

# Poi Dog Pondering, Fruitless

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I could walk away, I could let this fly  
go back home and start again -- Fruitless  
I have faith in how things seem to start again,  
that tale of your one big chance is a lie, told by consumed men.  
And I push, and I push to not give in  
I don't recall a place that I would call the end  
But things are different now I know and that was then.  
I could walk away, I've been pushing for so long,  
All dried up and sap sucked thin -- Fruitless  
And I push, and I push to not give in