Trash

Flotsam and Jetsam

The downhill slope I'm standing on is starting to hurt my feet
My neck gets stiff from staring up at the world
I'd show you all my self esteem
But I lost it somewhere down the roadWhy is it everywhere I stand
Is a foot shorter than the space next to me
I can't see the action due to the crowd
There is never a horizon in my viewLike walking through knee high water
My steps through life are slow and hard
And I never seem to get all the way to shore
The longer I stand, the deeper I sinkWhy is it everywhere I stand
Is a foot shorter than the space next to me
I can't see the action due to the crowd
There is never a horizon in my viewI don't know if I'm down in the dumps
But it sure smells like
Trash to me
I don't know if I'm down in the dumps
But it sure smells like
Trash to meWhy is it everywhere I stand
Is a foot shorter than the space next to me
I can't see the action due to the crowd
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