

Diary

Useless ID

It's a weekday and I cleaned my room again,
of endless moments I thought we once shared.

An open book, read every single page.

Naive enough to think that help is on the way. Rise and shine a day awaits,
watching clear skies turn to grey.

It's a dead end road and I want out,
there's no return.

Let me know when will it end?

If only you were my only friend, I'd be fine. A direction split right from the start.

I'm picking up the pieces to this broken heart.

Move over and make room for someone else.

Maybe a smile will find itself right on your face again. Another empty sleeping bag. A broken speaker plays out
loud.

An Elliot Smith song for those who can't move on and on.

A tour to write you home about of how I'm doing. Pretty sad.

You're not here and all my letters are lost in the mailbox for good

Lyrics provided by

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