

Primary, Supposed To Be Here

The colour of happiness, it's not like it's helplessness
I've been there for days now
Still all the little bits, it's not like it's scandalous
I'm sure if I know how
I was a loser then, not quite as modest then
Bruised by them easy
And we could have been someone
Someone lovely to be loved

What am I supposed to be here for?
Like a sense of purpose I can give no more
What am I supposed to be here for?
Doesn't matter at all, what you take or ignore

I've set the distances, nature of hopelessness
This feeling is noxious
To make it disappear, this needle in my ear
With no explanation
I was a loser then, not quite as modest then
Loveing to be loved

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