

Upper Class Trash "So Long"

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I, I write these words as I wait.
The minutes turn into sharp knives.
This new lit candle burns so dim,
As I'm being stabbed inside.
As the clock ticks by,
This room gets dark and my shadow grows,
I feel a pain inside that glows.

Don't keep me waiting any longer.
The hours keep on flying by.
I am running out of time.
So I, I write this song,
And I'm not too fond,
Of feeling like this.
So I wait.

I had this knife to my wrist,
But I couldn't pull the trigger.
It's harder than you think, so I wait.

Don't keep me waiting any longer.
The hours keep on flying by.
I am running out of time.
So I, I write this song,
And I'm not too fond,
Of feeling like this.
So I wait.

I, I get these thoughts as I write.
These words are flowing off this pad.
My insides burning, mind is turning. Life is such a drag.
Life is such a drag.
So I, I still wait.

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