Bayonne

Little Comets

By the time I reach tomorrow
I won't be me any way
And I'm not collecting sorrow
Don't disengage
You can't finger what you filter
When it travels like the clouds floating away
I thought he'd never take it this far
I can see where this is going
As the undertow is pulling me down
With your cross examination
I'm receding in the teeth of your plow
But I wont dig my own graveBy the time I reach tomorrow
Will you be there in the you
Is your pride too big to swallow
Know what's true
Did you figure I would falter
When I travel like the clouds floating away
I Thought he'd never take it this far
I can feel I'm getting smaller
As your twisting every word that I say
There's a snare in the forest
Under brush where you want me to play
But I won't dig my own grave
No I won't, won't dig my own grave
Bayonne, Bayonne, Bayonne

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