Autodidact

The Tupolev Ghost

(Begin)
The freethinking brain can finally travel
Take in the radio waves and stew up that imagination
I worry too much
Boredom gets to me
Pussy
Yes they call me this
The masters of the ocean churn down in my mind
Calling me only what I feel at times
I just want to be loved and liked by everyone
Shining down on my every move
Impossible thoughts
Stay on this cruise
Never go back
Relaxation calms these metal nerves
Need to just let go and become a giant
Forcing the improvement of our musical system
One can't do such
Especially with such lack of confidence
Maybe they will see it
Maybe they will frown upon this face
Time
I keep drifting away
I look forward to these days physically
But mentally they become very tiring
Why worry
Personal happiness should be all that matters
(I feel the most of the time)
Days like today
Mordecai flies down on this ship
and stares me in the eyes
(every time, can't change)
Maybe I should just be this bedroom performer
I keep hearing of
No pressure, no boundaries
Only personal pleasing
Coward
Yes I call myself this
Control

Control me
Sit back now
Piss it all away
Loser losing lost
(scene)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/