

Get There

Music and lyrics by Emily Rose Simons

I find it hard to sleep,
And then I wake up far too late.
I have a detailed list of what to do,
But then I always
Procrastinate.
I feel like my heart is always
Quickly pounding
But I'm allergic to self care
I know there's somewhere I'm meant to be.
But I'm scared I'll never get there.

I find it hard to laugh
Having fun is still a skill I've yet to acquire.
Letting go is completely foreign to me
And is not a state of mind
I particularly wish to acquire.
Some people are happy and successful
Which is obscene and obnoxiously unfair
If there's somewhere I'm meant to be
I doubt I'll ever get there.

We are put on this planet
For a specific number of days
And I seem to waste them all by the weekload
In unbearable and tortuous ways
I'm climbing up a mountain
But the summit was lost in my own silly wars.
G-d, my life is becoming a string of depressing
And unconnected metaphors

Needless to say, I find it hard to live.
I'm not suicidal, I'm just nullifyingly bored.
My youth was disappointing
No doubt middle aged will be best to be ignored
I find my existence is a lonely one
But not something I'd particularly wish to share
Cause joy is not included
And monotony persists
If there's somewhere I'm meant to be
I sincerely doubt it exists
Or was created in a time and place
I have sorely missed
And to my anguish and despair
I most certainly will never get there.