

Fed and Watered

[Josh Pyke](#)

There was a wait in the water,
A weight in the air.
If I'd waited any longer an additional fare.
And they can keep you around like a head on a stake,
I guess the industry found a use for my name sake. I built my callouses up,
from fooling on the guitar.
I keep them hard in the midst of what seems soft and bizarre.
And ephemeral notions like a song are a curse,
offering a return but making me feel worse. If you want to quit, you should quit like a winner.
Cut your losses and extricate yourself from the bidding.
And tell your friends that you could've if you'd wanted to,
and tell yourself that it's strong to make a hard call.
And when the others are all fed and watered,
you're still betting and cheering her on.
By then I'll bet you'll be gone. So I sit in the meantime and sharpen my teeth,
and encode all the bitterness I choose to bequeath,
But if $1 = C$ then your $A = 3$ but the encryption just adds to the mendacity. Now I'm on top of the water,
Still suppressed by the air.
I earn my wage on a track that's almost totally bare,
Of the things I expected when I first got the itch,
I'd turn it off if only there existed a switch. And if you want to quit, you should quit like a winner.
Cut your losses and extricate yourself from the bidding.
And tell your friends that you could've if you'd wanted to,
And tell yourself that it's strong to make a hard call.
And if you wanna try you should try like a loser,
Who keeps on betting their life on a slow horse,
And every year well she gets a little more tired,
You're still betting, cheering her on.
By then I'll bet you'll be gone. Sometimes I get to a point where little problems seem too big for me.
And then I let them unravel like a line in the ocean sinking down into the density.
And when the pressure becomes the same amount as what's inside of me.
Well I can sink and explode or hold my breath until I float,
I gamble on my own biology.
The barnacles on the ladder bleed my feet while they set a good
example in tenacity. And if you want to quit, you should quit like a winner.
Cut your losses and extricate yourself from the bidding.
And tell your friends that you could've if you'd wanted to,
And tell yourself that it's strong to make a hard call. And if you wanna try you should try like a loser,
Who keeps on betting their life on a slow horse,

And every year well she gets a little more tired,
You're still betting, cheering her on. And when the others are all fed and watered,
you're still betting and cheering her on.
Yeah, you're still betting and cheering her on.
By then I'll bet you'll be gone,
by then I'll bet you'll be gone,
by then I'll bet you'll be gone,
by then I'll bet you'll be gone.

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

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