

## Final Hours

Ten Foot Pole

I knew the day would come  
Maybe this would be the one  
Where I would say good-bye  
I've tried to understand  
The law of supply and demand  
But it does no good to wonder why  
I wonder if my number is really up this time  
There were other times before  
When I thought it was over  
Somehow I made it this far  
Won't be lucky forever  
These could be the final hours  
I wish I could say I feel  
More than fear and bitterness  
I've given you everything I had  
Maybe I could have gave more  
All I can do is wait and see  
If these are my final  
I'm waiting just waiting to see  
Are these my final hours  
You're so afraid of how you look  
And what they think of you  
Don't you know what really matters  
It's not what you say it's what you do  
You make me laugh when you demand respect  
I only give respect when respect is due  
You're just a gambler politician  
Chairman of the board  
Corporate suck ass  
Playing the odds  
Gambling with lives  
That to you are no more  
Than numbers and statistics