

# Stupid

## Ass Ponys

The day begins like another day  
I hear a sermon it must be sunday  
Words are echoing all around  
Coming through the fog On my elbows I look around  
Nothing here but the sound  
Of breathing  
All the pillows are in a pile  
And the blanket is off  
I thought the windows  
Were made of glass  
I thought the patterns  
Were on the ceiling  
I thought the pictures  
Were parallel  
I thought that I knew it all I didn't know I was stupid  
I didn't think I was stupid  
I couldn't tell I was stupid  
I didn't know it at all I get a call from a good friend  
And oh I'm alive again  
She says she's in for the weekend  
And just happened to call  
I try keeping her on the line  
Saying whatever comes to mind  
She says it sounds like you're doing fine  
And leaves me climbing the wall

Lyrics provided by

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