

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