Self Portrait

Handguns

Life is one fucking beauty contest after another. School, then college, then work... Fuck that. And fuck the Air Force Academy. If I want to fly, I'll find a way to fly. You do what you love, and fuck the restEver since I was a kid
I knew that I was different
From the rest with shaking hands
And a chemically unbalanced head
I scared the shit out of everyone
With everything I said
I always had the hardest time
Making new friends and
I still get those headaches
I did when I was young
I still forget to watch the words
That fall off my tongue
This is a soundtrack
To a movie
A motion picture
That will always move me
A painted portrait
Of candid moments
My heart's the canvas
And I'm the illustratorA suburban family home
A bedroom of my own
A collection of cds
Stacked up next to
A blown out stereo
Were the only things
That keep me from
Feeling alone like I had
Someone to talk to
It's hard enough when
No one seems to get you
Most days I feel fine
And others I feel like
I'm dying on the inside
Forcing smiles on the outside
I'm an optimist and
A pessimist in oneThis is a soundtrack
To a movie

A motion picture
That will always move me
A painted portrait
Of candid moments
My heart's the canvas
And I'm the illustratorAnd if I were to suddenly die
I'd take a good look back
At my whole life
Be proud of the things
That I said and I did
I know I wasn't innocent
But I've always listened
To the pound of the kick
And the strum of the pick
Telling me that this is itI'm an optimist and
A pessimist in oneThis is a soundtrack
To a movie
A motion picture
That will always move me
A painted portrait
Of candid moments
My heart's the canvas
And I'm the illustrator
I couldn't paint you
A better picture
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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