

Teen Idles, Getting In My Way

My vision's clouded, the sun is dark
I've lost my way, I've lost my mark
Chased by something in another way
Hoping to see the light or another day
Getting, getting, getting
In my way
Broad horizons, but my skies are gray
Getting, getting, getting
In my way
Don't know what it is, but it ain't gonna stay
Blind punches, invisible blows
My patience shortens, my temper grows
I'm taking over, I'm not myself
I'm tired of the cards I'm being dealt
Pissed-off as I should
I can't do all that I know I could
The things I see have different shapes
I can't remember what it takes