

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...