

The Action Design, Laundry Day

People are always hurrying off through the crowd with their heads down.
The sun sets again.
Empty and frozen, vacancy gets in the way of understanding each other.
And I'll wait, and I'll lie to myself.
Everyone knows that you can't trust a stranger anymore.
The city is lonely.
They're all out to get us now.
No one deserves the respect they expect to receive.
It isn't worth it - our time is precious now.
We keep dark clouds keep inside our bones.
We're holding on and we can't let it go.
Isn't it sad to look back and realize we've wasted our whole lives
doing what we didn't wanna do?