

Happy?

Kind of Like Spitting

I'd like to blame it on my job, but I cant blame it on that. I cant blame it on the tetherball that never comes unattached. I'd like to blame it on the dead ears the ringing in my dead ears. Every note I hit feels a little flat, tied to the chasm of a broken heart. A toothache of sorts a very late start and I'm rockin the sea it ain't like me, you're sinking in the sand. I can't blame my girlfriend shes a real real real real real friend with a cool cool heart than never goes cold on me. I can't blame it on the lying idiot rockstar mirror, I'm dancing like a moron, I guess its my own fault. Yes, its my own fault again. there's temperament and there's tentative action and somewhere in the middle is a bitter young fool with a palate for poison and a poem for every rejection. Comes down to me and me, or you and you alone. The people we love can never crawl inside of us, even if they wanted to. Happy's up to you.

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