My Mentor

Fair To Midland

Among the sounds of all the secrets here in private lies a motive,
And you can't make me talk or prophesize for rubies,
Cause i'm the target,
You know things are changing when in a room of one it's hard to stand out,
And in the words or mine at the age of 80,
"i blame myself."What's it mean to be special?
Is it something in the water?
Their feelings transmit into microscopic,
Touches that just don't reach me.I tried to catch you in disaster,
But my eyes, they catch the ceiling,
The ropes they use to bound the others scared of number 1,
They don't even phase me,
Containing one in me is an effort in itself,
There is no doorbell,
Would you save the last dance for a hidden stranger?
Well i don't blame you.But i have myself.
And i have myself.

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