

Museum, To Have Or To Be

This is a crisis
with ticking time, calendars and canonballs
so I question what this life is
teenage dreams of fame, the motorway or swimming lanes.

There's a problem to my crisis.
It lasted 22 years, 7 months and 7 days.
Still I wonder where my mind is
with all that ticking time, calendars and canonballs.

I'm ten times sore
hoping it's a star no satellite that blinds me.
I'm very bored
fighting myself much harder than I fight them.

It's in my TV screen, in my self-esteem, my forgotten dream, in the things I've seen,
in the things I don't see anymore, in the death I'm trying to ignore,
in the tuned up cars, in the teenage whores, in the words I say without a cause,
in the credit cards, in the desperate hearts, in the hollow words, in the pop-star.

Get me out of here, get me out of here, get me out of here, get me out of here,
get me out of here, get me out of here, who will?

So analyse this analysis
when the rockets come in everyday form and I'm still not gone.
It seems I'm not much of a good time
with my worried mind (be happy) and my canonballs.

I'm ten times sore
hoping it's a star no satellite that blinds me.
I'm very bored
fighting myself much harder than I fight them.

It's bitter to consider
that it's myself and not the world that kills me.
It's bitter to consider
that it's myself and not the world that kills me.