

Patience

Ben Weasel

I've got six guitars I can barely play,
And a questionable singing voice as well.
But I get my joy out of,
Little things like just,
Sitting here trying to play and sing.

Thinking thoughts without a brain.
Walking tight ropes without legs.
But I don't mind,
That I'm a little bit behind.
Yeah, I don't mind,
That I'm gonna have to keep on trying.

I've got a heart that's like always pure.
But I'm trying to be careful with my words.
The point of this changing,
Slowly and stupid now,
And I see so clearly in the world.

Thinking thoughts without a brain.
Walking tight ropes without legs.
But I don't mind,
That I'm a little bit behind.
Yeah, I don't mind,
That I'm gonna have to keep on trying,

I don't mind,
My untrained mind.
My drunken mind.
My wandering mind.
No, I don't mind.
My wandering mind.
No, I don't mind.
My wandering mind.