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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