

Mica

Mission of Burma

I wanted to remember my mica
You helped me again to think of the unthinkable things
Made my arms hurt so bad I would happily forget
You're surprised at what you go through As if no one ever told you
(On your own feet, your own feet stand)
(Not to wallow in heartache) I've done more than I would like to
But it's not all that I can do
(You gotta get out of bed, into it)
When even your bad luck runs out
Not to wallow in self-pitying pathetic dreams You know what I mean?
She worked hard to be his novice
And then broke into his office
(With her clothes off, her clothes off still)
(Not to wallow in heartache) Amor, settle for a small dart if you can't find it in your heart
But there's a big noise from her chest
Let me do the talking, now that I'm here
You'll steal all the attention anyway Cause something about you compels me to feel
That a glued together vase is still a vase
(Not to wallow in heartache)

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