

## 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