

September 9th

A Wilhelm Scream

I got her picture on the bathroom mirror
That way, That way she's always looking at me
I don't but if I did I'd
Keep our conversations long and interesting
But that's something I can't bring about in real life

I'm gonna stay lost for now, if she wants to find me
She probably won't, somebody has to remind me
She'll have her world to keep
I'll be a fuck-up singing cliched lines
Like they're cliched straight from me

I think she knows I'm trying to get near her
Avoid, Avoid eye contact like before
Like I don't care anymore
Another shitty song, another unoriginal thought passed
But why should I try writing a unique one?

I'm gonna stay lost for now, if she wants to find me
She probably won't, somebody has to remind me
She makes me feel like shit, without realizing it
And I can't seem to shake it off

If I only could chose the right words right enough
If only I could turn this outside feeling inside out,
Just like the last song.
Maybe I'll throw in a joke right here.
Silent, honest, horrified.
In the back of my head with my false pride.
I'll stay here with these forgettable words from a song
that you'll never hear.