

Sick Shift, Second To Last

A different day, but still the same old scene
I'm doing nothing all alone again
My face is dirty and my hands are unclean
It's hard not being lonely when you haven't any friends

It seems to me that everyone's wrong
With introspection all I see is rejection
How will I relate when I cannot get along?
I'm left here to wallow in my own imperfection

There exists no point in trying to get along
In a society in which I don't belong
I'm always locked in my virtual cell
And I can't make bail
I don't associate with such a foreign kind
I watch TV with my forgotten mind
I'm always fighting for second to last
But still I fail

Alone I walk down these changing streets
Faceless idiots put my conscience in danger
Although this neighborhood should be so familiar
Why do I feel like such a stranger?

You're afraid that you can't have it all
I'm afraid because I don't have anything
Standing next to you makes me feel small
But standing by myself I feel nothing