

I say goodbye to my favorite time of day  
Watch the sun drop and dusk fade  
Another two dozen hours go by  
And times going quicker at forty five  
When I was young I wanted life to go fast  
Always in a hurry to see what's next  
Maybe if I could slow time down  
I might shake loose this reoccurring frown

Vacuum me in a deep freeze

Calling a truce with this ghost that I fought  
And just chill with what I got  
Breaking it down to see where I stand  
It's all pretty grand

Periodically I find myself pissed off  
Though never quite sure about which I bug caught  
Very few things in my life are bad  
Some bad shit happens to that other half  
Don't want to appear that I ain't grateful  
It's all gravy when you terminate the bull shit  
Hurdles that come up running the track  
Are best dealt with a calm state of attack

Rest assured so be understood  
It's all pretty good

Feet planted on my own holy land