

Pride And Shame

Ten Foot Pole

Is there something more i just can't see?
Ive been so busy trying everyday to make ends meet,
Been such a long time,
Now i wonder can i tell the forest from the trees?

I know that i feel pride and
I know that i fear shame,
I know i want you to smile when you hear my name,
Seems like a silly game,
But i know i play it harder than anything,

I feel alone, there's people everywhere,
Some of these people even care,
Once in a while you find someone who really cares,
But im too busy to give them what they need,
Its not greed just a feel of failure,
It keeps me goin,
But when tomorrow comes there's always something more,
And i can't stop working long enough to wonder what lifes for,
What is it for? am i just a whore? who am i working for?