

On How Our Paths Differ

Matt Pryor

Your eye on the bottle,
That you had on the shelf.
All but forgotten,
How to cast these spells.

It happens too often,
I get overwhelmed.
I'm high on a mountain,
To down in the skids.
I have a theory for what this is,
I can't be that way again.

It may be the fashion,
It may be the rage.
I guess when I'm laughin'
I'm showin' my age.

Attempt at compassion,
By breakin' my gaze.
I'm silently countin'
Backward from ten,
Tryin' not laugh out loud again,
Sorry about that friend.

It isn't the nation,
So much as it's you.
You keep on pretending like you're,
You're still twenty-two.

If you're at the height of it, then the,
Then the bottom will do.
It may sound defeatist,
But it's never been.
I have to be happy in my own skin,

I'm happy to not fit in.
I'm happy to not fit in.
I'm happy to not fit in
I'm happy to not fit in.