

Wrinkle

I Can Make a Mess Like Nobody's Business

I guess this is the middle
The smolder of a flame held light
Suffering a trade gone awry
The sun will rise and fall through life
Before we even wake up wrinkled like our shirts
You and I
I guess this is the middle
I don't mean to sound so negative all the time
Cause believe me I'm not sad
Or unhappy with my life
It's the meaning that I question all the time
That's never right
I guess this is the middle