

Daydreams

Quadeca

Sometimes I don't know what to-
Sometimes I don't know what to think
Sometimes I don't know what to sing
Sometimes I don't know what'll make it okay, make it okay
I'm snorin' all day for dreams

Uh

Wake up pondering
And my mind is wandering
All these opportunities left squandered in my oxygen
All accomplishments left haunted in my lack of confidence
Often is the result of falling under consciousness
You'd make babies cry
I make crazy lives
You're just angry cause you're livin' in a fading lie
And I've been feeling this energy
Feeling that somebody's getting the penalty
Fearing that one day you'll end up ahead of me
Feeling that this is the end of me, no
Will I tell you? No, never
I think I'm so clever
But in the grand scheme of things I know that I'm no better
But I don't ever, want to go to show just one more letter
I'm a go getter
I go get grades and get A's, and get laid
Then wake up and get C's, but get paid
Uhh
My life is so unusual
To most it isn't suitable
To me it's irrefutable
Can't see me in a cubical
I'd rather watch my funeral
I'd rather go back to stab my own brains out back in uteral
Damn
But you know that I'm capable
You know I'ma pounce at any chance that is available
Feeling so unique and I think it is not explainable
No one hears my lyrics and says "OMG RELATABLE"
No
That's not what I'm here to give
Been waiting years for this
You're about to experience
Something that I've spent time, money, and thought on
Learned about all the times money had thought wrong
Kinda funny it's long gone
But time is crummy and not long
I ain't lucky, I'm not calm, not by a long-shot
I'm freaking out on the inside
You see me on the outside
Always think I'm positive and never see the downsides
It's bout time you know the truth
You couldn't be further from it
Get your head out your own ass
You couldn't be further up it

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I feel like I'm way too different, ridiculous
And most of humanity's made of idiots
I barely even get myself, and you thinking you understand?
You think hiding behind a screen gives you the upper hand?
Please
What I do is barely poetry
There's hope for me, I'm noticing people starting to notice me
But still consider me confident
Still consider me ready and giving out all my flawlessness
But honestly all of this, is haunting me, probably
It is just my sense of myself wobbling, toppling into
Awfully small pieces, normally all bleeding
It's tragic and not fleeting, it follows me all evening
It's calling my name constantly, makes it so hard to stay awake
I close my eyes and let it go and it all fades away
We're tryna find that great escape
To get away from how we're living life day to day
Some people find it in a drink or in a cup
Or in some bling or in a drug
Or in the things that give us love
But all I know is that it's tough
And all I know is that this stuff
Isn't enough; it's way too much

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