

Household

Patrice

You see a million uses
In each household that you see yes
No matter how obtuse it is
Need to get all the vagaries
Think it over now
'coz it ain't all the no-how

been a revolution
in this tidy life of mind
and there's no institution
could fight the old divine

You don't wanna rise
Because you're scared of falling
Perfer to remain down
With you feet stuck to the ground

Pull you into places
Where you don't belong
Into spaces
Where you don't come from
Isn't it amazing
The way we carry on
Try to leave traces
When we are gone

The fickle man's feet
Are fancy free
But that quick buzz
It ain't for me
And there ain't a man's feast
That's for free
And that's because
I believe
That I've seen all the fruit
And you've seen me
And I know that I've been
And I feel weak

Pull you into places
Where you don't belong
In spaces
Where you don't come from
Isn't it amazing
The way we carry on
Try to leave traces
When we are gone

You don't wanna rise
Because you're scared of falling
Prefer to remain down
With your feet stuck in the ground
But what if the ground you're
Standing on starts falling?
You disappear
Without a sound

Pull you into places
Where you don't belong
Into spaces
Where you don't come from
Isn't amazing
The way we carry on
Try to leave traces
When we are gone