

The Speakeasy

Smoke or Fire

I've got a lot of pain.
I've got some problems to solve
Some are in my body,
Most are in my head and my thoughts.
I see a sad world struggling
Everyday to be sane.
Wanting to be part of something good,
But where to begin.
A little taste of something bitter
Sure to kill off the pain.
We find remedy to separate
Our heart from our brain.

Can we change our ways?
As we waste the days,
This is better than you care to admit.
In the haze we live,
We all start to believe sometimes
Its better when there is nothing to feel.
This us all trying not to be sober,
Until we find ourselves a better way to live.
This us all trying not to be sober,
An remain indifferent.

Some are searching for the answers
In a bottle of pills, under religion,
Under bodies, or a pile of bills.
All affected way to easy
By the love and the hate.
Pick your poison, it the only way
We can pretend that we all have nothing to fear.
Because we all have someone to fear.
And on day you will see that your enemy
Is staring at you in the mirror.

Can we change our ways?
As we waste the days,
This is better than you want to admit.
In this shame we live,
We all start to believe sometimes
It's better when there is nothing to feel.
This us all trying not to be sober,
Until we find ourselves a better way to live.
This us all trying not to be sober,
An remain indifferent.