

Semaphore

Bettie Serveert

This day and age is sad galore
When even all my friends seem strange
If my words come out like semaphore
I only got myself to blame
Let's make it easier
It won't get easier
It never will
Stuck inside this rigid mood
Try to kill myself for good
Spare me your philosophy
You know only half of me
Let's make it easier
It won't get easier
It never will