Blackened Seed

Purged

'm gonna put my things away
In the drawers and in the closets
There I'll stay
Stay

If I ever get around to living,
It's gonna be just like I dreamed
I'm gonna take the love I'm given
And set it free
Free

If I ever get around to living,
I'll take the end of every day
Tie it up to every morning
And sail away
Away

Free, free

Maybe it's all a dream I'm having at seventeen
I don't have tattoos
And very soon, mother will be calling me
Saying, "Come upstairs, you've got some work to do"

When you gonna wise up, boy?
When you gonna wise up, boy?
When you gonna wise up, boy?
When you gonna wise up, boy?
You are hiding in your mind
Working all the time
Trying to make it better than you got it
And you've been spending all your time searching for a sign
That's never gonna look the way you want it
I think you better wise up, boy
I think you better wise up, boy
I think you better wise up, boy
I think you better wise up, boy
I think you better wise up, boy

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