Stubborn

My knees buckle at the jarring blow
Followed shortly by my face hitting the floor
But, despite the pain in my jaw
And the loss of that little bit of pride that I derived
From this constant theme park ride
I stand up, albeit slowly, dust off my shaking knees and say
"Please Ma'am, could I have a little more,"
And once again POW, my face, my battered face
Is sent back home to that unforgiving, lonely hard-wood floor.

Now, stubborn me, with that unshaken, innocent curiosity
Meets her fist traveling at unparalleled velocity
Where once again I'm sent back home to that
Ever-present, dead and lifeless, mother-fucking hard-wood floor
And it's so hard to ask for more, when just ten feet away
There's an unlocked door
And passing through that frame is a hell
A whole hell of a lot easier than kissing that dusty surface
That slippery plane, time and time again.

Now red and blue are two cool, cool colors
But their presence wears real thin
When you look in a mirror and that's all you see
Maybe it's just me, maybe I'm color blind
Or maybe I need to to step outside
Through that unlocked, inviting door
And possibly see myself in a whole new light
Where there's no reason to fight and be stuttered
By the fist, that hit and hit, and never ever missed
Can't believe I allow myself to live like this...