Mixer

Nap Eyes

The mixer on a Friday night
Some pretty girls and guys are here
But when I look at myself on my right
I'm wondering if I'm really here
When I talk to you I wonder
If I could ever really learn
The way he talked to you seemed more likely that
I'd only ever burnMy fingers
The chair is hot to the touch
It lingers
The light is hot
Just like the singers of our favourite bandsSo I sat against the wall and
Leaned hard as I could into it
And I thought about the mall and
Some places that I'd like to bid
Then I thought about my Jesus
And meditation againThe things I have I don't need
And the things I want, what's good in them?But it's easy to understand
What it is that makes me feel this way
It's not so easy to make
All of my problems go away
Then again what else is there -Another life, some other way?
I really don't know what you mean
I'm really trying to find that way
The judge came to my house and
He knew about my job situation
I didn't have to explain it to him
Took everything I said as insinuation
Then he looked into my eyes and
Said something about you're playing a game
That's when I looked a little past him pointlessly
Repeating what I'd said again
That it's easy to understand
What it is that makes me feel this way
It's not so easy to make
All of my problems go away
Then again what else is there -
Another life, some other way?
I really don't know what you mean

I'm really trying to find that way
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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