Never, Never Land

Lex Zaleta

Never gonna drive a Mercedes,
Never be a star with the ladies.
Standing with one foot in the Abyss;
The other is on the precipice.Every lottery;
The other stays
Filled with poverty.
Old age doesn't
Ever come alone;
I still wasn't
Ready for these bones.Never gonna run a marathon;
I can't even put my game face on.
Lying here with pillows on one ear;
The other one's way too deaf to hear.
Lying here with sleep still in one arm;
The other's reaching for the alarm.One pocket plays
Every lottery;
The other stays
Filled with poverty.
Old age doesn't
Ever come alone;
I still wasn't
Ready for these bones.Never gonna sail on foreign seas;
Never feel a Caribbean breeze.
Waiting here with one eye on the clock;
The other's like a ship in dry dock.One pocket plays
Every lottery;
The other stays
Filled with poverty.
Old age doesn't
Ever come alone;
I still wasn't
Ready for these bones.Never gonna write that big hit song
That makes everybody sing along.
Sitting here with my pen in one hand
The other holds an hourglass of sand.One pocket plays
Every lottery;
The other stays
Filled with poverty.
Old age doesn't

Ever come alone;
I still wasn't
Ready for these bones.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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