

Everyday Sunday, Untitled, Anonymous

Here I am again by myself in this room
And I stare at the ceiling like the others
The door closed, the light out, the window open
The blinds shudder from the cold
Empty walls are all staring at me
While the faces in their frames look away
The rain kisses the screen and then shatters and falls
And there's something familiar about that
I can't get away from myself
And I'm wondering where you are now

Seems like everyone else has the someone they need
And there's an odd number of people like me
But this can't be because I believe
In something better than love

Here I am again by myself in this room
There's no other place I can surface
My insides want out with the outsides want in
And the mirror is my window to the world
Pictures of dreams are the words
That I finally found tonight
If I could show them to you
Would you recognized the scene?
I know that i may be lonely
But am I ever alone?

Seems like everyone else has the someone they need
And there's an odd number of people like me
But this can't be because I believe
In something better than love

Every part of me feels it tonight
Alone to the tips of my fingers
But it all goes away when the sun comes up
So you'll never see this...