

Exit The Quitters

Artist vs. Poet

Oh it's so easy to complain about the lifestyles you've endured
Was it so hard?

So contradicting of everything and everyone but you

We were so callused
A year went by with no where to call home
Or anything to call our own

This was more than ok
Life will go on with out knowing
Was it really worth the pain?
Could we have reached the goal?

What were you hoping for,
A picture perfect story bookish life?
Or so it seemed
Well I'm not waiting for you
To make your decisions based on a selfish lack of trust
(What did you expect?)
I'm out of sympathy for you

This was more than ok
Life will go on without knowing
Was it really worth the pain?
Could we have reached the goal?

I thought it would last
(After we have come so far)
I thought it would last
(Giving up before we even started)

This was more than ok
Life will go on without knowing
Was it really worth the pain?
Could we have reached the goal?