A Chore

Tom Vek

In a flick of the wrist
You will not find
The sharp blade that is your mind
And you're the one who's wearing, the end is nigh
Your heart it speeds through the best of times
And we're breaking it now
And you don't really wanna know
You had believed one time
And now you want more
And what you perceive as life
Is no more than a chore
Never a safe or a right place for ever getting old
We need some room for the wings that we have grown
You're not really listening to me
You're not really listening to me
You're not really listening to me
You're not really listening
You had believed one time
And now you want more
And what you perceive as life
Is no more than a chore
You don't have what you won't have
You don't have what you don't need
You don't have what you won't have
You don't need
You don't need
Need, yeah
You had believed one time
And now you want more
And what you perceive as life
Is no more than a chore
A chore
A chore

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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