

Walls In Time

Bob Mould

Is it a crime to want to show your soul?
Waste enough time, another black hole
Misguided, not even lost, not even sure
Now find the disease or the cure
Has life lost all its glory and wonder?
Sad tales are told again and again
Sleep, toss and turn my old bed
What a tale again and again
Now all the stories of the world could fit in a building
In a building high and wide
Filed under headings that no one's quite sure of
'Cause Lord knows that everyone tried
When the pen meets the paper
When the mind it begins to stray
How a soul could lose its will to explain
Oh, explain again and again
Day after day, day after day, day after day
We all cry once in a while
It doesn't fit well with your smile
But then are those tears, are they for real?
Again and again that's how you feel
If I was losing life, when picked from the ground
A nice arrangement for the occasion
But flowers when moved from place to place
Lose all meaning, dislocation, dislocation in you
In a fit of [Incomprehensible] night
A flame attempts to spark us all
Ignite, burn, candle light
A waste of time, another dead soul
With these walls around my soul could talk
The words would lose importance
Within these walls
I hoax up to these words
We all wanna leave a mark somewhere
For those of us who feign to care
And all and fortune in times, we find a way
To build up these walls in time
To build up these walls in time
Is it a crime?

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