

# 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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