Daendors

Saintseneca

I spend the day indoors
Rolling my mind round undone chores
Feeling guilty for nothing in particular
And over and over I thought
What is this thing that I've wrought?
How is it that my leg's caught
up and away
up and awayAnd over and over again
Nothing I want to defend
Nothing I could recommend
Nothing to say nothing to chase away
I spent the night inside
Rolling the rules round the hills of my mind
and what is right if I am never justified?
And over and over again
Nothing I want to defend
Nothing I could recommend
Nothing to say nothing to chase away
You broke your ribs for this
I hope it was worth every cell split
And what are we besides agreements of the senses?
Own my days
Live my days
Rip my daysCouldn't find enough to do
Couldn't find enough to occupy you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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