

100 Years

Masters of Reality

I found my place in bed
Three feet beneath your head
I wanted to stay home
And I couldn't think of nothing new

I moved like syrup (slow)
I moved I didn't know
I'd took off from my faith
And I couldn't think of nothing new

Boo hoo boo hoo boo hoo

Waiting waiting
I'd been called down
Waiting waiting
Would I rebound
Waiting waiting

I found my place in bed
Three feet beneath your head
I wanted to stay home
And I couldn't think of nothing new
Boo hoo boo hoo boo hoo