

The Dissociatives

"Unfortunate Few"

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Oh you unfortunate few
Nobody's listening to me
It came at a time when I just started
To say something interesting

Bubbling thoughts I've been thinking a lot
But I don't write them down with a smile
More of a frown as I'm looking down
No pen in my pocket no pockets to fill

Far too long ago my chances were slim
I'm knocking the door but they won't let me in
Configuring why takes the whimsy from whim
You're all blocking the door won't you please let me in

Oh you unfortunate few
Stuck in your special space
I'm here on my own though I'm not alone
It feels like a miserable place

At first you remember but then you forget
And once I'm forgotten you can't get me back
I'm knocking the door but nobody hears
I'm banging it down won't you answer it please

And nobody's asking for more
Nobody's looking for anything
Nobody wants me to say a thing
Nobody misses the missing

Ascend or Descend
Upon a plot with the same ending
My timing's no good
But it saves me from troubles ahead

But you might not be figured with eyes
Might not be figured with ears
Might not be something to figure at all
Until you are actually here

I've gone back on my words which constantly change

I believe what I mean at the time that I say them
I'm climbing a wall of infinite height
I couldn't go through, though I try as I might

They're telling me fictional distractions
Fictional stories
I have heard enough of these
Is anybody missing me?

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