

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly, The Chronicles Of A Bohemian Teenager

I think I've been here before
Only not now at the cellar I am lying on the sunroom floor
And contemplating why
that if I'm so damn tired and so out of pocket do I,
do I turn every conversation and every contemplation I make
into a self-pity trip?

I said that I
would ride a wagon right out of this town and right out of this life
to find the confidence and hope that I lost in mid-2005
But did I?
Would there be a second chapter if they didn't leave the death star alive?

I want to be something that's of worth, you see?
And I want to fly like a kite in the sky
You don't need a degree to deconstruct this melody
But this one's not for you

If a song ever was
my justification for the introspective writings I make
I guess this
is the most that anyone will ever hear about my personal life
then why is the apology I owe you is as public as the stars in the sky
If I, if I

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