

In Or Out

Covey

I wish I made it somewhat easier
But things get harder as I try
I wish I knew what I was doing
But I don't know what the hell this is for

I've been talking to the people in my head for far too long
I think I could've been much bigger
'Cause I still think about it
Every now and then
I'm made of every kind of feeling
And at this point I'm just begging for some kind of release

I can feel this tearing me up every time I choose to [?]
Don't throw me
Into the sun
If you know me at all you'll see
I move slowly

Maybe I should keep myself away from those I truly love