

# Braid, First Day Back

So frustrated  
That something (so) complicated  
Could hang over my head  
On my first day back  
And already i'm treading on unsteady ground  
So strike me down or check me out

So elated  
That this soul so understated  
Could be making eyes at me  
But first I'll be  
Another innocent victim looking for some  
Sense of sympathy

In the middle of a state  
The sorry story of a star  
That goes "here's my heart"  
It's a start  
And if anything, we haven't seen everything

In the middle of a stage  
There's a girl and a guitar  
But there's your car  
Have we forgotten who we are?  
We haven't seen anything

So I'm told that Chicago's cold  
Can't be cool as california  
For the first time ever  
I feel severed yet smooth removed  
If you approve then check it out

To what do i owe this attention  
I'm only half of the reflection  
And the conversation goes  
Oh, nevermind (oh, nevermind)  
To what do I owe this tension  
If deception's fine  
Then this is divine

Divine define divine

On my first day back  
And already I've settled on  
My weak front