

Words Don't Mean a Thing

Taproot

Yesterdays were all the same
Independent, where were you
Nothing's changed, it's not a phase
Or two
Lakeside playing down on the docks, like a painting, skipping r
ocks
Killing time, awaiting nothing to be found
No one to see, no one to believe in me
Like a suspect walking free, anxiety is filling me I'm through
So where the fuck were you?

You said you'd work to make things right
You said that I wont have to worry
you said you'd stay with me, honestly

Now I know your words don't mean a thing
Killing time, awaiting, nothing to be found
Nowhere to be, nothing to instill in me
That I'm a part of humanity, the irony is splitting me in 2
It's not my fault, that it is here I stand
It's not your fault, that it is here I stand