Way Down

Caxton

where's your mind?
where's your brain?
a mumble, "i'm still dragging from everything hanging".

no motive to explain.
you promised not to reveal the secret again.

how can you expect to remember?
while still dragging from everything hanging.

in the time... find the time.. anytime...
strolling away from the cure.
you once were.

making strides, turning tides.
how are you?
"i'm still dragging from everything hanging".

two steps back for every step forward.
sometimes it's scary how much it scares me.

wasted days upon days.
no wonder, i'm now dragging from everything hanging.

in the time... find the time... anytime...
strolling away from the cure.
you once were.

now you'll drift off to sleep.
and deeper and deeper you'll sink.
until the air of concern starts to get weak.
you're relaxing complete.
and soon i'll count backward from three.
let all your worries melt down, way down.

way down...
way down...
way down...
way down...

in the time... find the time... anytime...
strolling away from the cure.
you once were.

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