

Upward Grind

Avail

Sally simple
Works for the symbol
She punch the clock
Without a thought
She's got the routine
Same thing every day
She wants more
But needs security

Her days come and go
She needs to be so bad
But life keeps her locked
Seems like the strain
Just can't be undone
Misled
Michael
Mumbles trouble
He's lost inside
He's down for the counts
He's growing old
His lines tell the story
Of tragedy and his life's mystery

He tried so hard to be
But william can't let go
Look to your heart and break
Some day direction will cross your path

There's no use to throw
A lifetime's effort so far
You just might need eyes
To help you see
A plan of self action

These characters
Real or fake
Some don't know
Most don't care
You and I
Time will tell
Who will dangle longer away