

It's Just a Matter of Not Getting Caught

Pendragon

A drop of rain a sheet of ice,
You float through life, you've been here twice
No broken bones you're on your own
You settle down and make a loving home
You run your hands through swaying corn,
You know you have to die to be reborn
Are you so beautiful tomorrow? What goes around comes around,
All the clichs of the world and dumbing down
I know your mind I know your tricks,
Your verbal sound bytes you lying git
The puncture wound the heroin,
Unsettled bills the mortal sin
The trail of slime where you have been,
Did I say the right thing?
You rule by fear truth or dare,
The purest words you've no idea
Will you be so beautiful tomorrow? No substitute for honest toil,
No antidote for idle hands
In seconds life can turn around,
Depends which way the coin will land
Someone somewhere surely
Must know what's going on
The more I live the less I know,
Are you sure I said the right thing?
You run your hand through swaying corn,
You have to die to be reborn
You raise your eyes to heavens above,
You'll have to come back here
Cos you didn't give... love.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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