# Doing Hard Time

## Mimes On Rollercoasters

He sat around and watched the world go by.
Waiting for someone to be the image in his eye.
He contemplates the telephone and sighs.
Looking back he saw his past or was it all a lie?

Living, for the future, heâ€™s longing for his past.
Waking, to the present time, he wonders if heâ€™ll last.

Feeling down he wished he had it made.
Waiting for the money tree to lose him in its shade.
Happiness has long since been mislaid.
Sour feelings, broken dreams all add up to his rage.

Living in the future, longing for his past.
Waking, to the present time, he wonders if heâ€™ll last.

He wrongly thinks that no one is a friend.
Heâ€™ll stand, alone for what he is until the bitter end.
He borrows luck and wishes he could send.
Its sad to see him realize that luck one cannot lend.

Living, for the future, heâ€™s longing for his past.
Waking, to the present time, his life has gone too fast.
Living, for his future, heâ€™s longing for his past.
Waking, to the present time, he wonders if heâ€™ll last.
Living, for his future, heâ€™s longing for the past.
Waking, to the present time, he wonders if heâ€™ll last.
Living, for in the future, heâ€™s dreaming of his past.

Lyrics Submitted by Mimes On Rollercoasters

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