

It's Just A Title

Ben Quad

There's a child on the playground
With a broken wrist
But they're too busy to digest
When they get home they'll scream their head off
Man, why do I still feel like this?

Are things just falling apart
Or am I seeing this wrong
I'll try to hide it all behind another pop song
No matter how many trips around the sun
It seems like this'll follow me until I'm gone

It's hard to deal with all this constant paranoia
Feels like a car crash coming at me from the rear view
(Is the world just out to get me)
Am I worth it?
Is this worth it?
Chalk all my failures to the absence of a martyr
Hiding behind habit cause it's easier to falter
(All you had is what you wanted)
Do you miss it?
Do you miss it all?
Do you miss it?
Do you miss it all?
Do you miss it?
Do you miss it?
Do you miss it at all?

I know the words I sing
Won't fix a thing
But for a second, I've made it
I know the words I sing
Won't mend a thing
But for a moment, it's painless

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