

Two And A Half Years

Euringer

"I don't know how I got this way
But I don't mind
I remember a melody, a tune to remember (remember, remember)"

(Grab your coat
Grab your hat, baby
Leave your worries on the doorstep
Just direct your feet
On the sunny side of the street

Can't you hear a pitter-pat
And that happy tune is your step
Life can be so sweet
On the sunny side of the street

Why should you walk in the shade
Don't do it!
Take those blues, they're all on parade
Ladies and gentlemen, don't be afraid
Just be your ruler, and walk over you
If you haven't gone absurd...)

"So is that it?
Is this it?
What we've, this is what we've been waiting for?
The big fucking ending?
The big finale we've all been waiting for, for forty five goddamn minutes
Jesus Christ
I mean, I guess it's art. Feels like a whole lot of bullshit to me
I think you spent too much time on it, you thought about it way too much
You thought you were being poetic, and artistic, but instead, it's just a big fuckin' mess
How do you expect me to wrap this up and make sense of anything?
I mean, Christ, have you even listened to any of this?
How long have you been working on this, two and a half years?
Are you kidding me?
This is what you did for two and a half years?
If anybody remembers you after this shit, I will be really fucking surprised"

"Hey, c'mon, Jimmy, lighten up. C'mon, sit down, where're you going"...