

Remnants

Saccharine Trust

Wasting your life on the sidewalk
When you can be out on the street, dodging cars
As they go by, the wind goes right through you
Life on the edge of a razor
Never knowing when you're to fall
Sure as hell beats never gambling at all
Life's too short to just barely exist
Wide spread mediocracy
Will suck you up, resist
Another number on a list

I don't want it, you can have it
You can try, but you won't make me
Feel the things you feel
I'll take my chances, till I find a better deal
I'll take my chances, along with all the rest
The snail goes over the razor blade
The suicide squad of lemmings parade
To their kingdom, where they've made reservations
I have no reservation
I don't think my seat's been saved
I'll take my chances, here, right

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