

Screeching Weasel, Second Floor East

She falls asleep the same way every night
she dreams of new worlds in the TV light
she's lonely, she's tired, she's lonely, she's crying
it makes her feel like something is going on
it makes her feel like people are around
to tell her she's all right
to keep out the night
she wonders why she feels this way
she wonders if she'll ever be okay
there's nothing she can laugh about
no anthem for a new tomorrow
cut off a long time ago now no one wants to hear about it
she thinks about how everybody smiles
but no one ever seems to have the time to ever stop and try to think
to ever crack a little bit
she knows that someday things are gonna change
things will get a little better
but it just seems like everyday
it slips a little more and fades
it should feel good to be alive
the world keeps dropping back but she's still trying
she leaves the TV on at night
so she won't have to keep on crawling inside herself