

My Own Personal Gravity

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No, there ain't nothing special 'bout my life, my egoism is so not,
But oh so comfortably confusion ins my life, pleased to meet yo
u baby, baby,
'Cause I've got infinity to bring me a little paradise...there
you are to kiss me,
Must you always live right now? But I always see you right in t
he middle of
everybody's life, singing everybody wants me there, but everybo
dy wants to put me down

What could be lonely 'bout you? What could be lonely 'bout you
baby?
You're immaculately touched, and they love you that much,
Whatever's lonely bout you only makes me totally convinced that
my own personal gravity serves me well.

Why am I always misinterpreting my guilt? My happiness makes m
e sad sometimes,
And I'm no guardian angel but I can loan you mine,
They're tickling all my precious depressions

So melancholy's bringing me a little of what he calls paradise,
I'm bored with my elation, it humors me to tears sometimes,
But always manages to put a little hickey on everybody's mind
Why does everybody want me here, but no one here can give me re
asons why.

Why do I do everything "dis" integration likes? I'm grieving wi
th my patience's patience,
and all constant information tells me is...no one wants to put
me down here but everyone was dumb enough to come.