My Therapy

This is my therapy You breath life into me My only sanity Within these walls is where I'm free

Square peg, round hole Faces come and faces go There is so little cast in stone Regarding life, luck, loss, love But there is one thing that I know for sure

These are the only crowded rooms Because of these days I'll never have nothing at all Because of these times there's only so far I can tell There will always be a place, there will be a crowded room Where I'm not all alone

The years have come and multiplied So much of me has been washed out with the tide Still there's nowhere else That I'd rather be Drawn like a moth to a flame Without these days I'd have gone insane So many hearts pinned to so many sleaves Within these blessed walls You have set me free

There is no mistake that I'm not free to make All because of six strings stretched across a board