

Ben's Song

Shealeigh

My brother has the hair I've always wanted
We fought about
When he cut it off
For a contest
He tells me I'm too serious
And I agree with him
From our lips to God's voicemail
Guess He must be out again

I don't mean to sound indifferent
I just changed more than I ever wanted to
And if I retrace my steps
My knees hurt
And these new meds make me sad
Make my hands burn
And if I can't tell you I'm good
Then I feel worse
I used to sleep through the night

I met three girls named Claire
When I transferred colleges
We all hate what we write
When it's honest
And the lady across the street
Hands out pages of the bible
Says we're all going to hell
'Cause we watch American Idol
I told her I was already there
And it's no Apocalypse
From our lips to God's voicemail
Guess He hates when I'm like this

I don't mean to sound indifferent
I just changed more than I ever wanted to
And if I retrace my steps
My knees hurt
And these new meds make me sad
Make my hands burn
And if I can't tell you I'm good
Then I feel worse
I used to sleep through the night

I used to drive and go out
But it's snowing way too hard now
I'm back home
Ben lives somewhere else now
And I still don't wanna let myself down

I don't mean to sound indifferent
I just changed more than I ever wanted to
And if I retrace my steps
My knees hurt
And these new meds make me sad
Make my hands burn
And if I tell you I'm bad
Then I feel worse
I used to sleep through the night