

Never Met the Gooch

Kid Dynamite

When the music went away, with all that I've conceived the sun goes down and smiles start to fade. Another Tuesday and I smell the leaves, they're dying in my city. Inspirations lost in sirens. It's not easy to live when motivation keeps on dying. The street lights are far from glistening and I'm at my window listening through the silence just to hear your voice, but I'm distracted by the outside noise I can't think of your eyes without wondering how you live your life. When my song begins to play I'm thinking everything's gonna be ok until the smiles start to fade. In the beginning. I never got what I wanted because I never tried. I guess some things never change. Rejection seems real enough that it scares me away. The notes are barely audible and the melody seems kinda dull. I wouldn't know it if it slapped me in the face, I need some help putting this one in its place. I can't think of your voice without wondering how you sing your song. The orange night keeps me aware of how I've loved and how I've hated. But hate's remembered long after love's forgotten. I want to forget. Yet, I want to remember.