

Glass Half Empty

VOILÀ

All my life
Been waging war in my mind
Been waiting for something right
Been prayin' for sun to shine

Apathy a friend and my enemy
Another blind, visionary
I never cry, but I bleed

Tell me what does it feel like
To feel anything again
I know that it takes time
But this never ends
And I'm starting to realize
The glass half empty has been
Just a way to be baptized
In the taste of your own medicine

Don't tell mom
Tell her it's just this song
And tell her I'm holding on
I'm sorry I missed her call
What if this wasn't what I wanted
Can I return the life I've started
26 years and I'm exhausted
I guess we're calling this an artist

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And I call it a cry for help
But you call it a chorus
But as long as these records sell
I guess we just ignore it
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