Mayonaise

The Beatnuts

Fool enough to almost be it
Cool enough to not quite see it doomed
Pick your pockets full of sorrow
Run away with me tomorrow, June
We'll try and ease the pain
But somehow we'll feel the same
Well, no one knows
Where our secrets go
I send a heart to all my dearies
When your life is so, so dreary, dream
I'm rumored to the straight and narrow
While the harlots of my perils, scream
And I fail
But when I can, I will
Try to understand
When I can, I will
Mother weep the years I'm missing
All our time can't be given, back
Shut my mouth and strike the demons

That cursed you and your reasons
Out of hand and out of season
Out of love and out of feeling, so bad
When I can, I will
Words defy the plan
When I can, I will
Fool enough to almost be it
And cool enough to not quite see it
And old enough to always feel this
Always old, I'll always feel this
No more promise, no more sorrow
No longer will I follow
Can anybody hear me?
I just want to be me
When I can, I will
Try to understand
When I can, I will

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