

Brook & Waxing

WHY?

Pray hard like a pious pope
But hope for no diamonds
If some divine simon spoke
Or came down to find us
Caught here in our lab coats
But without a science
Would we see light
Oh, I might decide

While I'm alive I'll feel alive
And what's next I guess I'll know when I've, gotten there

Am I careful till past dull?
Will be is or has been
Oh I'm waxing as in half-full
Lit with candles lasting
Born lonesome, bald and bashful
With a nasty natty accent
On the east side
Oh I can decide

While I'm alive I'll feel alive
And what's next I guess I'll know when I've gotten there