Poi Dog Pondering, Fruitless

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