

# I'm Sorry That You Have To Be You

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Track 12 to the music album I'm trying to create

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/songs/im-sorry-that-you-have-to-be-you.aspx>

The sun's waking up And you don't want it to You say, "Sun please go back to sleep, your baby misses the moon" (A.K.A your excuse to stay fixed in your room) Not because it's beautiful Or because it lights up the darkness The moon to you is just the makings Of a fruit ripped with excuses For you to lay and rest your eyes in those sleeping bags they've created It's getting easier for you, anyway As the weather starts to freeze and indoors start to heat As cool breezes force everyone inside You ignore the beauty of the orange red and yellow leaves And ignore all the people who love you like me And bury yourself under the bed-sheets Like they're your own goddamn cemetery Well, next time I come over I'll bring flowers And really complete the portrait of sympathy for misery Maybe an "I miss you around card" But you'd just tear and tear it up Until I get in my car And drive away without a backward glance I'm not one to force romance And if you're miserable and sad It's beyond my help; I wish, I wish I could help. But life has a funny way of forcing you to care only about yourself I'm sorry, so sorry, I really wish I could help But I've got enough trouble fixing myself And I've never been too good at fixing anything