

Harvey

Ambrosia

All this time, all this worry
All this way to go for nothin
Whats the sense of the hurry
You tell me if you sense somethin I dreamed a lot when I was younger
Im older now and still I hunger for some understanding
Theres no understanding, now was there ever? One thin line draws the border
Between madness and the genius
But no pen can erase it
So we keep these things between us I dreamed a lot when I was younger
Im older now and still I hunger for some understanding
Theres no understanding, now was there ever? And my front brain would not accept my thinker see?
No kiddin

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