

Paulson

"Optimism Is For Stupid Idiots"

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In a second it all could change
like a bird that hit the glass
Your eyes are open
but you couldn't have known
as you slam into the pane of a window
A flash flood at a eulogy;
it was the way you said my name
The world is perfect when I'm half asleep
and it kind of makes me find it hard to swallow
In a second it all could change
like a bird that hit the glass
Your eyes are open
but you couldn't have known

Changes tear up the tracks but leave the rails intact
Their strengths untested but integrity's not what they
lack
The message came across, tapped in as dash and dot
Their hearts were hoping but a random pattern's what
they got

The syllables, they sound like words
So what you felt is what you heard
But syllables is all they were,
they're not for you,
and never meant for what you made them serve

And so a seed is sown; the roots grow green and gold
They find some comfort in pretending that they're not
alone
But after time this tree's no longer make believe
They made religion by believing what they can't
perceive

Say these walls came down, freed you from this maze
The sun set south and gravity gave you to the clouds
How would you explain?

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