# Sand

## Bucketheadland

The sand is sifting by
I only know that I will die
And pay my taxes
The rest is touch and go
Wish I could just catch a glimpse
Of what's in store, I've wanted since
I can't recall, I never know what to do
Never had a clue
I feel the future
Don't tell me that you don't
Feel it slip away, slip away
Feel it slip away
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