

What's the Use?

Sam Brown

I'll blow you from this planet like a rocket
With a few wicked lashes of my tongue
I won't stop 'til you're long dead and forgotten
I'll squash you 'twixt my finger and my thumb
I could try to help or I could try to understand
If I extend myself I know that you'll do something underhand

What's the use... you're way beyond redemption
What's the use... forget divine intervention
What's the use in saving you... what's the use

One day you will just wither and droop over
You'll shrivel up and crumble like a leaf
You'll be left alone like Scrooge with all your money
To expire with your hollow weak beliefs
I could try to help or I could try to understand
If I extend myself I know that you'll do something underhand

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