

## What You Will

Humble Pie

Thinking of the past I feel my life  
Is slipping by at such a speed  
Things I knew have gone and those I loved  
I look for granted and deceived  
Call me anything you will  
I'll hide behind a purple pill  
And though it seems I'm laughing still  
I'm crying  
Looking from my window I see winter  
Almost too bare to believe  
People change with seasons  
And I wonder if it's my turn to receive  
But they avoid the things I ask  
Or quickly change their style of mask  
The faith I had is fading fast  
I'm dying  
Seems to me the only way to be  
Is like a business man  
And have bad colours round my head  
Getting drunk to find some peace of mind and consolation  
But there's still the problem of what happens when I'm dead