

Forget the Rhyme

The Screaming Jets

So tell me how you feel?
Is it all too real?
And take your chance, spin the wheel
Your numbers add up roughly
Last night's solution: a cigarette dream
You wake up with a head full of nothing

Don't waste time, make a life, a life, a life
It's yours, not mine, so you better think twice
Each day is a new day in everybody's book
You can either read it or write it
Sometimes you know you can go out too far
Sit back to take your time to write it

The cancer a grace, the juice of the slave who works for the sweat of another
Consuming his part, till all joy is past, knows no brother, sister or lover

Sell your soul for six pence, treat friends as good guides, erase memories
Follow big dreams

Count down the time, here in the showers of rage without reason or forgiveness
First step out, then step in, it's good to see all the happiness you bring