

Noel Torres

"The Bag"

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Endless evenings of non-exist
Are getting shorter, monotonous
Like an intruder, I belong outside
Although I find myself right back
The same place I was before
Saying things I'd say once more
There's no reason for me to be here, no
I feel so lonesome, surrounded by friends
Who are talking about me, saying things I could care
less about
This dialogue is without
Worth, content, significance
Conversational ambivalence
Hear the same things every night, it just ain't right
I'm not the one to hold the bag
Give me something I can sink my teeth into
Show me a time, tell me a story
That I haven't heard a million times before
I pass out from boredom
As I watch the people pass
I see moments in their lives, nothing fascinating
Are we all living for the past, never realizing
We're clinging to an empty bag
Lacking content, significance
Conversational ambivalence
Say the same thing every night, it just ain't right
We'll see who's left holding the bag

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