

Rocky Votolato, Like A Mother

I guess that's it for this boy
He'll never write again
Something tells me I've been here before
And so long to apocalyptic visions in this head
I'm going on to bigger and better things

Cause I'm tired
Like they were tired
Like a Mother, she knows what tired means
At the end of my century

We are all the authors of our own destruction
Help me to take what has been done here
And put this into focus
I've got a vision that's feeding on me
This dirty ambition you see
Call it lack of perception

Problems lie in how we look upon everything
Or is it that we haven't learned to see
That simple vision with two eyes shows us nothing
And nothing's quite the color that it seems

I'm going crazy like they went crazy
Going slowly - no much quicker than you think
At the end of my century