Discarded

Bob Knutton

these lines don't work on me
they won't on you
didn't knew the cards were on the tablejust can't stand to see things turn out wrongno way to make things right
never promise anything anymoreso god damn hard to make it work
no easy way out of this one
always someone or something
to get lost in the shuffle
at least this road leads straight out of hereadversity is stable
and life in front of you
discarded, recycled and newjust can't stand to see things turn out wrongno way to make things right
never promise anything anymoreso god damn hard to make it work
no easy way out of this one
always someone or something
to get lost in the shuffle
at least this road leads straight out of herejust can't stand to see things turn out wrongno way to make things right
never promise anything anymoresomeone or something to get lost in the shuffleat least this road leads straight out of heretoo late to go back
sorry needs to be said
but there's really nothing now to do