

Leaves, Epitaph

It creeps around me all the time
This restless feelin' on my mind
Confusin' and abusin' me
So I won't turn around to see

What I should do instead
Be alive
I look at myself
I disappear
I can't do that
But it's such an easy way out

It bruises me when I complain
It changes me that way again

What I should do instead
Be alive
I look at myself
I disappear
I can't do that
But it's such an easy way out

But I don't understand
How you do
The things that you do
So easily
You can't do that
And it's such an easy way out