Song Without an Ending

The The

I like you, I think that you're pretty good
But I think that you think, that I
Well, that I'm a bit undercookedI'm lazy, I play silly jokes and go over the top
And one of these days it's gonna get me killed
That will be my lotI suppose I'd leave you alone, after a while
But I'll lie in my bed, feeding my head
Until I become fairly intelligent100,000 people today were burned
I felt a pang of concern
What are we waitin' for
A message of hope from the Pope
I think he got shot as wellWhen everyday of your life seems the same as the last
And you know who you're gonna meet and what they're gonna ask
Then supposin' your legs just withered away
And you had to somehow slide around on your backside
For the rest of your daysImagine that you're happy now
It's easy if you try because we're all caught
Up in a mortifying loop, life

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