2 A.M.

The Primary 5

I get in from work at 2 a.m. and sit down with a beer
Turn on late night TV and then I wonder why I'm here
It's meaningless and trivial and it washes over me
And once again I wonder is this all there is for me
Here I am again look at me again
Here I am again on my own
Trying hard to see what there is for me
Here I am again on my own
Life seems so pathetic I wish I could leave it all behind
This canvas chair, this bed, these walls that fall in on my mind
Hold on for something better that just drags you through the dirt
Do you just let go or carry on and try to take the hurt?
Here I am again look at me again
Here I am again on my own
Trying hard to see what there is for me
Here I am again on my own
Oh, here I am again look at me again
Here I am again on my own
Trying hard to see what there is for me
Here I am again on my own
Here I am again look at me again
Here I am again on my own
Trying hard to see what there is for me
Here I am again on my own
I am again, I am again
I am here on my own

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