

Helmet, He Feels Bad

so i take it out
every chance i get
left to be so mean
still it's sane and so sympathetic

want to feel bad
but you can't say no

it's no cause at all
it comes down to you and
who bleeds who?

just past the day
pleasant leaves you
comes to you the same way
passed on
every day's the last day
no one sees you
walk the part to stay
not you

judge yourself again
age is no excuse
had to find a way to
close my eyes, call it back and shoot