

Crowned King, Each And Every Day

What's the point of this
I've got the graveyard shift
And it's my life and I'm sick of it
So I'm a pessimist, and I'm an analyst
I get hope but it falls with the crack of a wrist

Maybe I was hungry for the fall
Or maybe I was right and you were wrong
But I don't have the strength to find a way
To have you in my arms for say even an hour, or even a day
And yet still I fight to find a way
To fight this problem that hurts me each and every day

Everything is a little bit clearer now
And everything is a little bit harder now
Yet still I try to change your mind
Everything is a little bit clearer now
And everything is a little bit harder now
Why can't I just say good-bye

So why all the pain, why all the fuss
Maybe it's because I lose all train of thought
Every time I think of us
And so I make my ways and I waste my days in the search for something new
I'm a pessimist and an analyst and I don't know what to do