

Autopilot Off, Pivot

I can't see the future
I can't read your mind
What once seemed bright and hopeful now is gone and
left behind.
Until you know what you want,
you can't expect me to understand your logic or
explain the things you do.
Don't try to pin the blame on me.
You've run me dry of everything.
I try to speak, unanswered.
Too many times you've walked away.
You only hear what's right for you.