

Wasted Soul

The Tangent

The more I think about it, the more confusing
And every time I try - it still makes no sense
I put one foot in front of the other
Take a step and then take another
Keep my body on the move and make it right

The more I get frustrated, the less I get "out there"
The less I get out there, well you can guess!
'Cos I live my life in Catch 22
And when I look around I guess that so do you
But if we keep on moving it will be alright

Sometimes in the morning I just feel like a Wasted Soul
Sometimes when the demons have no funk left
To plug the holes

Some day in the future gonna end this lockdown
Gonna be a party right across the world
We're gonna sing songs and get real elated
Hold hands. God, how we've waited!
Take this cuffed up world and make it right!