

Delusions Of Grandeur

Promis

Pressing on about our business
Comfort is getting too expensive
 Hot shots for the pigeons
 With a death sentence
 You're something like a pistol
 That's been polished bright
 But if it never leaves the holster
 It can never save your life
I need a meaning I can get behind
 To be alone is to be alive
A better message to subscribe to
 To be alone is to be alive
 Set sun, I'm an hour older
Mile markers punctuate the shoulder
 Harboring delusions of grandeur
 You're something like a canvas
 That's been stretched and primed
You can become something priceless
 Or you could be a waste of time
I need a meaning, I can get behind
 To be alone is to be alive
A better message to subscribe to
 To be alone is to be alive
 This is the best time to be alone
 To be alone is to be alive
Consider where complaining gets you
 To be alone is to be alive
 We're living much too
We're living much too comfortably for me
 Keep drifting, keep drifting aimlessly
 Stay with me, stay with me
 We'll stay busy, stay busy
 Endless trips to anywhere
 To end up where we'll be
I need a meaning, I can get behind
 To be alone is to be alive
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 To be alone is to be alive
 This is the best time to be alone

To be alone is to be alive
Consider where complaining gets you
To be alone is to be alive

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