

Dangerous Summer, The "Weathered"

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I felt unable; I was lying on my side
in the same clothes from the very last night.
I want to pray that I am doing everything right.
I saw my mom die for the very first time.
She was an angel - God took her from the sky,
and there's a million other people
that I found who cared more than I ever will.
I held that note out, I grabbed my bag and I left
through the door.
I let my hair grow and put these words on my skin, I
cannot relate.
Would you believe in my songs if I gave them all to
you?
I can't find the strength in my voice to call you back
and say that everything is bad without you and I am
lost again,
God believe I'm lost again.
I stayed in bed and you took so much that I couldn't
even sleep.
I waited so long, though that wasn't even that bad.
I never had to be a part of the world
and I've been making that a goal for reasons that I
cannot explain.
Well, I'm an optimist but only in a perfect world.
I think I'm too stained with all the negativity
from all the people in my way.
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I took a trip down south;
I felt the sun on my face,
and it made things ok for a second.

I drew a picture of my problems when I was going
insane,
and I focused on the currents.
It's the funny thing about it,
I never seem to worry that
every single current's not the same.
It's all about position and where I choose to lay;
and god I am going away.
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and say that everything is bad without you and I am
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