

Not Me Not You

George

It's time you knew the blank walls that stare
are painted with a painful hue.
There's doors and stairs and chairs,
But which ones do I use?

Is there nothing to say, nothing to do?
'cause it's not me and it's not you
but it is true.
Is there nothing to do?

Signs of life,
poke through the mists of desires,
pleasure ruins the stamp of survival is screwed
What is old is thrown out to give life to what's new.

Is there nothing to say, nothing to do?
'cause it's not me and it's not you
but it is true.
Is there nothing to do?

Is it an age
where truth is a cancer round the corner
of the words we spoke too soon?
Or a poor man's madness on a journey to the moon?