Back to Home

Cigar

Once again you've made your point
But it never really makes a difference
The only problem is that it's
Lying on the floorSo you want to pick it up
It's always been in your court
Just like they've always said
On the floor it will remainPush your luck o hold your cards up high
A sense of time, but no sense of danger
If only possible to bluff your own way outIn the line of days been saved
To show and use as compensation
No day lives stronger than the day
I held my ownThey told me to watch where I would stand
On thin ice or shaky ground and I would fall right in
It's taken time to rummage through
Events that paved the wayAll this time I'm keeping track
Of ones to keep and ones to throw away
My willingness to live carefree and unobtrusive
Has been trampled by the strain so many know.And the tragic thing is being what's around you
Ignoring all the signs that let it goTired, I'm very tired
Can you see me rounding back to homeWired, I'm very wired
Can you see me rounding back to home

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