

Mesh, To Be Alive

Everyone says it's all in my head
The chattering freak that bores me to sleep from beneath the floor
It's nothing more
And I'd have to resign
It's just noise in my mind
Everyone agrees I should really be pleased
Couplets in the mind are creatively perfect for rhyme
I'd of course agree
They've yet to imply
That I'm losing my mind
I'm in my own world
You're outside
It feels so imperfect
I wonder why
Your world
Isn't mine
It feels so peculiar
To be alive
Everyone thinks it quirky and sweet
An image I'll compare when sedated and tied to a chair
I'll get the finest care
But I'd have to concede
That it's more than I need right now
I'm in my own world
You're outside
It feels so imperfect
I wonder why
Your world
Isn't mine
It feels so peculiar
To be alive
And I'd have to confess
That I'm not at my best
Right now
I'm in my own world
You're outside
It feels so imperfect
I wonder why
Your world
Isn't mine
It feels so peculiar
To be alive