

Pockets Full Of Ink

Radical Face

The rain clouds chased me down
And now I hang from a thread
Could you put down the scissors?

It's time I pull the plug
But I never learn
And I never listen

Revolution hums my tune
It's never the same
It's never that different
And when the cavalry comes for you
You can try to explain
But it's been useless
There's nothing that you can do

Wasted days
Such a lazy turn of phrase
And the acting
Was never deep
Soulless rain quits

Pockets full of ink
My shoes have no soles
My head is a mess now
Got their claws in me
I can't shake them loose
So I follow procedure

And I'll bottle it up
Ship it out
Cut my loss
Play the game
Fill the graph
Make my pitch
Show some chart
Wow the crowd
Pack my bags
But it's all a waste of time in the end
And now
I'm working on losing

Lost our pace
Question marks fill all the blanks
If you pay attention
To what you're missing
You won't recover

Off the tracks
The train has slipped and crashed
But the beauty
Is in the struggle
Makes it worth the trouble