

## Seams And Stitches

With the Punches

I've lost another year  
debating if my time would ever come  
clocking in, clocking out  
as the youth slid off my face  
Nothing goes the way we plan  
betrayed by hope and circumstance  
the smarter moves we should have made  
I guess we gave ourselves away too fast

the two things I've learned to not believe in  
are the fear hell and waiting for good luck.

And it's not that I'm jaded  
but I can't keep lying to myself  
for the sake of appearances  
And it's not just to save face  
at the end of the day I'm still standing here  
but what else can I do

how did I lose my direction  
when did this become such an ugly place  
guess I shouldn't be surprised  
I'm always late for everything  
feels my guts rotting out  
and spilling on the floor  
passed off enough lies as answers  
so heres your bright caution sign

stop and think about how much time we spend  
waiting for stoplights to change  
timelines and dollar signs to rearrange  
and make our point of view