

Three songs by Joey West

My Life

Standing still, in a world that's always moving
Jealousy stings, as I watch the world improving.

Head full of dreams, and a pocket full of potential.
But I'm physically worn out, from a fight that's only mental.

How can I stand out, in a world so dense.
It's all about dollars, not common sense.

The dreams I thought were so unique
I see on billboards, and in magazines.

My only fear is growing old
Without my story being told.

I can't stand still, one minute longer.
These chains that bind, have made me stronger.

So now I'll take what isn't mine.
Cause rules are just a waste of time.

I held out my hand, and had no effect.
So I reach out my fist, and get respect.

at a loss for... (all of the above)

Tears and silence, go so well together
like sex and stormy weather
when it used to be us, talkin bout forever

Can't explain it, how your face stays the same
when the feelings are gone
and the promises we made, are all that remains

(chorus)

Why do we stay, when we know that it's over
Wishing on stars, and four leafed clovers

It seems only fitting, to leave you in tears
Like I did every night, for so many years

So I'm saying goodbye, with no explanations

Cause we never lived up, to our great expectations

But remember the sound, of my voice in your ear
And I'll see you again, when the smoke finally clears

What's the point, when there's no more emotion
to go through the motions
when we're all out of love, and the end is approaching

It's so easy, to stay stuck in complacency
when you've lost all your patience
It's amazing how doubt can be so contagious

Breaking out of a broken home

I can't take this anymore
the deafening roar
of our constant war
I see more light, in the cracks of the floor
then in the eyes, of the man I adored.
When did my home become a cage?
And when did this marriage begin to age?
Each new day's just another page
in a story that's written, with a pen full of rage.
I should have known, from the very start
that saying "I do" could not have been smart.
Cause Jekyll's the one, who has my heart
But Hyde's the one, who rips it apart.
His voice like a razor, his hands like a noose
Arms that once held me, now used for abuse.
Now I guess I can deal
Cause the bruises will heal
But I can't help but wonder
How our son would feel
If he knew the man
His biggest fan
Put out cigarettes on his Mommies hand.
I've got to do something, to regain control
cause living with him, has taken its toll.
I'm not a killer, but the time has come
to make him pay, for all that he's done.
I can't raise a child, with the man he's become
so I do this for me, and the sake of our son.
He's on his way home, and it's me or it's him
his old whipping post has become the grim.

Making him reap
for the wife he beat
but the gun is cold
and so go my feet
So I put it away
like I did yesterday
and I tell myself
just one more day...

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