

Straighten Things Out

"My Daily Wreck"

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My head feels like a scratch pad,
dusty, dog eared and full of crossing out.
And as I turn the pages over,
colors just get blurred,
inside shades...
What's left of the poetry and fairy tales?
In all the fields of hope I've painted in my head
flowers are fading, petals one by one are falling...

My ship is sinking...
Clinging onto my raft I'm impassively
staring at the shore slowly moving away.

Why should I exhaust myself swimming against the
streams
when it's so easy to let myself drift away?
Waves are taking me away...

I feel like an old socks
stinky at the bottom of the basket,
left out there for ages.
I feel odd, I need to be cleaned up
of all this dirt, I got to get rid of
this weariness sticking in my head.

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