

11;57

Elemeno P

Another day slips away and I gotta wonder
Lying here in my bed do I even care
Everyday seems the same, seems so paint by numbers

Early bird catches the worm is what the people tell me
Put on a face, put on a suit and then you'll be someone
I live for fun, live for One, live for little wonders

It's 11.57
And I'm running out of time
Pick me up and turn me on
Out of luck I'm out of my mind
Running out of time

Broken man with a pen and a piece of paper
Rolls the dice, takes a hit but he didn't care
Takes a card, takes your lies takes your name and number

Given what I got, got a lot, got a situation
Taken from the top, at the top it couldn't it be so bad
Lost the shirt and tie cause that style doesn't qualify me.