Delusions Of Grandeur

Physics

Pressing on about our business
Comfort is getting too expensive
Hot shots for the pigeons
With a death sentence
You're something like a pistol
That's been polished bright
But if it never leaves the holster
It can never save your life
I need a meaning I can get behind
To be alone is to be alive
A better message to subscribe to
To be alone is to be alive
Set sun, I'm an hour older
Mile markers punctuate the shoulder
Harboring delusions of grandeur
You're something like a canvas
That's been stretched and primed
You can become something priceless
Or you could be a waste of time
I need a meaning, I can get behind
To be alone is to be alive
A better message to subscribe to
To be alone is to be alive
This is the best time to be alone
To be alone is to be alive
Consider where complaining gets you
To be alone is to be alive
We're living much too
We're living much too comfortably for me
Keep drifting, keep drifting aimlessly
Stay with me, stay with me
We'll stay busy, stay busy
Endless trips to anywhere
To end up where we'll be
I need a meaning, I can get behind
To be alone is to be alive
A better message to subscribe too
To be alone is to be alive
This is the best time to be alone

To be alone is to be alive
Consider where complaining gets you
To be alone is to be alive

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