

## A Chore

Tom Vek

In a flick of the wrist  
You will not find  
The sharp blade that is your mind  
And you're the one who's wearing, the end is nigh...

Your heart it speeds through the best of times  
And we're breaking it now  
And you don't really wanna know.

You have believed one time,  
And now you want more  
Of what you perceive as life  
Is no more than a chore!

Never a safe for a right place for ever getting old,  
We need some room for the wings that we have grown.

You're not really listening to me!  
You're not really listening to me!  
You're not really listening to me!  
You're not really listening...

You have believed one time  
And now you want more  
Of what you perceive as life  
Is no more than a chore!

You don't have what you won't have,  
You don't have what you don't need,  
You don't have what you won't have,  
You don't need...  
You don't need...  
Need, yeah!

You have believed one time,  
And now you want more  
Of what you perceive as life  
Is no more than a chore!  
A chore...!  
A chore...