Storybook Disease

Swingin' Utters

i have broken many dreams, but like broken hearts they seem to mend with ease i've traversed the open sea with a grain of guts and a gallon of need but i'm tired and i'm easily fixed a hair trigger in this one's breed i'm upset with upsetting things and always sad to see the good things leave so what's wrong with you? so what's wrong with you? so what's wrong with you? she says oh, what's wrong with you is what's wrong with me long lost negotiations made in hell to break my nerves toiled and fought my way to the top, i haven't done but have tried at least to deserve shiny things on golden jeweled plates aren't just handed out for those in need oh i've learned and i'm learning still that staying idle is the worst disease i blame myself for breaking promises i made to myself in so called "dire need" but i won't apologize for the cursed words i've laid upon those that i blamed it's no use to toil over this isn't life to be a simple thing? it's a flux, a want for worth that i need to dispel these needs (Koski)

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