

## Stuck

Puffball

In poleposition everything looked great.  
I was immortal, to win was my fate.  
I could have slowed down but the pace felt fine.  
I look back but I won't allow myself to whine.

IT'S ALWAYS EASY TO BE SMART  
WHEN THINGS ARE DONE.  
NOW I'M STUCK AND MORE  
LOCKED UP THAN A CON.

I was drunk, eager to be brave.  
One jump and I'm tied down like a slave.  
And now I roll through everyday.  
I can't move but I'm alive anyway.

IT'S ALWAYS EASY...