

# Matthew James

## Bad Suns

Hungry for a meaning, this all seems unclear  
I come to the conclusion we're all clueless here  
The more I try and simplify I realize it passes by  
I find myself enamored with an explanation that doesn't exist, no  
Oh, oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh oh  
What's the point in counting when it never ends?  
Face yourself at night, it's time to make amends  
The TV's on, it helps me sleep  
The force of habit killing me  
The kiss goodnight, a stale routine  
The spark is gone, what's wrong with me?  
Oh, oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh oh Language and perspective shape the way we live  
Some things are hard to take and even harder to give  
Lost circling a moment deep inside my head  
I won't get this moment back, I'll move instead  
This place just ain't the same without you  
Out with the old, in with the new  
I think you know this pressure  
Welcome to a depression that I'll learn was never true  
The more I try and simplify I realize it passes by  
I find myself enamored with an answer that does not exist  
The more I try and simplify I realize  
it passes by I find myself enamored with an answer that does not exist  
The more I try and  
simplify I realize it passes by  
I find myself enamored with an answer that does not exist

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