

## The End

Hot Water Music

If I could just begin  
To forget where I have been  
Maybe we wouldn't be here,  
But I pace withing a haze.  
I keep bumping into days  
And waiting for them to end.

These complicated words are coming down.  
I've searched for them so long it's comical  
These complicated words are coming down.  
And I've been searching so long.

I've been tounge-tied, tired and sick.  
Like I'm training for the end.  
I have been gasping for air,  
I've been training for the end.

And I should've known better,  
But I thought we were clear  
(there I go thinking again).  
Now look at our broken bones,  
They want to heal but they don't,  
We've nothing but tape to mend them