

Fortunate Friends

Into It. Over It.

Saw you leaving early when you showed up late
After a welcome so changed
To think of better days that put a smile on my face
I'd like to walk around inside your shoes
Between your sewing circle and the truth
Passing credentials through a status you've assumed
But I'd rather spend my time on my focus and peace of mind
Going out instead of sitting on the couch

You can't reinvent this right
I swear there's really more to life
But you're so stuck inside your head
It's a curse to where your days will end

Saw you leaving early when you showed up late
So changed
You're picking up the pace
Into a crusade of being fake
Do we base our judgment on what we're calling art?
A show of hands and some fortunate friends
To swear at the starving part

I'd like to walk around inside your shoes
Between the sewing circle and the truth
We all have nothing to lose
It's too bad I need something to prove
It's a crusade of being fake
It's a crusade of being fake
Inside your head

You can't reinvent this right
I swear there's more to life
But you're so stuck inside your head
A curse to where your days will end