Self-fulfilling Catastrophe

Good Riddance

words spoken monotones
There violence in your pretty homes
Unfaded memories of the times we used to play
No colors anymore
There laughter locked outside the door
The trucks go rolling by on the freeways just behind youIt a self-fulfilling catastrophe
Sometimes I give myself the creeps
Watch your problems disappear
And then reappear as mineCome take a look at me
I the poster boy for sympathy
I can't find my way out of this place Ie spent my lifeSome things we never tell
Looking back it's just as well
No comfort from anyone
A frightened child with no place to run
Can you hear me calling out your name?
Calling out but nobody's there

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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