

## Such A Surge "Poor Boy"

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Mind is empty like a six pack  
If we could we would throw it away  
Silence like silver  
Empty words went gold and if we could fly  
I close my eyes to see the stranger under my skin  
Laughing about me  
Feelin' high  
With my concrete feet on the ground  
Poor boy  
(REFRAIN)  
They want me to say  
That good things will come your way  
One day  
Soul no control  
And if we could we would yeah throw it away  
You're the last one cause it seems anyone else is gone  
So please stay  
I open my eyes and voices in my head  
They're talkin' about me  
Feeling down  
With my head in the clouds  
Poor boy  
(REFRAIN)  
I try to fill hard times with green  
I try to throw the blinding red away  
They say the only way to make theme pay is to lie  
I rather die  
250000 ways to die so it's my choice  
What you see is what you get  
So am I better off dead ?  
(REFRAIN)

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