

Fucked Up, What Could Have Been

a man takes his seat by himself he stares at his
plate life has taken a bite i want to cry or just
cry out wanting to speak but i don't even try so
we go on our way to wind down the days what is
it that makes life this way? i will leave you alone
as i leave alone what could have been had i not
kept to my own? there is a woman i see every
week on the street i think of the life we could have
if i'd speak we don't say a word lovers who will
never meet i have to live out my life in my sleep
walking around in a cage every day what is it that
makes life this way? i'm just a simple man who's lost
his way hoping that i'll find real life one day shrinking
through life never making a sound who will hear us
when we fall to the ground? a shile at last as my
head hits the floor i don't have to live like this anymore.