

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?