

Take Your Time

The Pale White

I have serious comedian syndrome
I float wherever the laughter blows
'Til I'm the brunt of the joke

What day is it?
I could've sworn it was yesterday
There's not enough hours in the week
To keep the wolf from the door

I guess this could be the last time
That our retinas taste the sunshine
I guess this could be the last time
That our feet still touch the ground
So take your time
Take your time

Each day, I cook my food in the microwave
And watch the sand trickle through the hourglass
Fingers on the pulse, there's no sign of life

It's the way it is
We just get caught up in the mundane
If looks could kill, hindsight is to blame
As it looks me up and down

Oh, I'm sick of hearing the grass could be greener on the other
side
Things could be cleaner, there's rats under the shed, but we're
alive
It's a good life

Take your time
Take your time

Because this could be the last time
That you talk over the punch line
There's a toaster in the bathroom
Think I hear the smoke alarm
So take your time
Take your time