Oh The Congestion

Piebald

I'm waiting for the sun, I'm waiting for someone to get me out of bed.
Sweet oblivion.
Well, it's just what's the point?
I'll ask anyone for absolute truths and hundred proofs.
There has been nothing to say since there has been nothing to prove.
I'll follow laws of man if they make perfect sense or else I'm on my own.
My own precedence.
Heat operator says I'll send a hot one soon.
Delivered to the moon, the place where no one is.
Never done nothing like that before and you can try to understand.
Look down at the floor and go.
Stuffy nose and runny brain.
Cash in on irony while you still have the chance.
Too smart to do the dance.
Too jumpy to stand still.
There is nothing left to do.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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