

Easier

Anna Clendening

I wish it was easier to be easy on myself
Now, I'm bleeding out, but too proud to ask for help
I'm a mess, but I hold it all together
Why—the hell—can't it be easier to be easy on myself?

I've got high expectations
Keeping me low my whole life
Focused on a destination
Forever changing inside my mind

Every time I feel okay
I pull myself back down again
Say, "I should be doing better."
But if I talked to somebody
The way I always talked to me
There'd be no one left

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Oh, it's hard to keep my head up when I'm face-down
Facing demons that I've gotten to know
But I can't control. No more
There's got to be some way to feel something other than this
And be hopeful for the day when it is

A little easier to be easy on myself
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Life can be so cruel, but not as cruel as me

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