

# Plankeye, Open House

Days go by. Turn into weeks.  
I'm not vagrant but I've really  
Nothing to speak of... life's purposes evading me.  
Try oh though I might,  
Can't keep 'em in my sight... And now who's controlling me?  
If it's not myself, it must be someone else you see.  
Face down in a pool of my own sorrow.  
Will it last or will it leave tomorrow?  
Broken man, he's got you on his mind.  
All life's rewards are broken dreams someone forgot I guess;  
Forgot to wake me up you see.  
Are you suprised the world's not free?  
Now words are all you've got,  
Words aren't good enough for me.  
You've gutta move if you'll be free.  
You gutta bow your head.  
You gutta give it up.  
Be free.  
Face down in a pool of my own sorrow.  
Will it last or will it leave tomorrow?  
Broken man, he's got you on his mind.