

What to Do?

Corey Cyr

The dove flew out one mornin', I realized I couldn't stand.

I'd do anything to get on my feet again.

My feet again, my feet again.

I'd do anything to get on my feet again. So I rolled on outta bed, and I crawled on down the hall.

Saw that dusty mirror on the left side of the wall.

And I tried to see my face, but I couldn't find the place.

What is a man like me to do?

What to do? What to do? What is a man like me to do? I could try to beg for help, but they'd say, "do it all yourself"

So I choose to hold my tongue and turn away.

But in the back of my head there's things I wish I said.

But it'll all have to wait another day.

Another day. Another day.

It'll all have to wait another day. So I crawl back to my bed, and I looked out of the sill.

I can see the sun glare set behind the hill.

As soon as it was gone, I wondered "where'd it all go wrong?"

When will it all go my way?

Go my way. Go my way.

When will it all go my way?

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