

Ivy, Baker

He sits in the car,
Walks in the park,
Waits in his room as the city gets dark.
He can't understand why he's falling apart.
It's never too late-
It's only too hard.

He locks all the doors,
Pulls down the shades.
He's not the same since he went away.
He can't figure out what to do with his days.
He's wasted his time.
Now he's wasting away.

He's wasting away.
He's wasting away.
He's wasting away