

Good Riddance, Self-Fulfilling Catastrophe

words spoken monotones

There violence in your pretty homes

Unfaded memories of the times we used to play

No colors anymore

There laughter locked outside the door

The trucks go rolling by on the freeways just behind you

It a self-fulfilling catastrophe

Sometimes I give myself the creeps

Watch your problems disappear

And then reappear as mine

Come take a look at me

I the poster boy for sympathy

I can't find my way out of this place I spent my life

Some things we never tell

Looking back it's just as well

No comfort from anyone

A frightened child with no place to run

Can you hear me calling out your name?

Calling out but nobody's there