

# We Are The Ocean, Chin Up, Son

Take out pen and paper,  
Write down another verse,  
Anything to take me away,  
Trapped in a spell, no words to say

Do I wait for inspiration?  
You know I've tried to fight off desperation,  
The writing on walls said there's still salvation for me

So tell me why do I worry myself?  
I'll be alright, doing just fine, there's no need to dwell  
So tell me why do I worry myself?  
I'm out of the storm, my heart is worn, I made it through hell

Under these old illusions it's a habit that I know too well  
I think about you every now and then, but I know I'm better off now  
And in my darkest desire I light up the fire  
Let it burn, just let me burn

So tell me why do I worry myself?  
I'll be alright, doing just fine, there's no need to dwell  
So tell me why do I worry myself?  
I'm out of the storm, my heart is worn, I made it through hell

Well I once said that I've seen the sun rise on better days  
There's no reason to be afraid  
If it's all the same to you I'll be getting on my way  
Now there's nothing left to say

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So tell me why do I worry myself?  
I'm out of the storm, my heart is worn, there's no need to dwell  
So tell me why do I worry myself?