

Odds, Satisfied

Add it to the list of square-jawed decisions I refuse to make for the same reason
San Franciscans don't leave on account of an earthquake
There are textbook moves and trails to blaze
No shortage of advice
So I'm blindly staying put
Like a deer caught in the headlights

After all these songs (I'm satisfied)
I could be horribly wrong (I'm satisfied)
'Til disaster comes along (I'm satisfied)

Taken in the back to get my ear chewing
Better that than learn
They'll be wiping simple smiles off my face
Until it's someone else's turn
I like the smell and endure the taste
Of everything that's cheaper
And when he asks me, "Did you have a good time?"
I'll say, "Get the lights Mr. Grim Reaper"

After all those songs (I'm satisfied)
I could be horribly wrong (I'm satisfied)
'Til disaster comes along (I'm satisfied)

Turn on the reading light
As the room brings in the night
Completely wasted time is the time that I like

After all those songs (I'm satisfied)
I could be horribly wrong (I'm satisfied)
'Til disaster comes along (I'm satisfied)