

Jacks Of All Trades, Bear

Follow these thoughts through the maze of life
Amazed by the little things that catch my eye
Not knowing what to do, where to go, what to be
But I need you there to rest at ease
At best that is worth wasting a smile
For you I would walk a hundred miles
Till the end of time, into the sunshine
Follow me there, it'll be alright

No more than you can bear, no more than I can bear
Now let me see your eyes ' let me see you
No more than you can bear, no more than I can bear
I'm sick of hearing lies ' let me hear you

Paperbacks full of unholy scriptures
Someone painting a worthless picture
I see your face thru the rain and the darkness
Pain and suffering become my fortress
I rest my head on the solid ground
Angels walking up and down
The latter of my mind in the sweetest dreams
As I lose myself, least so it seems