Looking for Something to Follow

Swingin' Utters

i try to bless myself with boredom
but i still feel cursed and burdened
every day is trying on me
why, i can't say, why i can't just be

there's always something missing still
i can't find my place or will
i keep on keepin' on the wheel
like a lab-rat, sick and ill

there's no tomorrow
just endless sorrow
give me an answer
that i can borrow
and give back to you
some other day
oh, if you would just show me the way

i count the minutes, hours and days, dear
the weeks out of months and into years, dear
i've got so much left to give
but for what do i really have to live

effortless days that while away
while i sit drinking in the shade
all i want is to appreciate
to get myself to that perfect place

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