

this inconsolable world of suffering
won't turn around,
having been in the ground with my reason.
these uncontrollable circumstances
won't make a sound,
having suddenly found you in season.

i can't concentrate on melody.
waiting for some kinda tragedy.
i can't keep things straight,
i imagine myself with you.
there's nothing anybody else can do.
there's nothing anybody else can do.

this inconsolable world of suffering
won't be denied,
having tried to decide on decision.
these unavoidable circumstances
waiting beside,
having tried to divide on division.

i can't concentrate on anything.
pleading guilty to most anything.
i can't keep things straight,
i imagine myself with you.
there's nothing anybody else can do.
there's nothing anybody else can do.

i can't concentrate on melody.
waiting for some kinda tragedy.
i can't keep things straight,
i imagine myself with you.
there's nothing anybody else can do.
there's nothing anybody else can do.
there's nothing anybody else can do.
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