

CHRONICALLY CAUTIOUS

Braden Bales

I gamble big for the smallest part, I know it's not
Enough to change what's been going on, but it's all I got
I misjudge and switch up, from target to target
Miscalculate what it is that I wanted
Swimming in circles, in search of substance
In shallow waters, that give me nothing

How can optimists be cynical?

So, if I'm honest
I think I'm beginning to question how much I want this
Overloaded serial stresser, I'm sitting nauseous
Panic on a loop in my head, I'm chronically cautious
How can I get off this?
To keep it simple
I think I've been willingly following every impulse
Picturing a future, then tossing it out the window
Suffocate the fire I started right when it kindles
Passionate but fickle

The source of my serotonin is only digital
'Cause my reality's fading, I guess it's typical
Can't switch back, it's mismatched in dopamine
Get whiplash, it hits fast, controlling me
Swerving in silence, I'm all alone
In traffic, I'm trapped and I can't find home

I'm an optimist who's cynical
(That's f'king miserable)

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