

Catch, Start Of Something

The alarm is set for nine; he hopes the morning will be fine.
Slips a pill onto his tongue and tries to empty out his mind.
Of all the devils that live there.
He awakes at ten to twelve. Feels a little bit unwell.
He dreamt that life is just a dream we awaken from ourselves.
So he draws back the curtain.
Pity the man who eats alone at tables set for two.
Pity the man out on his own - for that man could be you.
Pity the man who sleeps alone - for that man could be you.
Sun is scattered through the room. Dust settles pretty soon
As his keys and money hide. He struggles hard to find
The time he's losing
So he runs and slams the door. His possessions on the floor.
This sacrifice he makes - his freedom for a dole
He never made.