

Pulling Teeth

Glass Tides

I'm not close enough
I reach but I can't touch
I'm always messing up

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I reach but I can't touch
I'm always messing up
It feels like pulling teeth
I'm standing in between
I'm not sure where to go

I walk around my head
To see what's on my mind
But when I do I find a reason
To go around another time
I need to take a rest
At least that's what I tell myself
I'm filled with my regret
And I try to blaming everyone else

I'm spinning, I'm missing
I'm giving up on thinking
I'm losing, I'm wasting
I manipulate myself

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