

# 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