

# Tuesday, My Mess

It's days,  
meaningless like this one,  
that seem magical in ways,  
no one else can see, no one but me.  
As if I wasn't scared enough.  
And these days just won't change.  
These days,  
sick and sore I swear I'll end it all,  
I know how to quit,  
or call in sick to everyone.  
And I'll be moving on.  
Except these days just won't change.  
Forever doesn't look so good,  
so forever I must try and think of ways  
to clean up my mess,  
unlock the door,  
it's time for me to try to leave.  
These days,  
long and uninspired, I feel empty and so tired.  
Nothing to show for what is now  
just a lack of strength.  
And these days just won't change.  
We're in Hell,  
Will it end?  
Will I ever control myself?  
Will I ever find my childhood strength?  
Will these days ever change?  
Will it end?

crbt2('Tuesday','My Mess')

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