

## To Each His Own

Greenwheel

A crutch, that's easy to find in me  
Too much, the muse is not kind these days  
well don't be alarmed for now  
the past wont change it seems  
the hurt from here and now  
it wont be your everything  
to each his own  
to each his own  
there's a better time  
To sort out the truth from the lies  
Lost touch, with what's called reality  
Enough, cant keep up with promises made  
don't be alarmed for now  
the past wont change it seems  
the hurt from here and now  
it wont be your everything  
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