

All This time  
All This worry  
All This way to go For nothin'

What's the sense  
Of the hurry  
You tell me If you Sense somethin'

I dreamed a lot when I was younger  
I'm older now and still I hunger  
For some understanding  
There's no understanding, now  
Was there ever?

One thin line  
Draws the border  
Between madness And the genius  
But no pen can erase it  
So we keep these things Between us

I dreamed a lot when I was younger  
I'm older now and still I hunger  
For some understanding  
There's no understanding, now Was there ever?

'And my front brain would not accept my thinker See? No kiddin'