

Old Tape

Lucius

The critic mind is here today
The same old thing as yesterday
In the shower, the yard and on the bike
It's cold as ice

Spoil the picnic, spoil the fun
Spoiling ad nauseam
In the universe the clouds are clear
And my baby's here

The sorry words I tell myself
(Spinning again, I'm spinning again)
The ancient thoughts of someone else
(Spinning again, I'm spinning again)

And once in a while
You turn up the dial
To an old tape playing in my head
To an old tape playing in my head
I'll tune it out and live instead
I'll tune it out and live instead

What did I find in a broken heart?
A pig, a dig and a faulty start
You're more gentle than I'll ever be
So be gentle with me

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