

Song Without an Ending

The The

I like you ... I think that you're pretty good
But I think that you think that I ...
Well ... that I'm a bit undercooked

I'm lazy, I play silly jokes and go over the top
And one of these days it's gonna get me killed
And that'll be my lot!

I suppose I'd leave you alone after a while
But I'll lie in my bed feeding my head
Until I become fairly intelligent

100,000 people today were burned
I felt a pang of concern
What are we waitin' for?
A message of hope from the pope!?
I think he got shot ... As well!

When everyday of your life seems the same as the last
And you know who you're gonna meet
And what they're gonna ask
Then supposin' your legs just withered away
And you had to somehow slide around
On your backside for the rest of your days

Imagine that you're happy now ... it's easy if you try
Because we're all caught up in a mortifying loop ...
LIFE.