

One Rung

Slobberbone

Now it's 3 AM,
And the walls are closing in
I can hear them whisper, "That fool,
He's done it again
"

The air has turned cold,
But I can't reach my window
So I lay here twisted, and I
Pray for the dreams to flow

Another day done;
Plenty of work, no fun,
And in a bottle or a T.V. dinner
Solace comes

One bad day leads to more,
Like the one drink that you pour,
And becomes a lifetime of hopes
And dreams ignored

I never made any specific plans
I'd always said you knew I was just a simple man
And I never made any deals with you
I never knew that I needed to

You spend your whole life waiting for something to change
Something or someone to come around and rearrange
You spend your whole damn life trying to climb just one rung,
With nothing to do, if it never comes