

## Writer's Block

Just Jack

I get this writer's block, it comes as quite a shock,  
And now i'm stuck between a hard place and the biggest rock,  
In my own head consumed. I sit back in my room,  
Its like the tapestries of life get tangled in the loom,  
I'm like a butterfly, caught in a hurricane,  
My pulse is quickening as my heart plays a new refrain

Im lovin' Mary Jane, flyin' with Lois Lane,  
On board a bullet train  
Don't know yet if i'm glad i came  
Don't know yet if i'm glad i came  
Don't know yet if i'm glad i came  
Don't know yet if i'm glad i came

Sometimes at night i think too much,  
About life and love and music and stuff

I'm livin' in the past,  
My clocks an hour fast,  
Should really go and make a coffee but i can't be arsed,  
I've lost my mobile phone,  
You'll have to call my home,  
On second thoughts just leave a message when you hear the tone,

My grimy windows show the early morning glow,  
Another day, another dollar in my one man show,

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On board a bullet train  
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I fell out with Mary Jane, I don't speak to Lois Lane and i mis  
sed that bullet train  
But now i know i'm glad i-  
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