

Goldspot, It's Getting Old

It's getting old, isn't it?
To love everyone else
More than you love yourself
It's an excuse, isn't it?
To be the tragic one
Strung out on Paxil pills

In the meantime
It's the same old dance
You danced on your own
The same old dance
That left you alone
Two more steps and you might fall
Could you maybe try
And stick this one out?

It's in your head, isn't it?
Bumping into yourself
Like you're in a house of mirrors
It's safe to say, isn't it?
You need to re-invent yourself
Even for just one day

In the meantime
It's the same old dance
You danced on your own
The same old dance
That left you alone
Two more steps and you might fall
So maybe try
And stick this one out
Or maybe try and stick this one out

Sometimes I'm in between
If it's time to reconvene

It's the same old dance
You danced on your own
The same old dance
That left you alone
Two more steps and you might fall
So maybe try
And stick this one out
Maybe try and stick this one out