

The Right Time for the Wrong Question

Mortimer Nova

she walks with her head so high
she can't even touch the ground
her scholarship didn't provide
wisdom beyond college now
her parents feel funny
they know what's best for her
she wouldn't listen now she's
crying right beside them oooh's and aahs for the first chorus all it takes is just one night
to turn yourself into a whore
intoxicated hazings to
ruin 18 years or so
her father can't help crying
from the loss of his little girl
he tried so hard to warn her
now it's too late listen one young poet walks away and another won't believe your shame
realize we fade away and embrace the dawn of a coming day
let go of the volatile and hope someone comes to your grave
if you didn't impact someone's life believe me you've wasted your own we need to break down and accept
fate as it is dealt to us
we're always too busy trying
to cheat the obligatory
it's funny how we seem to
feign so much sincerity
and prolong with hope and love
living artificially one young poet walks away and another won't believe your shame
realize we fade away and embrace the dawn of a coming day
let go of the volatile and hope someone comes to your grave
if you didn't impact someone's life believe me you've wasted your own

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