

Franks Enemy, Things Don't Work Out

This silver platter world
Handing out its song and dance
Says subjective obsolescence
Is the right of all humans
Condemned human race dancing
To their hormonal tunes
Which change according to food intake
And tides changed by the moon
Try it you may not like it trade it in come tomorrow
For the main objective in this life
Is to be devoid of sorrow
Buy it if you can or steal it if you must
And look into the mirror
If you need someone you can trust
And we can say things didn't work out
Til we say things don't work out
You can say things don't work out
I say it's people who don't
Guided by fear of all commitment
We can run but we're still owned
By all our petty fears and desires we'll never satisfy
On our sick beds with question marks
In our heads as we die
God has shown us what is right
And what there is to care for
But we're in a hall of mirrors darkly
Uncaring to find the door
Words like sin redemption and trust
Hit our ears irrelevantly
Condemning ourselves to no hiding place
In the time of missed glory
To God we'll say things didn't work out
And God will say shut up and get out