

Big Bad World

Patrick Goble

With these poor eyes, I've come to see
All this wasted hope can't come for free
And the penalty will cost me
Every penny in my pocket I want to feel for someone the way I do about my music
Frustrated, exhausted, endlessly intrigued
And the way we go about the same old things each day
Always moving always in somebody else's way I can't take the time to remember the little things you did
The happiness, the innocence of a little kid
But now it's you you're all grown up, and you've come prepared
But like that little kid, you're still really scared The big bad world's on its way, and it wants you
You're not a kid. You're on your own. What you gonna do?
Muster up. Take it on. Let it take you out
Or think of me and these words or your favorite sound

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