Roulette

Umphrey's McGee

Think of all that's come to pass
And all the things that fall away too fast
Had you tried could you have made them last
Morning couldn't give again
And soon enough those things that happen then
Could only wait for your remembering when

But first think of this, what you would miss
Not what you become
The scheme has no roots, it sleeps on the roof
Deciding it's too drunk

And though there seems no way to know
I'd rather question when I'm old
Away from all the reasons now
I'd hope to deal with them somehow
Along the way these words would scream
But would they still remain unseen and now it's left up in the
air

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And had you tried could you have made them last
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