

Today's been a career day, futures made and fortunes lost as I'm
standing in the lobby, I'm waiting for the elevator to take
me away up to nine or ten, maybe eleven the sound of sirens fading
as she whispers in my ear she's saying, it's too late to
wish success so get undressed and please just come to bed cause
I'm the last real thing you've got you're cursed by all
Ambitious thoughts is that all you've got as for you, you spin a
story like a spider spins a web see that's a metaphor, no
wait, a simile I'm still learning but I think I'm getting better
oh if I'm not tortured how are you ever going to relate I've
been condemned by those I love, wishing me the worst as I'm trying
my best but she's the last real thing I've got I'm cursed by
all ambitious thoughts is that all you've got love close your eyes
and cover, cover your ears, for the end is near but the
beginning is here in with the outro and out with the old I'm gonna
tie all the loose ends I once pulled in with the outro
And out with the old (headed, paired, paired up, I really have
no idea) for failure, from what we've been told in with the
Outro and out with the old with nothing to offer, so nothing's been
sold in with the outro and out with the old forgive me
And give me one more chance to fold in with the outro and out with
the old there's nothing to lose when there's nothing to
hold we'll be together in the morning