

Ball Blues

Pile

Now it's really moving for you and all those clippings you saved
Are you sticking with the plan or moving into said cave
Or you can drag that mannequin by the ankles
Through all the streets that you paved

I shined the butler's shoes and smiled 'til my teeth began to rot
I spent about three whole years explaining what I was not
I've made plenty of mistakes already but that's the best one I've got
I'd sing a hymn for the dead if I thought that they'd be waking up
Turning on
But they've got keeping to do

I've come close but I know I'll never get it
Whatever it was a month from now won't amount to shit
I think I'll still somehow find a reason that won't leave me dead