Natural Decline

Smog

The mind is always working
The mind is always turning
The mind is always working
The mind is always turning
Things over and over and over
And over and overThe upside the downside
The inside the outside
The sightside the blindside
The wifeside the fightside
here is no rest for your brotherPulleys are clinking
Ropes are fraying
Down to thread
Maybe was made wrong
Rubbing on the wrong thing
Or is it just the natural decline
Of a body sisterThe mind is always working
Out ways to see
The things I shouldn't see
And have the things I shouldn't have
I see the night sky as a jewelry store window
And my mind is half a brick

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