

# Walls In Time

Bob Mould

Is it a crime, to want to show your soul  
We've wasted our time, another black hole  
This guide is not even lost, not even sure  
Now find the disease or the cure

Has life lost all it's glory and wonder  
Sad tales are told again and again  
Sleep toss and turn my old bed  
What a tale, again and again

Now all the stories of the world could fit in a building  
In a building high and wide  
Well it's filed under headings  
That no one's quite sure of  
But lord knows that everyone tried

When the pen meets the paper  
When the mind, it begins to stray  
How a should can lose it's will to explain  
Oh explain, again and again  
Day after day, day after day, day after day.

Oh, oh, no no no

We all cry once in a while  
It doesn't fit well with your smile  
But then are those tears, are they for real  
Again and again it's how you feel

If I was losing life, when picked from the ground  
A nice arrangement for the occasion  
But when flowers when moved from place to place  
Lose all meaning, dislocation, dislocation  
Oh ah, no now

When a sleepless night  
A flame attempts to spark us all  
We might burn, candle light  
A waste of time, another dead soul  
If these walls around my soul could talk  
The words would lose importance  
Within these walls I hold  
So hear these words

We all want to leave a mark somewhere  
With those of us who feign to care  
If all fortune it's times we find a way  
To build up these walls in time, to build up these walls in time.

Is it a crime?