Holy Shit

The Good Life

Holy shit
The sun is set
The moon on the parapet
Of a bungalow
Where we're drinking to our livesHoly shit
I'm a revisionist
Flapping around like a sweet bird of youth
Those days have flown the coupHoly shit
That we even exist
All our lives we stumbled, we stammered, and clamored
Up to thisHoly shit
It's 2 A.M
The bars are closed, we're stuck again
With these fateful and fretful decisions
Holy shit
I'm not equipped for this
If my body's a temple, it's crumbling
And it can't be renovatedHoly shit
That we even exist
All our lives we stumbled, we stammered, and clamoredThese days
There's no mystery
No majesty
No history
In the making as before
Onward
Ever yonder
We wander toward the
Holy shit
It's all just cancer and death
Holy shit
That we even exist
All our lives we stumbled, we stammered, and clamored
Just for this
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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