

Joe Wilson, Stay Happy

I still believe you said everything, you ever said
Because you meant it, and not just because we were sharing a bed

And even though you meeting me, is something you regret
I still believe we found something good, that day that we met

I still haven't found a pair of jeans, that fit me right
And I know that you're just saying these things, to try and take me
for a ride

It still hits me like a bag of bricks, each and every night
When I wake up, to find that you're not here to my right

So I'm saying a prayer that my feet don't fail
But I'm still digging pebbles out from the palms of my hands
From doing push ups in the middle of two lane streets
From falling over walking with 2 left feet yeah I'm falling down

I know that you're happy to be rid of me
And I hope that it'll change your personality
When you're laughing, it's magnetic
And it's amazing how it cuts through the static

So please stay happy if not for me
Then for the sake of all the birds and trees and living things
That rely on, such vivid, beauty to go on living

My downfall you see where I'm stuck, is thinking how it could be
It turns my stomach, and my heart plummets, to think of how you think
of me

I'm still figuring out just who I am, and who I could be
All I know is now is who I was, wasn't really me

I was feeling down bout who I am, and who I couldn't be
So I lost my mind, and I wasted time, feeling so guilty

So I'm singing this song in hopes that you'll sing along
And listen to what I'm saying, it's a song that I made filled with
steps I can take
To find something I can believe in to believe in

So you trick your clothes to make them believe
This is really your arm inside this sleeve, it's the same arm
That used to hold, the things that you considered gold
But inside your head, you know you've changed
But really who remains the same? You're distracting yourself
To make you believe, you change for the good
Man you're so naïve, so you're saying things that you don't mean
Like actors on the silver screen until you realize your past is real
And it's really no big fucking deal, so you burn your clothes
And everything, that reminds you of how you used to be

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Because you meant it

