

Free

Felt

If i want it
I will take it
If i need it
Then it's mine
I will live it
I will die for it
Have no expression for remorse

I don't want to
Be a party to
All this evil
You're putting out
I don't want you
I don't even like you
But you're useful
So you can stay
But just for a while
Until it's time
It's time
To get myself on the road

Maybe i'll go see
An old friend
Who i haven't been with
For many years
We used to write songs
Had our own band
He didn't like it much
So he left
But i'm still here
And it's time
It's time
To take a look at myself
It's time
It's time
To jump right down off the shelf
To get dusted
To get even
Even more

I look at you now with scorn
The cap that fits you is well worn
You are no beauty
You ain't got no style
You got nothing
Worthwhile