Far

Forlon

Far is not the word
because I'm never far enoughI've been planning this for thirty years
no one's gonna stop me now
all I need to know is what it is
I got the balls so believe in meI've got something for you little boy
you just wanted me dead little boyI've been drinking soda for a month
just in case I need to fly
yes you never know what's gonna come
I must be ready for everythingI've got something for you little boy
you just wanted me dead little boyFar is not the word
because I'm never far enoughDown! now!
now you can say goodbye
get our of the car
you won't get rid of me so fast
and put up your hands
is not my fault
neither the summer's
nor the winters
it is your whole life!

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