

Good Things

Sam Ward

I'm safe, and who ever thought that I was difficult

My nerves start to feel so frayed

I'll try to turn things around, but instead

I'll say "Why do I feel so invisible

Good things will come my way"

I'll try to turn things around, and I wait

'Till the day when I stop making big mistakes

And the clouds, they roll out of this whole damn state

I believe in a place that I want to go

Honesty will leave me feeling livable

Once I change

Now that I've found some time, all the pain won't bother me

I've wanted to find why my head keeps filtering

Irate, caught in the worst storm inside of me

Words start to feel misplaced

You can change what you want with your pen

I pray, as things start to feel much more possible

This time, I'll know what to say

You can live how you want in these days

When the way that you talk makes up history

It's important to know why you clench your teeth

I'll flee to a place that I wanna go

With a shift in a sound that is physical

Know I'll change

Now that I've found some time, all the pain won't bother me

I've wanted to find why my head keeps filtering

That hole in my life and how it stayed inside my limbs

Must have been caught up in my skin

Now I've relied on that I've changed

Now that I've found some time, all the pain won't bother me

I've wanted to find why my head keeps filtering

That hole in my life, I just want it to die

It must have stayed inside of my limbs

Must have been caught up in my skin

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