

## The Dustbin of History

## The Mr. T Experience

You don't have to worry now  
It's never again again  
You don't have to figure it out  
You wouldn't know where to begin  
It's so simple, but neither of us know  
What might have been  
'Cause you saw through the label  
And you saw through the skin  
When you saw through the cable  
I won't see you again  
You can count on your pebbles  
And your night will wear of  
A package of devils to open it up

If life can't (?) headed down the slide  
Then that's one truth that can never be denied  
Now we'll need a map to find the other side.  
It's not exactly what you had in mind.  
Well you can sign me  
Cue where you'll find me  
In the dustbin of history

Where what you thought was almost gone  
Keeps going on and on and on  
You say that you'd rather not say  
You say everybody was loved  
Now you're looking for anything at all to hang it on  
And you're at the foundation  
And you're making a mess

When you finish erasing  
There won't be much left.  
Welcome to obsolescence.  
It's kind of the thrill.  
One of life's little lessons happening still

We'll steal your old illustrious career  
It feels so cold and sounds so insincere  
But then you might just hold on for another year  
And when it's over I'll be waiting here  
But you whenever  
We'll be together  
In the dustbin of history

History (3x)