

# Seneca The Stoic

BODEGA

I was sludging through the snow  
Saw a golden light from a candlelit bar clapping, laughing inside  
Was dreaming of going back in time  
Bodega played the back, it would seem like a lifetime

Sad situation when disguise yourself  
Now it's cold calculation, can't surprise myself

I was riding in a van  
Saw a ray of light from a speeding train cut through the dark night  
Was feeling low, the [?] high  
Haven't heard from myself, it would seem like a lifetime

Sad situation when disguise yourself  
Such a sad situation when despise yourself

Such a waste of time to feel bitter  
Ways to feel oppressed  
Wonder what evolutionary reason for melancholy is

But sometimes get so rolled out  
Hate the sound of my favorite music  
I'll know two songs sound the same  
And beauty seems a cliché

It's such a waste of time to feel bitter  
Ways to feel oppressed  
Wonder what evolutionary reason for melancholy is  
For melancholy is

Seneca The Stoic whose name's on the footlight  
Reminds to take a sing in the fight of the bleakest night  
Reminds me that soon, I'll too be yearning for this night  
Reminds me that soon, I'll too be yearning for this night  
Yearning for this night

Seneca The Stoic whose name's on the footlight  
Reminds to take a sing in the fight of the bleakest night  
Reminds me back then, I too was yearning for an earlier night  
Reminds me I too forgot how lonely was that earlier night  
Reminds me that soon, I'll too be yearning for this night  
Yearning for this night, yearning for this night  
Yearning for this night  
Like I was yearning for this night, yearning for this night  
Like I was yearning for this, yearning for this  
Yearning for this, yearning for this, yeah