

Misfit Biscuit

Wasia Project

When I was down and depressed, I thought you would be there
I thought that you would care and lend a hug or maybe two
But you never listen or notice my angry little anxious eyes
I'm tired of lies and all that shit

I'm too alone to condone my sorrow
You're doing fine thinking 'bout tomorrow
Whilst all that I can think about is this, yeah
(One, two, three, four)

How lonely life is for the misfit (How lonely life is for the misfit)
Sitting on his own with a biscuit or two
No people to tour with, no message to send
Maybe soon he'll make a friend, so he doesn't have to pretend

Maybe it's me that deduces when my life has got to this
I'm taking the piss and blocking out your love (Blocking all your love)
Or maybe I'm boring, you're snoring at all my silly quirks
My fancy shirts and all that stuff

My fucking brain is insane and lonely
To trust and confide with a friend, if only
But all that I can think about is this, yeah (This, yeah)

How lonely life is for the misfit (How lonely life is for the misfit)
Sitting on his own with a biscuit or two (Or maybe three)
No people to talk to, no message to send, yeah
Maybe soon he'll make a friend, so he doesn't have to pretend

Pretend, pretend (pretend, pretend, pretend)
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Maybe soon he'll make a friend, so he doesn't have to pretend

Now one day I will wake up from these dreams
And find that life is never as it seems
One day I will find them, one day they will care
And sit me down, and be my friend
So I do not have to pretend anymore (anymore)