

# Discipline

Squeeze

Discipline  
Hanging on by a drawing pin  
Can't seem to plan anything  
These days with-out a script

Discipline  
Finds me in the state I'm in  
I can't lose  
I can't win these days

When time will drip into a great big bowl  
That then gets mixed  
Like the ingredients of a cake  
I find myself so transfixed on the time  
That it's going to take to bake

Discipline  
I wish I could shed my skin  
Find another to get in these days without a shape  
Discipline  
Could be to me my everything  
Be the bell that I will ring these days

When life slips like a plate  
Fate is just the fence I'm leaning on  
Nothing to do all day  
What will I do when the fence is gone  
Will I get blown away, some day?

Discipline  
Could give me the very thing  
That the bee gives with its sting  
These days when success is shy  
Discipline  
Put my heart in-to a sling  
Bury my head beneath your wing  
These days

That seem to fly, temper the tongue  
That wags just like a tail  
That will in turn wag the dog  
How far can I go from beyond the pale  
Before I fall from the log, whole hog

Discipline  
Wound up like a bedstead spring  
Taking each day as it begins  
These days I can't complain  
Discipline  
Could be to me my everything  
Be the bell that I will ring these days  
When life spins like a plate  
Fate is just the fence I'm leaning on  
Having nothing to do all day  
What will I do when the fence is gone  
Will I get blown away, some day?  
Discipline, ooooh... ooooh  
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