

Pointless View

Glass Tides

I'm waking up again
I'll stare at my ceiling fan
And I'll contemplate how get through the day
I'll toss and turn a few
I'll scroll through a pointless view
Just to drag myself out of bed

My car won't start again
I'm too late to catch the 110
My mind says that its time to give it up
I'll head to the corner shop
And pay with what little I've got
To get myself so fucked I can forget

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I know I'm not the only one
I'm broke and I'm a mess
I left my life for someone else
That left for someone else
I'm not the same
So fucked I can forget
I'm not the same
So fucked I can forget

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