

Island of the Misfit Boy

Front Porch Step

I love to sleep 'cause I pretend that I'm dead
but I hate waking up 'cause it's hard to forget
that I've lost all control of this life that I've held so dear. And I wait for the bus
but I'm not on the bench
I'm just spread across the ground
making friends with cement
hoping that the bus won't miss me
when it comes my way. Well I made a few jokes
but they said they weren't funny.
I tried to force a smile
but they said it was ugly.
I tried to make a friend.
No one was a friend to me. Poured my heart to a girl
and it went on the floor
and I asked her what she wanted
and she said she wanted more.
I tried to find a lover
all I found was an enemy. Well I stand in front of the mirror
and look at myself
and I don't make a sound
but my eyes scream out "help."
And I start to struggle
to hold myself back
from thrusting my head
straight through the fucking glass. And I'm tired of falling
for girls that don't care
and breaking my back
to try to make them aware
that I'm more than depressed
and their time won't be wasted.
But I am just a broken boy
that no one wants to play with. Now I'm lost in this hall
and I'm sure I am stuck
and I can't run away
'cause I'm lazy as fuck.
So I sit on the floor
as I gather my thoughts
and they're full of broken promises
that only piss me off. Well I lost control

when I was only a boy.
The world taught me angst
when I deserved joy.
Now I'm breaking down
as I struggle to breathe
'cause I believe in a god
who won't believe in me. I stand in front of the mirror
and look at myself
and I don't make a sound
but my eyes scream out "help."
And I start to struggle
to hold myself back
from thrusting my head
straight through the fucking glass. And I'm tired of falling
for girls that don't care
and breaking my back
to try to make them aware
that I'm more than depressed
and their time won't be wasted.
But I am just a broken boy
that no one wants to play with.

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