

OVER AND OVER

Thinking about the days I
try to think about those days.
But I am sticking in this part of my destiny
and every step that I take

remind me of something that hurts.

Thinking about the things I
try to do instead of thinking.
But I have not found.
And every step that I take

remind me of something that hurts.

Over and over and over the street and the ocean, the countryside
straight to myself.
Yesterday, yesterday, yesterday knows, but tomorrow
is not waiting for me...

...waiting for me.