

Josh Martinez**"Rainy Day"**

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i woke up this morning and realized
there is no job that i'd ever want to spend my whole life
doing.
(because i don't have the patience)
i've been thinking as i age, no gray only 23 years old,
but already i've become someone i once told myself i
would never be.
not that being me is such a bad thing it just sucks
to go from aw shucks to sho nuff then find out
that rhyiming as i know it isn't what it's all about.
i can't finish anything i start,
i break hearts and grow flowers on the window sill
still i feel like there's nothing lifelike in these hands.
now i have to lie crying foul someone breathed too loud
i get another try can i buy a vowel?
oh my god i'm sick of sobb stories.
everybody envies any life but their own nobody thinks
to stop moping
and get open spend some time alone.
i gotta read a book, i need to wear more sweaters,
i'm glad i cut my hair i'm glad i stopped wearing
underwear.
i'm better off each day less sun shines through my
curtain
i'm certain it shouldn't hurt to get up but it does,
i love the buzz i get forgetting every day i've wasted,
i remember kissing but can't remember how kissing
tasted.
i've faced my fears with beers and got wasted.
so i suckle on the forty bottle my brain throttled
it buckled under the weight of my slumberstate
i'm way too involved to appreciate.
i'm too evolved to deviate. all alone in my room the
booze i reek of
i'm asleep at the wheel with no windshield to speak of.

and it's just another rainy day.
can't see the rainbow there's too much gray.
gotta wash this sad face away.

on a cold muggy monday in a dark part of town,

i used my body as a host for those just floating around,
i heard the chant of the chiccadas
and was haunted by the cadence of their stated sound
verbatim.

i was vaporized like skies full of napalm calm
raining down like an a-bomb.

and here i am just trying to stay strong.

in the honey-hopping, flower pot to pot, i pan block to
block,

all i see is spots to shop and lots of cheap spots to
sleep and flowerpots

and coffee grinds empty mugs and lemon rinds.

i jitterbug but cut a better rug after a bittermug of all
black coffee,

softly i walk into the next room and think soon it will be
me standing there

awfully scared to commit but shit i don't want to lose
or have to choose between using my music and being
used to suit dudes

and now i'm feeling i can't do shit

i struggle to remain sober rain jump over mud puddles.

i'm passively subtle act all shy and can't raise my
voice,

though i made my choice.

i, so surprised, at how this solemn vow i took to self
to go for delf soured in my dour smile, checked my
style,

and with soiled shoes decided i would stay a while,

i parked my car but made to leave, wanting to say what
i wore on my sleeve,

wanting to stay but i couldn't breathe

or read the signs or redefine reasoning

even though i can't control my own breathing

looking out my window clouds settle low and misty.

watching tracks of tears rolling down my cheek rather
swiftly.

sitting on my bed waiting for the sun to lift me.

and it's just another rainy day.

can't see the rainbow there's too much gray.

gotta wash this sad face away.

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