

## 2 Steps

### Mars III

He sits in the barrel's bottom  
Apple rotten, roach infested alley  
Starting fights with every Harry, Dick and Tom with broken snapple bottle  
Gladly crawling back to underneath his rock and  
Roll the dice with prostitutes and thieves  
Who smoke his filtered brand of breath of life  
He left his wife for every night  
She kept him from these glamorous rights  
Of passage now each bite he takes just keeps him famished  
Damaged seasons turn the leaves black  
And the winter burns the skyline  
Time and time again, talked to God  
And asked the sun to shine again  
But see, he wants a quick response  
Right now, he's used to fast food  
Doesn't realize the chick with the tattoos  
Will fit the glass shoes  
Now it's a minute after midnight and his riches back to rags  
Back masking records on his phonograph as he holds his flask  
Yelling "you don't know the half!", track mind that got distracted  
And when he punched you in the face, perhaps he just over-reacted  
Blast the music, let him lose himself in each and every measure  
He just wants it to get better  
He just wants it to get better

It's just another hustle  
It's just another lonely night  
Just another day of shuffling his feet and living his life  
It's just a harsh reality that nothing comes for free  
He's just another couple steps from where he needs to be

It's just another hustle  
It's just another lonely night  
Just another day of shuffling his feet and living his life  
It's just a slap in the face to let him know nothing's for free  
He's just another couple steps from where he needs to be

She stands on the platform, glances at the headlines and waits for the train  
Just for fun she looks at strangers tries to match each face with a name  
Hears a bum placing the blame on the government so she laughs  
To herself, looks to the glass, and watches the city fly past  
It's been a long week, maybe tonight she'll meet Mr. "What's the difference?"

At some local social breeding ground, there's no need to get needy now  
Sees these clowns and imagines the dimensions of her companion  
Tonight could be Mr. right, could just be that last man standing  
She's got "independent woman" tattooed in bold across her shoulders  
The sole controller, but she still likes someone to hold her  
She sees the bottom of the glass now, drinks too much and blacks out  
Wouldn't surprise her too much to wake up inside of a crackhouse  
Packs two in a bed with a stranger, pack of cigarettes and a lighter  
Just before she matches a name with his face as he lies beside her

Burns a cancer stick or two before she gathers her things together  
Yeah, she wishes it was better

It's just another couple weekends  
Just another couple bars  
Just a notch upon a bedpost, just a wish upon a star  
Just another couple heartbreaks till she finds just what she needs  
She's just another couple steps from where she needs to be  
He steps right through that door  
Drops his bags and his heart on the floor  
He embraces her embrace till she can't take it anymore  
Puts his faith in her face waits to exhale that first kiss  
Pale from the wishes he'd get back for all the memories that he missed  
The blistering pace that moves him cross the globe to God knows wherever  
Never knew he'd have the daisy-chain those loose ends back together  
Never knew love like this, never knew sacrifice before  
It's his first chance to pass his life out at your local record store  
Holds his lifetime in his arms then he kisses her goodnight  
Wipes the dreams from his daughters face to let her know that she's all right  
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On his flight, grips tattered edges of a picture framed in fingerprints  
A single glimpse of innocence, and a 60 second phone call seems infinite  
All said and done wrong, gone in an instant  
For the man with physical form who's heart beats with the speed of an infant  
Typical storm weather with an aftertaste, adrenaline letdown  
After the show, 3 hours of sleep, see how far that we can get now  
Get down to business, get the crowd hyped, get the party started  
Get back home to his wife and show these people where his heart is  
He pities the heartless, the man who can't see each tree for the forest  
He masterminds the revolution while he's takin out the garbage  
Drops his carcass in his favorite chair and wonders if he can make it there  
He looks each brand new day square in the face with a vacant stare  
He lays it bare on the records to pull this whole world back together  
He just wants to make it better

It's just another couple days  
Just another couple shows  
Just another couple hundred miles on this road  
Just another "i'm sorry baby till I set these people free"  
I'm just another couple steps from where I need to be

It's just another couple days  
Just another couple shows  
Just another couple hundred thousand miles on this road  
Just another "i'm sorry baby till I set these people free"  
I'm just another couple steps from where I need to be

I'm just another couple steps from where I need to be