

Catie Curtis, Wise To The Ways

I am wise to the ways of the world
The one that cries in its sleep at night
That comes up to me posing as you
Asking for something it can never use
Falling on its knees when I read the news
I don't know what makes me cry anymore
I don't know what makes me cry anymore
I am wise
I am tired of the ways of the world
The one that gets louder every day
That rips itself open nothing it won't show
First in color, now in stereo
Here's my tragedy I wanted you to know
I don't know what makes me cry anymore
I don't know what makes me cry anymore
There's so much coming at us now
It's like I'm dreaming
If I said what I should say I would be screaming
I am wise to the ways of the world
The one that cries out for crying out loud
That comes to the table with blood in its mouth
Claiming to be righteous, claiming devout
Saying everything except what it's about
I don't know what makes me cry anymore
I don't know what makes me cry anymore
I'm sick of shock, sick of gory, I want to hear
Little struggles little glories
Is anybody here wise? Is anybody here wise?
Is anybody here