

## How You Feel

Joy Again

When we stopped, I didn't have a chance  
To say a single word and I had no confidence  
No guts inside of me telling me to say more than "Hey, what's up?"

Looking at me, I'm looking behind me  
I'm wondering what it could be, it's hiding behind me  
The discarded old thing, the girl for which I used to sing songs

I should stop looking at my feet  
And start looking in front of me  
Looking where the gods saw me  
I wonder if we'll ever be  
More than just my clouded dream  
Where you're standing next to me  
Do you want me at all?  
'Cause if you don't that's all right  
But it sure as hell would be nice  
To be a little closer to you