

Broken People, Procrasti-Nation

like bubblegum for my mind
life breathes a passive sigh
without asking

why am i alive today?
and what changed anyway?
someone, shake me to see

time is gone, looking on
another day, strung along
slowly becomes a life

another way to waste a day
entertained, life slips away
consumes my life

so i begin wondering
about all these things we call interesting
and i've begun wandering
away from all of these extra ordinary things

what is less and what is more?
what will we be remembered for?
and when we're gone, who will ever know?

but why the race in going no place?
reason free, we procrastinate
pedestrians in the human race

but if life was no mistake
and each day had a purpose, wait
i'd do more asking

and i'd begin wondering
about these things we've called interesting
and each thing that's become important to me
please just keep me from a love of ordinary things

what is less and what is more?
and who is all this progress for?
and when we're gone, who will ever know?

what is less and what is more?
i see more happiness in things before
and when you're gone one day, who will ever know?

oh no!