

# 2 A.M.

## Statistics

I get in from work at 2 a.m. and sit down with a beer  
Turn on late night TV and then I wonder why I'm here  
It's meaningless and trivial and it washes over me  
And once again I wonder is this all there is for me  
Here I am again look at me again  
Here I am again on my own  
Trying hard to see what there is for me  
Here I am again on my own  
Life seems so pathetic I wish I could leave it all behind  
This canvas chair, this bed, these walls that fall in on my mind  
Hold on for something better that just drags you through the dirt  
Do you just let go or carry on and try to take the hurt?  
Here I am again look at me again  
Here I am again on my own  
Trying hard to see what there is for me  
Here I am again on my own  
Oh, here I am again look at me again  
Here I am again on my own  
Trying hard to see what there is for me  
Here I am again on my own  
Here I am again look at me again  
Here I am again on my own  
Trying hard to see what there is for me  
Here I am again on my own  
I am again, I am again  
I am here on my own

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