

More Than Likely

P.M. Dawn

What's the use in trying
If all my senses say no place exists for you
What's the use in holding out my arms
I couldn't find reasons if I tried to...
What's the use in floating if all it does is tell
you someone's under you
What's the use in being if I learn to be
neglectful to all the things
that mean the most to most of you...
But I can hear me say...

More than likely I'm the one you're living for
If I find out I am then I'll finally understand
when I say...
More than likely I'm the one you're living for
More than likely (living for)...

What's the use in praying
For all the things that mean so much to none
of you...
What's the use in pouring out my heart into
situations I could cry thorough
Oh, what's the use in closing all the doors
that let the loving into you...
What's the use of loving If I learn
Not to feel anything at all, even if it means
the most to you...
But I can hear me say

Even If you find that I'm transcending most of my mind...
Through the often closing doors of what's to come, and what's i
n store.
Even if because you find I'm spending most of my love...
To the often closed minds that must require what you're living
for...
What's the use in clinging (let go)
To all the hopes that leave you somewhere next to lies
What's the use in buying all my time, to try and figure out the
frame that likes to communicate through signs
I can hear me say...