

Too many questions
But no one seems to know
The value of the answers
Too many fingers and all pointed back at me
Is it because I was the one who pointed mine first?
I see a problem but maybe it's part of me
Excuses without reasons
I have a conscious inspiring to be
More than a thought that's burning deep inside of me

I see a doorway and I fumble for a key
How many turns until it opens?
And what will it reveal?
I'm at the center, or is it left of me
When will it open?

On the surface, the smile evades the truth
The words are even cheaper
I ask for something impossible to give
And sit back and watch it all go