

So Strange to Me

By Werecat13

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*A song I wrote in the shower. You don't know the tune so I guess you just have to read it like a poem...
It's kind of poem-ish.*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Werecat13/45514/So-Strange-to-Me>

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1 - So Strange to Me

Have you ever started a song, like this?
Standing in the shower, contemplating life.
Staring at the tile, worn so far down.
And at the grout, so old it's nearly brown.
Have you ever, ever felt this way before?
So right and so wrong.

I've felt further from you, lately.
But I know that's because I turn away.
You seem so the same, but I've changed, greatly.
You have changed some too, but you cling to the past.
Now, what do you see there?

Sometimes I see better, with my eyes closed.
Sometimes I feel better, with my heart closed.
Sometimes I speak better, with my mouth closed.
Sometimes I feel closer to you, when I turn my back and walk away from you.

What's been happening here, baby?
I feel so detached from you,
Yet I feel I know you down to the last thought on your mind.
What is going on?

Have you ever sung a song, this way?
Having no idea where it started,
Not knowing when it's going to end.
Not knowing how long it's going to stretch,
Not knowing what you're going to say.
Not knowing how much water is going to pour uselessly down the drain,
Or how much already has.

You know, lately.
I feel so right and so wrong.
I have no control,
But it's the way I like it.
I've never felt quite this way before.
So wrong and so right.

You know everything you have felt is wrong, baby?
Have you ever realized it's all right, baby?
Did you know everything,
That you've ever done wrong,

Is completely all right.
You know it's true.

Won't you stop lying to yourself, baby?
The things you criticize yourself on,
Are all to be admired.
Please know that you are amazing,
Don't brag on that,
I know that all that means is you're insecure,
And you have no reason to be.

Sometimes I see better, with my eyes closed.
Sometimes I feel better, with my heart closed.
Sometimes I speak better, with my mouth closed.
And sometimes I feel the most alive, when I contemplate my eventual and unavoidable death.

Have you ever realized that the things that are wrong, to you,
To others often seem completely right?
The things you judge yourself on,
And the things others judge you on,
Can never be proven to be wrong.
All of it is right.

You know if life's all wrong,
Than life's all right.
If things are going all wrong,
They're going all right.
If others say you're wrong,
You know you're right.
Everything that has ever been wrong,
Is completely right.

We have to learn to trust each other, everyone.
Every person in his or her mind is right.
But every other person, will think that person is wrong in some way,
And in that way,
We know we are all wrong,
Which means we are all right.
There is no reality,
No complete truth,
For in every person there is a personal reality.

Every person should be respected,
And in that every reality should be too.
Don't judge them as wrong,
You know they are right.
And though they think you are wrong,

You are also right.

Sometimes I see better, with my eyes closed.
Sometimes I feel better, with my heart closed.
Sometimes I speak better, with my mouth closed.

And it all seems so strange to me...
So strange to me...

There are infinite...
And no...
Realities...