

# Front Porch Step, Island Of The Misfit Boy

I love to sleep, cause I pretend that I'm dead  
But I hate waking up cause it's hard to forget  
That I've lost all control of this life that I've held so dear.  
And I wait for the bus but I'm not on the bench,  
I'm just spread across the ground making friends with cement,  
Hoping that the bus won't miss me when it comes my way.

Well I made a few jokes but they said they weren't funny.  
I tried to force a smile but they said it was ugly.  
I tried to make a friend but no one was a friend to me.  
Poured my heart to a girl and it went on the floor,  
And I asked her what she wanted and she said she wanted more.  
I tried to find a lover, all I found was an enemy.

Well I stand in front of the mirror and look at myself.  
And I don't make a sound but my eyes scream out help  
And I start to struggle to hold myself back,  
From thrusting my head straight through the fucking glass  
And I'm tired of falling for girls that don't care,  
And breaking my back to try to make them aware  
That I'm more than depressed and their time won't be wasted  
But I am just a broken boy that no one wants to play with.

Now I'm lost in this hole and I'm sure I am stuck  
And I can't run away 'cause I'm lazy as fuck.  
So I sit on the floor as I gather my thoughts  
And they're full of broken promises that only piss me off.  
Well I lost control when I was only a boy,  
The world taught me angst when I deserved joy.  
Now I'm breaking down as I struggle to breathe,  
Cause I believe in a god who won't believe in me.

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