

Pulley, All We Have

great aspirations often fall too short to fly.
life alone can take us on its twisted path
as we wander down this road not all sure where to go.
sometimes the scenery can just bore you to death.
as i sit down to write, another day has passed me by,
they all seem the same anymore with so little time to live,
and so much time to kill, how's it
that i still find so much time to be bored?
am i wasting time, is my purpose being served,
am i part of a bigger master plan?
today is all i have, can't change yesterday.
strolling down this road again,
life has made me cynical, it's taught me about its pain.
is the little blue man using me for him?
i guess i know the answer already,
so does he, but when he goes he'll know if his sin was sin.
i guess for now the only answers
that i'll get will be the ones i can figure out myself.
listen closely friends we're coming to this story's end,
and i don't think that i have rid from any doubt.