

Flotsam And Jetsam, Nothing to Say

Walking through life with blinders on
Trying not to get too deep in the wrong
With all the peer pressure that they advertise
It's a full time chore to hold back my demise
Everybody telling me what to do
As if everybody knows
There's a fork in the road with a million prongs
And six little nines that I know are wrong

I ain't got
I ain't got nothing to say

Maybe one, maybe two, maybe three hundred times
I've tried really hard to make this rhyme
But it's constant help from the people who know
Make it tougher than it has to be
Every single day I try to get things done
I'm either stopped by the cold or burnt by the sun
There is no easy way to speak your mind
And even harder to get them to hear

I ain't got
I ain't got nothing to say

Every little piece of fantasy
Keeps me right where they want me to be
There's a code that they're all searching by
A map of places I might hide
It's dark with a couple of marker lights
All of my hunters are afraid of heights
There's a well known fact that they don't know
They're chasing a man not on the go

I ain't got
I ain't got nothing to say