

Don't Get Too Comfortable

The Sword

The gentle summer breeze
Becomes the chilling wind of fall
And nothing seems to last as long
As the wait for winter's thaw
Time is a mortal's master
Just a word to the wise
Don't get too comfortable
It'll cut you down a size

If nothing seems to go your way
No matter what you choose
You might think you shouldn't press your luck
But what have you got to lose?
If you're sleeping on the street
Or sitting high on a throne
Don't get too comfortable
You might not be there long

The truth is hard to see, my friend
From where you choose to view
But just because you don't want it to be
Doesn't mean it isn't true
From joy and happiness
To heartbreak and pain
Don't get too comfortable
Nothing stays the same