

# Oh Well

## Roy Byrd

The ink is running, the words are taught  
I'm sitting helpless with my paper and charts  
I had to follow my passion, oh well  
I don't get paid that much for all I deserve  
To waste a sentence or shatter my nerves  
I had to follow my passion, oh well  
Sometimes I long to run outside  
I'd give it all up but it's my pride

Oh well, oh well  
I had a dream once or so I thought  
I'd be a pilot or an astronaut  
I had a dream like that until I found  
Even an astronaut goes into the ground  
Life is just passing us bye, bye  
Oh well, oh well, oh well, oh well

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