A Declaration Of Sorts

Small Brown Bike

This is the last time that I feel lonely and sorry for myself

It's getting worse without your help

This is the last time that I feel tired

I've tried to sleep at night and days walk by without much lightLet me give back just a little

Let me give back just a little this time

Let me get back to the middle

Let me get back to the middle

I've tried to fix this mess

For years and years I fight my stress

This is the last time that I feel helpless

I've forced out every word and it still feels like I won't be heard

Won't you help me?

Songwriters

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