

Feeling Left Out, Tell Me Where It Hurts

Tell Me Where It Hurts

Indie in Indiana

Hours early, and this money burns holes in my pockets

One foot after the other

A ring - a phone call from my mother

"I know what was making me sick"

said my mom - from across the country

there's no delay in a voice from a thousand miles away

though I wish there was

Just wait till I get home mom

I'll show that sickness in your stomach

Who's boss mom

"Don't worry about me" she said

"Don't come home, you're finally living your dream now"

Phone falls into my pocket

My lungs - feel the weight of the world now