

Better Not Butter

Ghostpoet

So it seems the world ain't stopped, it's moving on
Why ain't I following suit?
These cars, those clothes, that jewellery crap
I think it's swallowing you
And I pray that tomorrow will start out better
But we know we're joining a queue, of some sort
And every time I put my card in the cash machine
Those notes are going to you
And you and you and you and you and you

Get up, get out, tag-along
We're searching for a city called Better
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Not Butter but Better

I'm afraid I'm just a man after all
Weak and battered and bruised
Though I try to move on up, stay positive
Maybe I'm destined to lose
No I won't give it up, break down, spray pepper
Fortune may favour the brave
And every time I stay true it's a notch for me
I'm focused and trying to wait
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