Offer

Doug Martsch

Who?
Who am I to be blue?
Look at my family and fortune
Look at my friends and my houseWho?
Who am I to feel deadened?
Who am I to feel spent?
Look at my health and my moneyAnd where?
Where do I go to feel good?
Why do I still look outside me?
Clearly I've seen it won't workIs it my calling to keep on when I'm unable?
And is it my job to be selfless extraordinaire?
And my generosity has been disabled by this
My sense of duty to offerAnd why?
Why do I feel so ungrateful?
Me who is far beyond survival
Me who sees life as an oysterIs it my calling to keep on when I'm unable?
And is it my job to be selfless extraordinaire?
And my generosity has been disabled
By this, my sense of duty to offerAnd how?
How dare I rest on my laurels?
How dare I ignore an outstretched hand?
How dare I ignore a third world country?Is it my calling to keep on when I'm unable?
And is it my job to be selfless extraordinaire?
And my generosity has been disabled by this
My sense of duty to offerWho?
Who am I to be blue?

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