

You swing the bat and try to connect  
Make a connection, and then you project  
You start running wildly, but your legs never move  
But why are you running?  
You've got nothing to prove

There's a dream you've dreamed that you dream to live;  
Completely in love, nice house, two kids  
But in order to dream you must be asleep  
Just make sure you wake up, 'cause you're far from complete

You're the best person you could possibly know  
But the best person you rarely let show  
You want to sprint, but you feel so slow  
But it's not about speed; it's the direction you go

It's times like this  
You wonder why  
You make a wish  
but don't want to try  
You blame the ones you're surrounded by  
But you're not surrounded-  
It's all in your mind.

'You're better than this,' you say to yourself  
You look in the mirror and stand straight up  
You want to frame this poem and put it on your shelf  
Figures you'd miss the irony  
I was talking to myself.