

## 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.