

## Rock with my band

Deep Insight

How did I become so fat?  
And where was my faith when I was losing track?  
So when did life begin to treat us bad?  
My face looks pretty old and I've got pain in my back

Well, maybe next season, will bring me a reason  
To put on my Speedo, go out in the sun  
Have fun; I'm done

And I'm trying to rock with my band, hiding my insecurity  
I'm holding my pose, oh Lord, I wanted to believe  
I've got to rock before this body gets colder

I'm riding on a wave of misfortune  
It feels like I'm living my life on distortion  
I might as well just work for my pension  
They've got me detected, my mortgage rejected

Well, maybe next season, will bring me a reason  
To grow up and return  
Return to the fold; I'm old

And I'm trying to rock with my band, hiding my insecurity  
I'm holding my pose, oh Lord, I wanted to believe  
I've got to rock before this body gets colder

I need to stop looking over my shoulder

I'm not easily troubled  
'Cause I've locked my pain in a bubble  
And I'm through solving the riddle  
My smile keeps holding on

And I'm trying to rock with my band, hiding my insecurity  
I'm holding my pose, oh Lord, I wanted to believe  
I've got to rock before this body gets colder