

# 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