

Meantime

Hazel O'Connor

Here comes my friend Michael,
grin written over his face
Walking with a kind of a swagger,
walking with a kind of a grace
He talks the talk, he tries to walk the walk
He makes you laugh, he makes you really mad,
He'll lick you with an acid tongue
Make you feel he's right,
when you know he's wrong
He says life's a bitch and then you die,
and then you die

But in the meantime, maybe in the meantime,
he keep on smiling
In the meantime, maybe in the meantime
like Michael says it's Mardi Gras

I don't think that life's like that,
choice of word is bad
Maybe it's a kind of a lesson,
maybe it's a sort of a map
We talk the talk, we try to walk the walk
It makes you laugh, and makes you feel
like you've been had
and maybe we will live many lives

Keep coming back 'til we realize it's in our hands
We choose to do wrong or do right

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he keep on smiling
In the meantime, maybe in the meantime
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The sun comes up and the sun comes down,
in the meantime
and the world keeps turning and
we're living and learning
In the meantime
and I think of you and wonder what you're doing,
in the meantime
Do you think of me and
what there could have been in the meantime

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