

Every day seems the same to me
I sit around and think about how alone I feel
then I wind up rather enjoying loneliness because it's the comfort of being sad-
sometimes it feels so right
and sometimes I'd like to be around no one for ten straight years
but I know this feeling can't bring me places
and I know I'm losing lots of ground
but to keep up means to get up and why does it have to be
the world keeps on changing while I just stay the same?
I feel like being down doesn't mean enough to anyone anymore
and I guess the world has made emotion obsolete
and I don't think I feel the same 'cause after all
who says what happy really means?
Tonight I will redefine everything and tomorrow I will start in
on my better days
and so each their own definition of happiness
but no one ever reaches it so I don't think I'll breathe that way
but happiness is when there's nowhere left to go
because in that state of mind there is no state of self
so how was I supposed to know?