

The Weeks

"Not Your Year"

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Scattered shadows on a wall, you watch the long light
fall
Some impressions stay and some will fade
Tattered shoes outside your door, clothes all on the
floor
Your life feels like the morning after all year long.

Every day it starts again
You cannot say if you're happy
You keep trying to be
Try harder, maybe this is not your year.

Movies, TV screens reflect just what you expected
There's a world of shiny people somewhere else
Out there following their bliss
Living easy, getting kissed
While you wonder what else you're doing wrong

Breathe through it, write a list of desires
Make a toast, make a wish, slash some tires
Paint a heart repeating, beating "don't give up, don't
give up, don't give up."

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