

It's late at night, I'm in my room. I'm missing you, don't know what to do. I've paced the halls, I've stared at walls, endlessly hoping for you to call. I'll never forget the look in your eye, how much it hurt to say good-bye. A blank expression across your face, bitter memories that can't be erased. 8:15- rise and shine Face the day- with one eye blind Struggle- not to turn and run Pretending- I'm having fun Waiting and waiting for the ring of the phone. Depression's the cure for being alone. No more meeting on the front walk, not even time to stop and talk. I've already heard what you have to say, it's lost its meaning anyway. There is no point so don't ask why. There is no point so please don't cry. 8:15- rise and shine Face the day- with one eye blind Struggle- not to turn and run Pretending- I'm having fun All this emotion I can't express- with a pen wondering if loneliness is my one true -one true friend. Even surrounded by all of my friends- I'll just be back soon to feel this way again Try to pretend-I'm having fun. Struggle again- not to turn and run Don't have the guts so I won't pretend, that this is my last day, this is the end. I can't count the nights I've cried. And all the nights I've wished I'd die. There is no point so don't ask why. There is no point so please don't cry.