

You lie for it, you'd die for it
But there's always something in your way
You count on it, go down on it
Still they judge you by the way you play.
You pray for it, you're late for it
You finally get there as they pull away
You plan on it, lay hands on it
You can have it all but not today.
You spend your time
Deciding routes with lines
There's no more time
Fore corners it the lines.
Your pathway grows dark
Was clear at the start
You're not, you're not
You're not alone
You take a hit, it hurts a bit
But here is something that will ease your pain.
There's more to it we all do it
We all do it but in different ways.
We spend our time
Shortening lines
There's no more time
To spend too long on the lines,
Your pathway grows dark
Was clear at the start
You're not, you're not
You're not alone