

The Beaten Path

The Good Life

Yesterday came and went and I wasn't present
The weeks were laid out like pavement
Work and drink and sleep, repeat
Upon the beaten path
I kept on my blinders...
don't need any old reminders
No face. No Name. No memories. If you love it, you leave it
'cause you hate that you need it
It's the one thing you can't have
you're too self absorbed to change
always, "My way." Tomorrow could come and go
and I'd sleep right through it
I'm not searching for self improvement
I'm sticking to the beaten path
Here and there I come across an old acquaintance-
some old flame, some old burn victim
I remember I need to forget
everything I ever said to you
If I could take it back-
I'd eat every word
You want to feel like all those others feel,
but you won't- and you never will
All that you love you lose
You do.

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