

One By One

Poison Idea

I can stare at the second hand
And it seems to say
"hey fucker. what are you staring at?"
And I look at the minute hand
And I say to him
"hey man, why do you move so slow?"
Well you know what I'm feeling
But its not what it seems to be
Cuz time it's not on my side
Time's made a fool of me now
What am I doing?
You think you've got it now
Instead of me and how
But sometimes I like to take a minute out
And look back at all the things
I could do, and will do
Is it worth it?
The pressure is built up
From all around but when
They finally sink in
Without a sound again
Night and day is all the same
For your gain
I soiled my name
Can't you see what you've done?
For your own amusement
You've had fun
They say bad things come in three's
But they seem to come one by one to me