

## Swatting At Flies

Flotsam and Jetsam

The only thing I ever made in my life was a fist  
The only thing that ever proved that I exist  
Broken glass looks best when the sun's goin down  
Take it from me, I'm broken too  
And there's lots of us around

Like swatting at flies till they cover the floor  
Like pulling teeth, tie the string, and slam the door  
Like the time I fell in love into someone else  
Like the time I complained about the cards I've been dealt  
Like they say when it rains you know it always pours  
Like hearing no again and slamming of doors

I've been alone, I've been together, I'd been lost  
Making my decisions, with the coins that I toss  
The slower they walk, you know the harder it gets  
Shoulda, woulda, coulda, sketches all our regrets

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Enjoying myself has just been an afterthought  
I never doubted the teachers, just the lessons they taught  
If I couldn't fill my stomach, I'd fill my head  
But I never could fill the word that I said

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Slamming of doors doors doors