The End

Hot Water Music

If I could just begin
To forget where I have been
Maybe we wouldn't be here,
But I pace withing a haze.
I keep bumping into days
And waiting for them to end.These complicated words are coming down.
I've searched for them so long it's comical
These complicated words are coming down.
And I've been searching so long.I've been tounge-tied, tired and sick.
Like I'm training for the end.
I have been gasping for air,
I've been training for the end.And I should've known better,
But I thought we were clear
(there I go thinking again).
Now look at our broken bones,
They want to heal but they don't,
We've nothing but tape to mend them.

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