

Piccolo Pete

Cursive

You can devote your life to trying to get it right
But what's that even mean?
You can read every book, see every film
Now if you only knew how to make up your mind

You can yell from the mountains or down the well
To the same reply
Lucky bask in white
It's the echo of mankind

All we are is all we are; so what?
The more I learn, the more I just give up

From the highest cliff, o'er the raging sea
We march single file
Try as you might to step out of line
Eventually, we're all going to take a dive

You can halt the ticking of a clock
But you can't bind the hands of time
Lucky bask in white
It complicates mankind

We're born and procreate and then we die
Everything between's just beating off
The birds fuck, the bees fuck
The flowers fuck, the trees, all wrong
Just one big happy fucking family

We're almost to the sea, I can hear the crashing tides
Baby, I wish I weren't so afraid to die
Take my hand, we'll get there side by side
We never got answers, just wrinkles and cancers
Well, here we are at the head of the line