

# Island Of The Misfit Boy

Front Porch Step

I love to sleep 'cause I pretend that I'm dead  
But I hate waking up 'cause it's hard to forget  
That I've lost all control of this life that I've held so dear.

And I wait for the bus  
But I'm not on the bench  
I'm just spread across the ground  
Making friends with cement  
Hoping that the bus won't miss me  
When it comes my way.

Well I made a few jokes  
But they said they weren't funny.  
I tried to force a smile  
But they said it was ugly.  
I tried to make a friend.  
No one was a friend to me.

Poured my heart to a girl  
And it went on the floor  
And I asked her what she wanted  
And she said she wanted more.  
I tried to find a lover  
All I found was an enemy.

Well I stand in front of the mirror  
And look at myself  
And I don't make a sound  
But my eyes scream out "help."  
And I start to struggle  
To hold myself back  
From thrusting my head  
Straight through the fucking glass.

And I'm tired of falling  
For girls that don't care  
And breaking my back  
To try to make them aware  
That I'm more than depressed  
And their time won't be wasted.  
But I am just a broken boy  
That no one wants to play with.

Now I'm lost in this hall  
And I'm sure I am stuck  
And I can't run away  
'Cause I'm lazy as fuck.  
So I sit on the floor  
As I gather my thoughts  
And they're full of broken promises  
That only piss me off.

Well I lost control  
When I was only a boy.  
The world taught me angst  
When I deserved joy.  
Now I'm breaking down

As I struggle to breathe  
'Cause I believe in a god  
Who won't believe in me.

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And look at myself  
And I don't make a sound  
But my eyes scream out "help."  
And I start to struggle  
To hold myself back  
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