

Buddahead, Standing Still

Youve got room to wear the clothes you want
But there is no one there to show them off too,
This is how the past sticks to you.
There was a time you had inspiration,
A recipe for your life,
You were gliding over your youth.
All the ashes you spread,
All the love that you give,
That is who you are, how hard you break
For the love you take.
All the fires you burn
To dry oceans of hurt,
All the time youve wasted in vain,
And youre standing still.
You are tired and youre losing will.
Youve got so much time to kill;
Youve been running just to stand still.
Some times it hurts to scratch your skin
But feeling pain takes your mind off him.
You wrap your arms and squeeze your bones.
You always thought if you loved enough,
Held it close for long enough,
You would never lose;
How wring you were.
All the ashes you spread,
All the love that you give,
That is who you are, how hard you break
For the love you take.
All the fires you burn
To dry oceans of hurt,
All the time youve wasted in vain,
And youre standing still.
You are tired and youre losing will.
Youve got so much time to kill;
Youve been running just to stand still.
Oh, how life might take what dream may come
How life might take what dream may come.