

It's the Life

Grant Lee Buffalo

If the life you have created
Has buried you with luxuries out-dated
And you ask what is the purpose
Too weak to claw your way up to the surface

You resent all of your trophies
They belittle human spirit like a timepiece
That is ticking in your breast pocket
And so you long to reach in and stop it

Then your heart it will be broken
And every sour word that you have spoken
About everybody else
Will return to act upon yourself

If the life you have created
Is founded on jealousy and hatred
It's too late to ask questions
For you're much too old to take any suggestions

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