left out) than pretend that I am perfect when you say that this is worthless, pointless conversations make it worse. I hope you know it's cold where I'm going and I hope that you'll be safe, you'll feel better when I'm leaving, you'll feel better when the pictures fade. I'll be waking up and thinking about the times I spent at home, you'll be waking up and thinking how it feels to be alone. If I tried again this time, would it hurt for you to let me start this brand new life. If I write to you in rhyme, my apology in poetry, I'm leaving you this time.

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