

Second Opinion

Olive Klug

My canvas is blank as a mirror
Paint me however you'd like
I'm getting hoarse from the small talk
A long walk might help me to sleep through the night
Stare at the clothes in my closet
They feel as foreign as stars
I try to sing to the way that I'm feeling
But I can't stand the sound of all six guitars

Put another book on the shelf
Of choices I made myself
That now taste sour
Take another bag to goodwill
Find another look that could kill
My sense of power
All of this stuff
Keeps on calling my bluff
Pick opinions like petals off flowers
I tell a white lie
This one catches my eye
And you're legally bound to comply
But the problem is that I can't ever tell anyone why

I need a second opinion
Often a third and a fourth
Before I make any decision
Does that mean I think things through
Or have low self worth

Hook another fish on the line
Just another waste of my time
Catch and release
Write another long list of goals
Even if I win the role
I'll never find peace
All of these words
Keep on getting misheard
Cause I don't even know what I mean
I tell a white lie
With a standard reply
That my life is an endless blue sky

But I couldn't tell you why
No I couldn't tell you why

Time keeps rushing by
This weak and fickle mind
Changes every day but it never does
Who I am is who I was