

The Desperate Act

Owen

You were right, Babe
None of this means anything
There's so much more for us to be than seen

Somehow all of the sudden I find myself struggling
Two lives are too much and not enough
I concede this childish need for attention
It's the desperate act of a disappearing man
You'd better catch him while you can

What a mess
Past and present stitched together, perilously tethered
I ain't fooling anyone (least of all, me)
I'm calling in sick forever
And I'm calling bullshit on everyone
This is a test and I'm failing it

You were right, Babe
I love how you know me
I know how you love me
And I know how you long for this song to end