

Format, I'm Ready, I Am

I'm nicotine
Im coming clean
I fooled the crowd when I made it sound like I was more then ready

Strike up the band, deprive my sleep
'Cause there's no love like apathy
The bell that tolls rings loud enough that it should have woke us up

I'm trying to find truth in words, in rhymes, in notes, in
All the things I wish I wrote 'cause
I feel like I've been losing you

I read your last entry
Overprivelaged kids keep crying
The need to fit in gets harder when living life from a screen
Old classmates, please drop all your pens
Don't write a word 'cause I won't reply
and I'm not bitter, no, it's
Just I've passed that point in my life

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All the things I wish I wrote 'cause
I feel like I've been losing you each night it ends too soon

You don't hold me like you used to
And your eyes look like they've seen too much 'cause

It's always some excuse
Too tired, too obtuse
You look so far removed,
This time I fear I'm losing you

I'm nicotine
I'm a cash machine
I'm the color green and you should have seen
The looks i just received

I need a reason to let go
An intervention, a lullaby
Something to cure me please believe me

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You don't hold me like you used to
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It's always some excuse
Too tired, too obtuse
You look so far removed,
This time I fear I'm
Just not getting through