

# Miserable Exaggeration

John Reuben

Inconsistent my feelings change quicker than  
I can get the words out  
And tell you what I'm thinking  
Inconsistent I don't have much grace or patience  
I hold this grudge and my tongue no further statements  
It plays out in my mind  
All the lost words I could have used to describe  
And even though it's left such a bad taste in my mouth  
I guess I'd rather swallow my pride than spit it out

What a miserable exaggeration  
Happier said than done  
What a wasted conversation  
In my head everyone was listening  
Everyone was interested

Failure cuts the spirit to hear  
That's why I have to let my pride interfere  
I'll take it from there  
If you see me acting differently  
Don't worry  
That's just me dialoging with me internally  
About the hypothetical over-analytical  
Still what do I know  
Central Ohio's grey skies provide a lot of time to be stuck inside  
Close the world out  
Introvert's paradise

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It's that wishy washy topsy turvy monotony  
I've been here before both emotionally and logically  
You know that you know until the wind blows  
It's as easy as no and as hard as no  
People-pleasers never win  
Spread yourself too thin  
It's best to just do what you feel in the end  
But you'll change how you feel for the sake of the truth  
When the world you're living in becomes bigger than you

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