

You'll Never Be

Pat Maine

(Dialogue)

I don't know how let her get in my head like this. Every night she speaks the ugliest words I've ever heard. She makes them sound so beautiful. I'd tell her to leave but ya know I'm a sucker for a pretty voice.

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(Verse 1)

I've put thought into pressing the button,
bring rest to the stress and the suffering,
every cd pressed is a press of my luck and,
im unconvinced it'll manifest into something,
mad depressed over nothing, a few ppl insync that i run with,
should communicate but instinct keeps the tongue bit,
when i do speak i want it to sink in but it doesn't,
some people show love and I trust it,
some say with a smile all the while i can see for a mile,
through your eyes of denial and can tell you're disgusted,
but thanks for the gesture, a little taste of the mess here,
if im on time for the mic check, im late when the rents near,
unwind from my mindset, ill wind up in next year,
bearing hind site, i didn't make it my best year,
so Kim, Manifest that, hey dumby are we out of this yet,
I sit here with cannabis breath,
and everytime i smoke i just count the missteps,
the amount of mishaps, the peppermint shnaps,
in a town i just wrecked, my name and other things im bound to regret,
can't wait till im sound asleep yet, she sing out to me again singing

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(Verse 2)

A rough road with a polished brain,
all work no play for the smallest gain,
it's in my blood but is it all in vain,
if all i know is not enough who will fall to blame,
is it all the same,
does every commitment or promise made become a ball and chain,
and is knowing when to saw my leg,
gonna null and void me from a walk of shame,
its off with this head, lost it again, not gonna get caught in this web,
often i let this box that I'm in, stop my intent, clog in the vent, toxic inlet, that embodies me,
and inside i bleed, ripped by the seem, gripped by the dream, I slip honestly, into abyss probably, letting it
swallow, voices calling me, I'm following, the siren to my odyssey,

(you'll never be) shut the fuck up, I don't know whats what,
with this temptress, in my head pressed up on telling me my licks up,
but she seems like a marriage type, argue when I don't care to fight,
better or for worst and I'm scared she'll be there for life,
she never cooks but I know whats prepared tonight,
another fight on life's long horse and carriage ride,

Lyrics submitted by kimberley.

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