

Artist: oblivion

Title: Looking through

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Communication gap, paves this megaphone of fear,  
Confusion breeds contempt, in all my so-called peers.  
A face that's never cried, invests in innocence,  
But when I scrape you off the ground,  
I'll steal your bottlecap bracelets  
Now, with more conviction than ever, I'm hitting the ground  
Running for people who deep down, I know could care less,  
Saying they worry about me and they get distressed,  
When I carry on like this.  
Now, night brings a tension release and I get all the breaks,  
Next morning, look at my receipts and I count my mistakes.  
Mistakes.

Communication fluff, just talking to be heard.  
A wax museum smile embalmed with random words.  
A catalog of life, for everyone to buy,  
The prices aren't so bad, but the attitudes are high.

Then, I can remember when people went out of their way,  
Meant what they said when they talk about back in the day,  
'Til they got smart and jumped ship before it ever came, To my attention,  
Now, looking through catalogs doesn't seem to mean as much,  
Could it be people I yell at are now out of touch?

The basket I put all my eggs has been reduced to a clothing  
Rack and some kind of dating service,  
And then you still have to ask me why  
Why can't I just enjoy myself? and then you have to ask me  
Why can't I just enjoy myself.