

Pulley, Four Walls

four walls i know too well, silence is disturbing,
it reminds me i'm alone. procrastination,
gotta get my shit together,
gotta go out and get a life of my own.
i'll call my friends,
they all work too many hours in the day.
pick up my pen, i try to write
but i've got nothing to say.
i watch t.v. 'til it's the end of me,
is there anything more? come eight-o'clock
and i'm out that door just another night of nothing,
like the nothing before. the t.v.
set it occupies my wasted time,
until anxiety it finds me and it starts to get me down.
so i sit here and i sink a little deeper
i am crippled by security that keeps me safe and sound.
the t.v. set my only friend my artificial sun,
on for hours on end. my window on a world,
i just don't see my simulcast life of monotony
new generation futures in my hands,
infrared remotes obeying my command.
another night of nothing,
just like the nothing before.
i got no ties that'll bind still i can't make up my mind,
i've got no place to go,
that i can leave this place behind neurosis starts to breed
i can feel it eating me,
another visit from my old friend anxiety.
get up, walk away, then i'm reminded
while i stay. i got no place to go to end all this dismay,
the couch is like quicksand, the floor is like tar,
the tv sucks me in,
assures i won't get far.
hands on a clock and they're going backwards,
another night of nothing, like the nothing before.