Status Pools

Lagwagon

Hey chief, how's the status puddle?
Is it hard to hold your bad breath?
How's the picture-perfect likeness?
Nice frame for the way you see yourself.Smile.Look into the blaze of our old school.Denial.Nice move.The hundred meter rhythm;
you always go the distance.
A memoir shared in our honor.Nostalgia's under-current;
it must be such a burden.
You see them on the way down stream.I followed and dated the road I hated.
This farewell in lieu of the letter I shoulda...I'll never be able to withdraw the message sent.The status pool defines you;
the photos will remind you.
You reinvented your minor world...
and drove into town.Bite the hand feedin';
leave it bleedin'.
Go and be able;
earn your label.I heard you were better than the letter from some long-forgotten friend.Inbred.Hey chief how's the karma struggle?
Is it hard to hold your bad breath?
How's the picture-perfect ending?
Nice frame for the way you see yourself.Click.Smile.See you on the way back to your school.
I'll see you on the way to our old school.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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