

The downhill slope I'm standing on is starting to hurt my feet
My neck gets stiff from staring up at the world
I'd show you all my self esteem
But I lost it somewhere down the road

Why is it everywhere I stand
Is a foot shorter than the space next to me
I can't see the action due to the crowd
There is never a horizon in my view

Like walking through knee high water
My steps through life are slow and hard
And I never seem to get all the way to shore
The longer I stand, the deeper I sink

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I don't know if I'm down in the dumps
But it sure smells like
Trash to me
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