

# Please Do

## Quasi

You never cried, you never froze  
And yet how well your garden grows -  
You reap the fruits another sows;  
I guess that works out well for you.  
Suffering has served you well -  
It's common but it somehow sells  
So sing your little songs of hell and sell.  
Hollow hopes and empty dreams  
And blind pursuit of worthless schemes -  
That's all there is to life, it seems,  
unless you prove me wrong - please do!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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