

Moving in Slow

A Great Big Pile Of Leaves

Stumbling,
And having trouble holding up my head.
Flickering dots,
I got up too fast again.
Didn't see it coming,
Lost in the television.
All taste is tasteless,
When you're worrying about your death.

Where did I go?

We're missing the seasons!
Worrying about the traffic,
And accurate predictions of weather conditions.
Travel by speeding,
And grow tall but stop growing.
All taste is tasteless,
When you're worrying about your death.

Where did I go?

Where did I go?
Moving in slow.