Neenah Menasha

Sponge

To begin but not complete, to sleep but not to wake
To always be lost and to never find the wayNo thoughts or memory, no hope or tragedy
A mirror awaits to a reflection of the face
To hit the ground and know the sound, trial by mistake
Deaths of crown we wear around, a smile on a faceThey will never hate or lie
They will never break or try
They will never break or cry
They will never wave goodbyeA silence that would not break, loss of a face
The face of a woman that arrives much too late
I break down and she sees the clowns that used to hide away
Death to clowns and all their crowns, a smile on their faceThey will never break or cry
They will never hate or lie
They will never say or smile
They will never break or cryNeenah Menasha will wait
Neenah Menasha
Neenah Menasha will waitI break down and she sees the clowns I used to hide away
Death to clowns and all their crowns and the smiles on their faceThey will never hate or lie
They will never break or try
They will never break or cry
They will never wave goodbyeNeenah Menasha will wait
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