

None More Black, Zing-Pong

I'm running on empty, I'm running on overdrive to pave the way.
I'm thinking too busy, I'm thinking to overtime,
But I ain't getting paid. Why do I always extend myself?
When I've over spent my wealth, I do it over and over again.
Spend time wasted, some say, "Hey, learn to relax just a little"
But I can't. No I won't. There's way too much to be done.
Every note in my head is like a murder.
Every landscape seems to inspire.
I gotta do something, I can't sit still. I got my mind on something else.
Why do I always extend myself?
When I've over spent my wealth, I do it over and over again.
Spend time switching back and forth. In my head, it's the longest trip I've had.
It's like the liquid feeling in my skin. Waste time wasted.
It wouldn't work if I tried to. It wouldn't work if I wanted to, it won't let go.
My mind's a trap, I try to slip away. It's nearly impossible to get away unscathed.
We're here. I'm there.