

Mother is this my gift flowing in nature
Like the Buddha accepting the term
This is destruction the theory creation
And the people watch what they want
Thank you but I'm well enough by now

Though I'd like to change into someone better
Someone mother would never know
This is mutation, self-mutilation
And the purge of love it costs too much
Thank you but I'm well enough I know

I say I'm lost cause I'm lazy
Say I'm caught but I'm not
It's an excuse not even my own
I picked it up to be left alone

Now I'm in the presence the greatest indifference
Being wise being old
They can find you out when you get too loud
And you start to weep for love and peace
Thank you but I'm well enough I know

I say I'm lost and I may be
I say I'm caught but I'm not
It's an excuse not even my own
I picked it up to be left alone

I say I'm lost and I may be
Say I'm caught but I'm not
It's an excuse not even the truth
I picked it up to get away from you