

On These Days...

Gob

Every thing's stagnant, inert
And I feel so far away
I've got so much more to accept
I've got so much more to say I felt sullen and depressed with thing
I needed off my chest
I've got so much more to accept
I've got so much more to say I was beat up by the pictures in my mind
I saw heat and fire come to take your place
Walked thought brilliant light on my way to see you
I can't move at all with my feet in quicksand If you went a million miles away
I would be sitting here wondering what to say
I've seen the out come
And I'm hoping that it never ends

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