

Why every time when something hurts someone
Always comes up and wants to make it worse?
I'll never make the cover of a rolling stone,
But at least I know my life's my own
On my back porch what it will mean.
On my notes tell me what they'll mean.

Splitting up the difference between one and two
Doesn't make a difference between me and you
What the signs they say the trucks are weaving back
And forth on any day but Sunday at four o' clock
And the meter's running too late
Now put your quarter in and you know you won't be found.

I know inside that you're afraid of me
I've become all the things
That I said I would be something more
Than rehearsed the pain I feel contained,
I look in the mirror and I saw someone else.