

Big D And The Kids Table, I'd Rather

the feelings trapped, wrapped in all you
might have said i want to take it back,
hide it in out it read a circled voice is
something that i cannot stop why have a
friend just to cut him down alone on top,
never fought, never mean, you never
turned away, you never had to see,
how can i hear your screams when
you're drowning in this silent place,
how can i hear your screams when
i'm drowning in the same waste,
i wipe this window to see the fog it blocks
my sight like when i want to believe
but can't see all that's right, a circled
voice said, nothing, must have spread
the word the word where small groups talk,
their hearts like rocks, it's all absurd, a chance
for change blind by fame it's all the same a
chance to let it go and what i think i know,
progress isn't stepping forward progress
isn't judged by wealth too far to change us
all but not too far to save yourself,
{no, i think i'd rather go home solitude i want to be all alone}
but anyway i'm gonna to wake up
do my daily act stick to what i like hold
on to what i hold real tight anyway it's
not going to matter in the long run yet long
enough to frame the picture you show everyone,
i don't know what to say, don't know what to do,
the only thing i know is that i can't get through to you,
well time is on my side, these things that pass me by,
i never even noticed, never thought, wondered why