

Eureka Pile

Ministry

I seem to find myself each time I run away
Don't give me vivid in some yester body selling days
Sometimes they reappear just like the sands of time
Or d'ya like some quick sand baby running off my summer wine
Same faces broken homes
Those memories have fled
All tears within me now are dormant or dead
My veins are bursting with a thirst that you cannot ignore
Alright Eureka's Pile
Now my savior, or my whore
There's a lot that they don't mind when things aren't what they seem
I always wake up, baby, 'cause I always wake up me
My life may ain't come to much
Ignore my history
Least my Eureka Pile can see some way I feel
Ain't the way I see, ain't the way I see
My Eureka Pile and me

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