Looking out across the next few days I can see, nothing Looking out across the next few year I can see, they're gonna go by fast Looking out across the next few days Smoke's gonna clear slowly Looking out across the next few days I can see, they're gonna go by fast They're gonna go by Lying for, me So I won't hear a thing To bat me back So I'll notice some grave thing I'm not made of successful things I'm not made of successful things I'm not made of success I've got what it takes I've got what it takes To rest To rest To rest But I'm still around Looking across the faces I've know I can see Nothing Looking out across my family members I know they miss me I know they must miss me Never had a lot of fun Better things to do around the house Never had a lot of fun Better things to do without Lying for, me So I won't hear a thing To bat me back So I'll notice some grave thing I'm not made of successful things