

Stepping Into Line

Madness

I didnt want to,
Leave you behind,
But your clothes werent stepping,
Into line.
Too much self pity,
Not enough nitty griity
And just when you were looking pretty
Pretty boring, pretty drab, out of date, colors bad,

You should know it stays the same.
No individuals things ever change.
But oif its new, its in the past.
Everything goes by so fast.
Upstaged by the supporting cast.
Dont ask the girlfreind to throw it away,
It'll be in fashion by next Friday,
Hoping our clothes have something say

Take It Away!

haha...

The in vogue clock goes spinning round
Space age fasion lifts off the ground
Just accept the new faith
Try and look common place
Instead of looking out of place

But cant you see I'm staying still, that rich little bastards
made me Ill,
Ill, ILL!