

It Won't Be Long

Aloha

I got moving before dawn, slapped my conscience on.
Path lit by a carbide hat followed a hundred strong.
There is something that I miss and on this path I know I will find it.
You ask me what I think. I've been here for a week.
I think you won't hear a complaint if the work is hard or if it ain't.
Oh, there is something that I miss and all my looks away are full of this.
And I will find it.
A brother struck by lightning a sister too, in bed said
All who've seen it in my eyes extract what's good from me.
Is this the hour that night falls on?
What time is it? It won't be long.
And I learned as I went not to fear of these events.
You won't hear a complaint if the sky is black or if it ain't.
There is something that I miss and on this path I know I will find it.

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