

Melancholy

Timothy B. Schmit

Schmit I don't know what it's all about
Should I sit down or maybe go out?
It's one of those days
I've got nothing to say
And I don't know what it's all about Should I turn on my TV?
And let it do my thinking for me
I'm losing the fight
Guess I'll wait for the night
And see if the moon is free Aimless, pacing around
It's such a mystery
Sighing, eyes to the ground
Oh, pitiful me And I don't know what it's all about
There's not enough answers and too much doubt
It's a sunny day
But everything's gray
And I don't know what it's all about If you could read my mind
Would you be able to see where I hide?
Now I'm fading fast
I hope this won't last
'Cause it's such a waste of time I can't see past my face
Way too self-absorbed
Floating right into space
And you can't take any more And I don't know what it's all about
I'm so tucked in I can't see out
I'm taking no stance
Gonna sit out this dance
And I don't know what it's all about It's one of those days
I've got nothing to say
And I don't know what it's all about
I don't know what it's all about

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