

Wonder What's Next

Chevelle

It sometimes feels like a burden,
I want to succeed,
Is this a good quality,
I wonder what's next,
Nothing.

More and more it's an animal,
Waiting to be seen,
Faced with someone's failures.
A sickening sight, indeed, indeed, indeed.

In the beginning it seems that no one
Thinks beyond having fun which is why
You write music in the first place always
Moving, refining, pushing forward the art
That one's creating, looking to the right
Time to share it, and then the headaches
Of criticism senior advisors unseen people
Above twisting and distorting that which we
Love, and never ending problems with
Money holding you back preventing progress
I thought you only started 'cause it was fun.

We play the blaming game,
Yes I mind, its not your turn.
We play the blaming game,
Yes I mind, its not your turn.

We play the blaming game,
Yes I mind, its not your turn.
We play the blaming game,
Yes I mind, its not your turn.

I wonder...
I wonder...
What's next.

'Cause we play the blaming game,
Yes I mind, its not your turn.
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Yes I mind, its not your turn.
We play the blaming game,
Yes I mind, its not your turn.

We play the blaming game...
We play the blaming game.