

Undertaker

Ginger Root

With or without my understanding
Of how I might be today
Simple or not, I've got to hold on
To all of my early days

Spilling my cup though it's just half empty
Running out of walking space
Giving advice I've yet to call mine
Might as well have no face

I don't know whether it's my fault
You know that she'll be there too
If you go down that same old road

Filling my time with exaggeration
Put on my resume
And I've got to get rid of that undertaker
He's ruling my world today

See, I don't know whether it's my fault
You know that she'll be there too
If you go down that same old road

It does not hurt yourself to try
We'll get through this, just you and I
It does not hurt yourself to try

I'm singing in this mahjong room
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