

Monkey Wrench

Flotsam and Jetsam

There's a real thin line between
What's real and what's fantasy
Crawling slowly
Towards a breaking point for me
Falling faster down a hole
Bottom I can't see momentum gaining
As I'm picking up speed There's a force that's forcing me down
There's a drive that's driving me away
There's a catch that catches me off guard
There's a point that I just don't get
The water's so clean I can see bottom
Through the hole in the boat
Pitch and bail
Till the end of our sunshine
Everything that I am dragged through
The muck and the grime
Don't count on me
Cause it's my fuk'n time
I don't wanna be the monkey wrench
That carries all the pain
Making this all feel so real
It almost carries it's own weight
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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