Nothing New

Baron Samadhi

Another dollar fifty, another ride on the bus
The seat left alone is still warm
The person next to me talks to me
As if he knows me
But that's okay, I don't mind
I look out the window while he talks on
I do the usual try to figure out
What these people do in their own solitude

Some seem so plain, some seem so lonesome
Lost depressed and true, it's all inside of you
Wandering and waiting all your life
For something new to change you
But it all seems to turn in circles
Nothing's new finding
And learning all you need is something to guide you
Nothings stimulates no inspiration

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