

From Our T.V. Teens to the Tomb

Maria McKee

Singing rare has it's season
I've been careful just trying to get it right
Lyric fair, beauty sublime
Such an opus is way ahead of time

I am full of grand ideas
I've been perfecting them for years

Large as life, with a purpose
Are we finally gonna play a gig
Is it time, been rehearsing five years
Still a way to go, better cancel it

We plan, waiting for a break
One can't rush into these things

And we believed our mothers hung the moon
We stayed asleep, forgetting what we knew
And we will dream and never leave our rooms
From our TV Teens to the tomb

When I'm dead I'll be discovered
They'll write a book about my life, my lovers
A masterpiece isn't born in a day
I'm so ambitious I hid myself away

I'd fly, the envy of all man
If I had guts to lift a pen

When we were kids, delusion served us well
But then we split to make fools of ourselves
And we will dream and never leave the shelf
From our TV Teens to the tomb

We're still holding out our cups
We will never give it up

And we believed our mothers hung the moon
We stayed asleep, forgetting what we knew
And we will dream and never leave our rooms
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