

Chin Up, Son

We Are the Ocean

Take out pen and paper,
Write down another verse,
Anything to take me away,
Trapped in a spell, no words to say

Do I wait for inspiration?
You know I've tried to fight off desperation,
The writing on walls said there's still salvation for
me

So tell me why do I worry myself?
I'll be alright, doing just fine, there's no need to
dwell
So tell me why do I worry myself?
I'm out of the storm, my heart is worn, I made it
through hell

Under these old illusions it's a habit that I know too
well
I think about you every now and then, but I know I'm
better off now
And in my darkest desire I light up the fire
Let it burn, just let me burn

So tell me why do I worry myself?
I'll be alright, doing just fine, there's no need to
dwell
So tell me why do I worry myself?
I'm out of the storm, my heart is worn, I made it
through hell

Well I once said that I've seen the sun rise on better
days
There's no reason to be afraid
If it's all the same to you I'll be getting on my way
Now there's nothing left to say

So tell me why do I worry myself?
I'll be alright, doing just fine, there's no need to
dwell
So tell me why do I worry myself?
I'm out of the storm, my heart is worn, there's no need
to dwell
So tell me why do I worry myself?