

Big Drill Car, Never Ending Endeavor

Hello my pretty have the years not been so kind to you
It sounds little safe enough but it's a reflection of the
Things that we use to do it
I remember them well
Weren't you surprised to find year book
It's just a version of hell
To what do we owe the honor?
I thought by now that we could leave it all behind
The never ending endeavor
With no point to find
So by and by
The pound that may be fine
The case so anyway
You think you need to save the face (faith)
Or maybe you, would like to see
The tug of war that goes on inside of me
Well it depends, my point of view
And which is which, and maybe just who is who
Well keep them straight, don't cross them up
Cause either way you know you'll never reach the top
Yearbooks are scattered, all across the bedroom floor
And if you've got a minute
She'll gladly show you some
Boy's the least to need it
I'll be the first to say
She'll think that you don't mean it
Cause she's to feelin ok
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