

# Autodidact

## The Tupolev Ghost

(Begin)

The freethinking brain can finally travel  
Take in the radio waves and stew up that imagination  
    I worry too much  
    Boredom gets to me  
    Pussy  
    Yes they call me this  
The masters of the ocean churn down in my mind  
    Calling me only what I feel at times  
    I just want to be loved and liked by everyone  
    Shining down on my every move  
    Impossible thoughts  
    Stay on this cruise  
    Never go back  
Relaxation calms these metal nerves  
    Need to just let go and become a giant  
Forcing the improvement of our musical system  
    One can't do such  
    Especially with such lack of confidence  
    Maybe they will see it  
    Maybe they will frown upon this face  
    Time  
    I keep drifting away  
I look forward to these days physically  
    But mentally they become very tiring  
    Why worry  
Personal happiness should be all that matters  
    (I feel the most of the time)  
    Days like today  
    Mordecai flies down on this ship  
        and stares me in the eyes  
        (every time, can't change)  
Maybe I should just be this bedroom performer  
    I keep hearing of  
    No pressure, no boundaries  
    Only personal pleasing  
        Coward  
    Yes I call myself this  
        Control

Control me  
Sit back now  
Piss it all away  
Loser losing lost  
(scene)

Lyrics provided by  
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