

You mean a career?

I don't know. I've, I've thought about this quite a bit sir and
I'd have to say that considering what's waiting out there for
me. I don't want to sell anything, buy anything, or process any
thing

It's a career, you know it's a career. I don't want to do that

I was standing at the side of the room
Watching silhouettes dance on the moon
Painting cigarettes the color of the death
While I'm trying hard to catch my breath

Sleeping in but never sleeping enough
Ain't it true we always had it rough?
No one ever said that it'd be easy
But somehow you make it so

Your eyes
All white and wide
I tried to stop you twenty times
And it worked
You always came back
When did you stop coming back?

Watch me drifting into thickening fog
Adolescence warning me that it's gone
I'm a metaphor that somehow breathes
You're a question mark that I can't read

But I will answer you eventually
And when I do I promise you'll be fine
When I do I promise you'll be fine
When I do I promise you'll be fine
You'll be fine