

# My Way

## Ace Troubleshooter

Epicurean theme to a never-ending sequence

Burns me out, dries me up

Up and out and through

My plans disappoint, drain my cup

Blind man sat in his room and he cried

"Tomorrow promised me triviality"

Bite the bait, swallow the hook

Hooked in routine instead of living

Wonder what's become of meWhat's become of me?

What's become of me anyway?I've been uncaring, unconcerned

Except at what comes dangerously close to

OVERTURNING my house of cards

Falls fast and furious

Scattering shapes of well-worn self-conceit

Blind man shook his fist and he cried

"Surely those were my rights"

As if it were as bad as that

To be condemned to doing as thou wilt

Wilt and fade away

The kernel must first

So here I wait for YouI wait for you

I wait for you all the whileMy way sucks and I don't know what to do

My way sucks and I don't know

My way sucks and so I'm giving it all to You

My way sucks and so I give

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