

A Comma

serpentwithfeet

I've shut my windows and demanded a breeze
I'm wondering what's wrong with me
I'd like to be an open book
But honesty strides like a crook

I'm struggling to find a way
One day soon I'll find my place

Life's gotta get easier
Can't carry a heavy heart into another year
Life's gotta get easier
No heavy hearts in my next year

Ooooh ooooh

I pray for punctuation
Lord, be a comma
Or better karma
Or a sweeter situation

I'm dressing wounds I cannot see
Someone else's beasts are riding me

I know this pain isn't mine
Yet I feel it all the time

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Can't carry a heavy heart into another year
Life's gotta get easier
No heavy hearts in my next year

Ooooh ooooh

Life has gotta get easier