Troublemaker

Nada Surf

why do i feel bad again? i shouldn't be sad or miss a grin. doubt creeps in and doubt creeps out, skews the view from my cloud. troublemaker tempting fate, questioning the path i take, showing me the twists and turns, the forks and points of no return. i would hold my breath so long to wash ashore where i belong. broken roses on the steps, like promises i never kept. promises i never made but could have honored anyway. tied to years, slave to fears, i will always hold you dear. tired, troubled but sincere, wishing... fuck the rime. wishing i had a time to wish you mine. every day i choose to spend the rest of my life with her and every day i break the molds of lives and worlds. i already miss the things that i will never know. i will never know the things that i've already missed.

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