

Allison Crowe, Happy People

Sometimes
I really hate happy people
and sometimes
I resent the hell out of you
and sometimes, you know,
I really hate myself
a higher part of me
knows that this is wrong
and I wait
for a part of this to make sense
and I wait
until it's my turn to fight
and I know
I could be waiting a long time
but I wait for you
to tell me everything's alright
and I've walked
a million times beside you
and not once
have I felt worthy to
and I know
I probably have my own place
somewhere dark, somewhere cold,
somewhere
where no one can see me
and I wait
for a part of this to make sense
and I wait
until it's my turn to fight
and I know
I could be waiting a long time
but I wait for you
to tell me everything's alright
and I've tried
to purify myself
I've pulled the drain
so many times
and I watch
as the waters strip from me
all my pain, all my love,
all that will come back tomorrow
and I wait
for a part of this to make sense
and I wait
until it's my turn to fight
and I know
I could be waiting a long time
but I wait for you
to tell me everything's alright
and I wait
for any of this to make sense
and I wait until
its my turn to take flight
and I know I could
be waiting forever
but I wait for you
to tell me everything's alright
because it doesn't feel alright
nothing feels alright
alright
is that alright
...with you