

It's Not Interesting

Spanish Love Songs

I say there's more hurt than happy in my mind
Each time my chest aches
Like I can't breathe deep right
But maybe I just don't know myself that well
Or I'm up on the stage playing up the lies:
"Isn't he miserable?" "Dylan, are you alright?"
You're the only one that I've talked to tonight
If I'm being honest, it's only cause I'm scared

Maybe I should learn to love myself?
It always feels better staying down
Maybe I'll be happy in the end?
Should I hold my breath and wait for it?

It's the same way that I've always been -
Talking shit for attention; complaining for the eyes;
Telling every stranger I meet the same three stories
It's not interesting
Feeling more paranoid than motivated
Turning down sex when I'm feeling depressed
And when I think I'm losing my mind
I have a chorus of voices who remind me that:
"Nothing you do is real
Nothing you feel is real
But it's full of consequences."

I'm spending a year out of my comfort zone
I don't think I've ever been comfortable in my life
Or my own skin
So I spent a decade painting myself blue
Running from any hint of the truth:
I'm far too old to complain about dying alone
When I've been the way I've been
And I don't think I can fix this if I find god
There's no drug in the world that could possibly wash this off
I can't even go down to the river
And stick my fucking head in it
The feeling's gone
Just let me come back home
Let me wash the dark away