

Second Wind

Trash Boat

Feel suffocated, caught up in your words like sustenance
You talk about me as if I'm already dead
Every day's the same old shit, "he was such a promise kid"
So if it's downhill from here then what secures my footing?

So sick of losing room to breathe
Why can't you all just leave me be
Don't want to talk through anything
But you keep on pushing
Because I can't fight back on good intentions
Words fall short of breaking tension
And if it's all downhill from here
Then why am I not moving?

I'm just another failure
A hard fight like it's always been
And I'm prone to misbehaviour
But I've got my second wind
And I don't believe in saviours
Keep your absolutes
I hope they work for you
But I'm not up to you

And I worry
These confrontations make me sick
I'm already over it
And I worry
Complications make me sick
I look you in the eyes and just walk away

And I worry, and it makes me sick
I look you in the eyes and walk away
And I worry, and it makes me sick
I look you in the eyes and walk...

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