

Sometimes in the morning, I am petrified and can't move.
Awake, but cannot open my eyes,
And the weight is crushing down on my lungs, I know I can't breathe,
And hope someone will save me this time,

And your mother's still calling you insane and high,
Swearing it's different this time,
And you tell her to give in to the demons that possess her,
And that God never blessed her insides.

Then you hang up the phone, and feel badly for upsetting things.
Crawl back into bed to dream of a time,
When your heart was open wide, and you loved things just because,
Like the sick and the dying.

And sometimes when you're on, you're really fucking on.
And your friends, they sing along and they love you,
But the lows are so extreme, that the good seems fucking cheap,
And it teases you for weeks in its absence.

But you'll fight and you'll make it through.
You'll fake it if you have to, and you'll show up for work with a smile.
You'll be better, and you'll be smarter, and more grown up,
And a better daughter or son, and a real good friend.

You'll be awake,
You'll be alert,
You'll be positive though it hurts,
And you'll laugh and embrace all your friends.

You'll be a real good listener.
You'll be honest, you'll be brave.
You'll be handsome and you'll be beautiful.
You'll be happy!

Your ship may be coming in.
You're weak, but not giving in
To the cries and the wails of the valley below.

And your ship may be coming in.
You're weak, but not giving in,
And you'll fight it, you'll go out fighting all of them.