

Fruition

The Wild Reeds

I used to love excuses then I realized they play no part
In real life that's conducive to the dream which I work hard
To bring fruition, to finish in good light
And the laziness behind me wasted all my precious time

I wasted all my precious time
Then I realized I'm not looking for happiness
I'm looking for work

Oh, oh
Oh, oh

Check under the mats, behind the doors, and in-between
The alleyways and gutters that proclaim our lives less clean
If you're looking you won't find it so it's best to be content
With the shortcomings and fallouts we now look back and resent

Oh, and I resent
When I realize I'm not looking for happiness
I'm looking for worth

Oh, oh
Oh, oh

If you expect something simple
Like love, or a song to
Bring you lasting happiness
Well you ought to try not to

For I've learned it's much harder
To pay attention, to work smarter
Through the life choices we make
You can't expect to make a mistake

I am not looking
For lasting happiness
For if it was there all the time, Dear
Then this world would be bliss

Would there be something missing?
Something missing from all of this?
What would make the good times good?
And the bad times necessary to get through?

I know I'll get there, I've been working harder
When I realized I wasted my time

Oh, oh
Oh, oh

I'm only trying to make more minutes
If I could figure out how to stretch it
There'd be time for all the love
In the room