My ideas like highs
they come and they go
it seems I've forgotten what I need to know
I feel I'm wasting time at night when I sleep
someone so shallow that's in so deep
So I patch the holes that yet haven't appeared
completely blinded but things are so clear
I know just what to do but why the fuck should I bother
I'm content sitting at the right hand of our father
Fuckin A is all I got to say
give me peace of mind and I'll be on my way
I was born into this world and I don't know why
so all I'm doing's passing time before I die