

Nothing New

Gob

another dollar fifty another ride on the bus the seat left alone
is still warm the person next to me talks to me as if he knows me
but that's ok i don't mind i look out the window while he talks
on i do the usual try to figure out what these people do.
in their own solitude some seem so plain some seem so lonesome
lost depressed and true it's all inside of you.
wandering and waiting all your life for something new to change you
but it all seems to turn in circles nothing's new finding
and learning all you need is something to guide you nothings
stimulates no inspiration