

## Decisions

D.R.I.

You ask me questions I can't answer  
Give me problems I can't solve  
Offer suggestions I can't respect  
Is there anything at all?  
You give me reasons for your ideas  
All the facts behind your thoughts  
Tell me of your observations  
And count the number of my faults

I hide a smile, I wear a frown  
Always wanting to play the clown  
I make my plan, I lose a chance  
As I perform a long death dance  
Life or death, it's all straight up  
Make my choice, and throw it up  
Shot glass full, down the hatch  
My mind's made up, no second chance

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