

Pulley, Touched

Here again wish I was somewhere else
What's worse than feeling by yourself?
Judgmental condescending thoughts go on still pretending
Barely by on what we have
Something for nothing
How many days until I'm rested
Something for something
Drink from the glass like there's no tomorrow
Times they fly and then fashion dies
Played the cards and we tried to make it run
Seems like the answers were left
I've always tried to remember when
Clothes you'd wear styles of your hair
Lasting impressions experienced
My senses they'll function becoming aware
Smaller and smaller somewhere you'll find
Before it ends so suddenly
Take a look see what you thought you'd be
Modeled perfection photocopied
Call you or you call me
Everything's so incomplete
Played the cards and tried to make it run
Seems like the answers were left
I'm still looking for the answer