

# Crowned King, Each And Every Day

What's the point of this  
I've got the graveyard shift  
And it's my life and I'm sick of it  
So I'm a pessimist, and I'm an analyst  
I get hope but it falls with the crack of a wrist

Maybe I was hungry for the fall  
Or maybe I was right and you were wrong  
But I don't have the strength to find a way  
To have you in my arms for say even an hour, or even a day  
And yet still I fight to find a way  
To fight this problem that hurts me each and every day

Everything is a little bit clearer now  
And everything is a little bit harder now  
Yet still I try to change your mind  
Everything is a little bit clearer now  
And everything is a little bit harder now  
Why can't I just say good-bye

So why all the pain, why all the fuss  
Maybe it's because I lose all train of thought  
Every time I think of us  
And so I make my ways and I waste my days in the search for something new  
I'm a pessimist and an analyst and I don't know what to do