

To Myself

Larkin Poe

What good could come from a world gone bad
He asks himself
What truth could come from a mouth that lies
She asks herself

As they sit and yell
On the carousel
'Cause the horses seem to be all wrong
But the music's loud
And the ride spins bouts
So they fall asleep to dream and move on

All's not well my friend
You say fall like I fell
But I have nothing to defend
I know all's not well
When I have a hand to lend
But this time of help is on the downward track
So I keep it in my pocket to myself
Oh, I keep it in my pocket to myself
Myself
To myself
To myself

What love could come from a heart that hates

I ask myself
What peace could come from all this thoughts of war
What peace could come from war

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On the carousel
'Cause the horses seem to be all wrong
But the music's loud
And the ride spins bouts
'Though we fall asleep to dream and move on

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