1-800-Alarm-Me

7. ASOB

Hey. I woke up today (today) to think about a dream I had.
A dream I left so far away. Ten seconds pass.
And as, I think twenty minutes pass.
I failed my mission.
Waste of life. Waste of mind. Where's my ambition?
Chalk up one girlfriend.
Two broken cars.
My band and friends are nothing more
Than parting shots not taken. Look how jaded I can be.
When I turned 16, I already felt too old to be in this entire scene
of sighing lazily at unaccomplished dreams.
Yeah it's my home but I think its time to go.
I'll hit once more so I don't wake up.
I have no home, and I don't know where to go.
I just can't seem to get on top of this situation normal all fucked up.
Still I lay in bed.
Think of all the dreams I had and clever remarks I have said.
It seems like they all mean nothing.
Snooze.
Alarm Reset.
That's eight more minutes.
This disaster can't exist because I'm not awake to live it.
I can't seem to place where life went wrong.
It's the wrong chords.
It's one lame song.
I'll never know what exist to get off at until its passed.
So kick me in the ass.
A free shot: Get it over with and kick me 'til I bleed.
It seems that's all you need. Let's go! This one's on me!
I don't think I'm going outside today.
I'll stay in bed all day.
Declare a personal holiday.
So you can take my page right of your phone book.
Burn my seven digits to ashes.
I won't be present in any of your classes.
Eyelids are the sky as this day passes.
I wanna stay asleep forever.

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