

Mission Drive

The Wonder Stuff

My Mission Drive, is to open up my eyes,
and I don't care who wants to stare these days.
To realize, to be brought back down to size,
the wicked lies and all the shite you say.
I'm not losing my mind,
no I'm not changing my lines,
I'm just learning new things with the passage of time.
I'm looking on the bright side,
I wear it like a bruise,
I've never loved Elvis,
and I've never sung the blues.
I'm thinking of another man,
I remind myself of him,
I wear him like a hairstyle,
or a stain upon my skin,
but, my flesh is getting cleaner,
and my hair is growing thin.