

Cal Ripken Jr Johnson

Free Throw

Is there something wrong with hanging out in a fragile state of mind?

I do it all the time I think as I sip on my cheap wine
I can see everyone around me seems so pleased
In my head, I'm on my knees pleading with myself to leave

So I fake it
To the point, I start to hate it
And I just can't shake this feeling
And I hate to feel exposed
And I feel like I'm the only one
In a crowd without their clothes

Here we go, everyone is approaching me
Asking about those close to me
And if life's going how it's supposed to be, but it's not
And I know that I should smile and shake their hand
And every feeling in my gut says
I should've took my chance and ran

Cause I can't take it
I begin to wonder if I'll make it
And there's gotta be a way to bring my mind back from the cold
To avoid the stares of everyone and give me back my clothes

And you know, the Phoenix may rise up and fly again
But one would think it'd lose a bit of soul everytime
The ashes may always reform
But do the flames happen to burn away the scars in my mind?

I don't think they do...