Off the Beaten Path

The Good Life

Well I'm trying to be patient
But the wheels keep turning round
But it's a treadmill and I just dragging my feet
I'm so tired of everything
Defeated by routine
By words that don't mean anything to me
At least not anymore now that I'm done...with a morning of a day without ending
A year of decadence to escape from penance
But I've suffered. I'm over it, yeah
I'm fine now, but I'm sick of it
I was happy being miserable
I used to lay down my head on the bar
And raise one lonely finger for a drinkIt doesn't have to be so difficult
just keep coasting by
so you lost a limb
Well hell it'll heal with time
What happens when you love what you've lost?
You didn't have to cut it off
But I did, and I do, and it took everything that I have
I wonder if I could ever get it back...to how it was when I still thought of love
as a risk I could take if I was willing to make
the commitment to rejection
and the mind games, the deception
The late nights under the covers
pointing the finger at whoever started
whatever we were fighting aboutI guess that I'm fine now
everything's better
everything's cooled down
it's all copesetic
We'll move on, off to a better world
To a fresh start where anything's possibleBut I'm sick of it
Yeah I'm sick of it
I'm so sick of it
No, I'm sick of it
no, no, no, no, no
I'm sick of it now
I'm just sick of it now
no, no, I am so sick of it
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

But he's sick of it
no, no, no,no

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