Low Tide

The Wonder Years

I'm staring at the wall, 'cause the only news is bad news
I'm waiting to fall—I'm the rain cloud in your living room
I keep making lists of shit to tell my therapist
The reasons I wish I didn't exist

I'm sinking fast. I'm taking everyone down with me
Alone at last somewhere in South Jersey
My breath fogs up my glasses. Smoke hangs heavy in the wind
I'm reading up on black holes, hoping one might take me in

I'm growing out my hair, 'cause who gives a shit
I'm growing out my hair, 'cause who gives a shit
It's looking hopeless, and I'm feeling desperate
I'm growing out my hair, 'cause who gives a shit

I'm staring at the dust that's gathered on the fake plants
I've given up; I can't keep the real thing living
I watch the bluish glow of my shadow paint the far wall
In the middle of the night, up watching Korean Baseball

It's low tide
At serotonin bay
And for the first time
I'm not sure that everything'll be OK

I'm growing out my hair, 'cause who gives a shit
I'm growing out my hair, 'cause who gives a shit
It's looking hopeless, and I'm feeling desperate
I'm growing out my hair, 'cause who gives a shit

I'm exploding on re-entry
Scattered wreckage in the sea
Everything's been gray forever
It's how it's always gonna be
I've never been more sure of something;
I see it clearly in my dreams
I know I'm gonna be the one
The one who ruins everything