

# 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

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

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