

Pico Vs. Island Trees, Broken

All is well,
Alone I am.
In all my life
I seem to find me
Pouring my heart out.
Now there's nothing left.
So why am I so depressed?
There's no heart left to break no more sad mistakes
And yet I find myself.
Broken.

And everyone think's I'm ok.
No one notices a thing.
They go about their busy lives and no one even takes the time.
To care.
I guess that I'll be fine.
You couldn't change my mind.
Cos' in the end I know I'll find myself.
Broken.

So I look up and take a breath
And breathe a new hope,
Come out clean with some dirty dishwater,
And a bar of soap.
Look all around me,
Everybody's broke.
They don't understand how life fades
Like a cloud of smoke.
So they give away their love to anybody who will take it,
Promise them the world, but turn around and then they break it.
We get mistaken for what's real is only fake,
And now we're trading in our souls for all the money we'll be making.

It's alright, if it's not real.

If everyone loves you, who cares how you feel.

Take it from me, cos' from this dream I have been woken.

You'll wake up one day and realize you're still broken.