

Bob Guiney, Slow 44

The colors bleed in from the downslide, it's always been a part of the game
You're still standing around in squares wondering who's to blame
For all the years, gone by much quicker when you're young
We'll still smell the flowers bloom long after you're gone

You won't waste your time on lonely tales and nursery rhymes
Waste your time on clouded words and borrowed time but I have...I have to

The bottom just burned from the downslide
It's always been a part of your game, still standing around feeling
Proud with your Daddy's name
But can you feel...my heart gets darker with the sun?
So eager to please your past that you're willing to forget the one

Who won't waste your time on lonely tales and nursery rhymes
Waste your time on borrowed words and clouded minds but I have...I have to

Bitterness will get the best of you
Emptiness will get the best of you
Loneliness is always there for you
Happiness will be the death of you