

Socratic "Constant Apology"

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When I was younger I was not concerned with
Much of anything at all.
I got picked up by everyone around me.
I was not allowed to fall.
I got a car and I started moving
But really went nowhere at all.
I used to think that my mind was wasted.
But now I can't recall.
I live too fast trying not to be last.
Didn't take my time so the timing passed.
Now I feel like I am stuck
In a constant apology.
Why must I feel so damn useless
And bombarded with excuses.
Can't you see the softer side of my sorry little life?
Or at least try?

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