

# Stephen Covell, I

This boy looked at his life  
And with his sharpest knife  
He aimed to carve out the things you can't erase

Though his effort was noble  
He came with nothing to show for  
Quiet audience, that now turned their eyes from his face

He had the unmistakable feeling  
That he'd finally hit the ceiling  
When you know there's no time left to take

And the circle of his whole existence  
Wore down just from resistance  
And that was all he needed to see  
To break free

Oh, yeah

And when he'd finally finished the letter  
This time he thought of it better  
He knew that no one would understand what he had meant them to receive  
To receive

Torn up by the truth of his first thoughts  
Reluctantly, he settled on store bought  
Wrapped up picturesque, and guaranteed to please  
To please

With that unmistakable feeling  
That he'd finally hit the ceiling  
When you know no one around would speak his tongue

Oh, the circle of his existence  
Wore down just from resistance  
And that was all he needed to see  
To...