

Stephen Covell, I

This boy looked at his life
And with his sharpest knife
He aimed to carve out the things you can't erase

Though his effort was noble
He came with nothing to show for
Quiet audience, that now turned their eyes from his face

He had the unmistakable feeling
That he'd finally hit the ceiling
When you know there's no time left to take

And the circle of his whole existence
Wore down just from resistance
And that was all he needed to see
To break free

Oh, yeah

And when he'd finally finished the letter
This time he thought of it better
He knew that no one would understand what he had meant them to receive
To receive

Torn up by the truth of his first thoughts
Reluctantly, he settled on store bought
Wrapped up picturesque, and guaranteed to please
To please

With that unmistakable feeling
That he'd finally hit the ceiling
When you know no one around would speak his tongue

Oh, the circle of his existence
Wore down just from resistance
And that was all he needed to see
To...