

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 anything

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