Compulsive Fuck Up

I'm sitting here and wondering why I write in a notebook to ease my troubled mind I can talk through a beat up guitar cuz I can't find the words to say that are really on my mind Its a lonely life when you can't do nothing right I can close my eyes and hear the words not come out right so its off to bed to grab some winks cuz its easier than sitting here having to think

Give me diamond. I'll give you stones Give me a chance and I'll see to it that my hopes are blown I'll throw them away All I do is all I know But I want so bad to find that there's an easier road

And I can't help but wear my heart on my sleeve
I can't help but beg you, baby please
I'm only acting in my best interest
but the words come out, they sound so disastrous to me

Give me diamond. I'll give you stones Give me a chance and I'll see to it that my hopes are blown I'll throw them away All I do is all I know But I want so bad to find that there's an easier road

Mark Lind