

These Are the Thoughts

Alanis Morissette

These are the thoughts that go through my head
in my backyard on a sunday afternoon
when I have the house to myself and I am not
expending all that energy on fighting
with my boyfriend
Is he the one that I will marry
and why is it so hard to be objective about
myself why do I feel cellularly alone
am I supposed to live in this crazy city
can blindly continued fear-induced regurgitated life-denying tradition
be overcome Where does the money go that I send
to those in need, if we have so much why do some people have nothing
still why do I feel frantic when I first wake up in the morning
why do you say you are spiritual, yet you treat people like shit How can you say you're close to God, and yet
you talk behind
my back as though I'm not a part of you, why do I say "I'm fine"
when it's obvious I'm not, why's it so hard to tell you what I want
why can't you just read my mind? Why do I fear that the quieter I am
the less you will listen
why do I care whether you like me or not
why's it so hard for me to be angry
why is it such work to stay conscious and so easy to get stuck
and not the other way around

Songwriters

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