The Planet's Hum

Spock's Beard

Living life at ease
He tries to keep it straight
Filling all the cracks
Unlocking all the gatesHeart - Style - GraceHe gives a little back
Makes it very nice
Never runs away
Rolls his dirty diceEverybody's got to do what they got to do
From him and her to me and youRight or wrong, he keeps on movin' his own way
Likes to wear a surly frown
Even when it's the sunniest of days
Thinks he owns the worldFeels compelled, hates to tell anything about himself
Tryin' to find his reason why
Tryin' to make his way up off the shelfHypnotized by the planet's hum
Eyes fixed hard on a silent sunThere was a time he'd get out
Get out of his own way
Let it fly, let it ride in the face of dismay
Safe to say he'll try
Is he shy, is he crazed
Gossip knows its way around
Once it starts it builds a bomb of sight and sound
Fireworks light the sky"Sorry!" he shouts out loud
"I don't live my life so every one else can feel proud "(chorus)Give it all this timeStop the waiting, lights are fading
Don't get left behind

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