Knockout Theory, Year One

Im sick of always being the underdog when I try so hard and
I wake up wondering what the answers are
Well, I I guess Ill put it this way:
Dear Journal, this marks year one of writing you
Im growing tired of all the world has put me through
And I cant live like this
Everythings a blur and Im counting the hours until itll end
Well could it be
That we are not so different, them and me
We all have but one purpose and someday theyll see that they cant live without it
They might just die without it
I hope the latter comes before they come for me
You know this is just blowing steam
But maybe this time its worse than it seems
In a city by the sea
We would lie there, them and me
We would dance all night til the sun goes down by the hands of the powers that be
And you know this much is true
That were living in a dream
But the day will come when we all look back on the disaster that weve seen
Dear Journal, this is the last Im writing you
The pressures high, Im going insane, how bout you
And I cant live like this
All the worlds a stage
And heres one actor who will not conform to scripted days
You know this is just blowing steam
But maybe this time its worse than it seems
In a city by the sea
We would lie there, them and me
We would dance all night til the sun goes down by the hands of the powers that be
And you know this much is true
That were living in a dream
But the day will come when we all look back on the disaster that weve seen
Bordered by the ideals we encounter everyday
Oh, I tell myself, theres got to be another way
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