

Tadpole, Better Days

Sometimes I feel lonely and I crave human company
I miss sleep it's nice, haven't had much of it 'round here
Sometimes I feel sorrow and there's no way to release it
It wells up inside, don't have no one here with whom to share it,
Except you, you're nice
Sometimes I feel guilty and I wish I could absolve it
I miss peace it's nice, haven't had much of it 'round here lately
I miss peace, it's nice.

I've had better days...

There's no way to break through
I'm trying to break through
'cause I feel in slow-mo
And there's no way to break through
'cause I feel in slo-mo

Sometimes I feel joyous and there's no way to explain it
it burns me inside, never lasts long enough to become a custom
I miss this, it's nice
Sometimes I feel jealous and I'm not sure that I like it,
It hurts me inside, don't quite have the strength in me to remove it,
I miss you, you're nice.

I've had better days...

There's no way to breakthrough...

Sometimes I feel a burden and I wish I could remove me
Do you like me, that's nice
Haven't seen much of me 'round here lately
Do you miss me, that's nice

Sometimes I think I'm drowning and I wish someone would save me
That's not likely now
Don't quite have the strength in me to resist it,
I don't care, it's nice.