

Ryan Montbleau, Small Doese

Operation live my life
In a sea of never-beens
And I can't work enough, pull the wool enough,
Or even play enough to be satisfied within.

Small doses,
And comes a new trial.
And comes a new red-ripe liquor hanging sweet upon the vine.
Will they talk about all the things I've done,
Or will they say, 'You could've been someone,'
When I die?

Of small doses.
Show me a color that I haven't seen before.
Just smell the roses.
Why should I need anything more?

Operation live my life and be my life the way that I believe is real.
I hope that when I grow older, I'm not writing songs
About my big, fat, luxury automobile.
I suppose I'd like one anyway,
A dime a dozen a day,
But I'm gonna purge my soul with fire, tired of excess,
And if things start to happen,
I'll be damned if I'm caught bitch-slap rapping
Around this town
Instead of diving on down
And hanging all around in the ocean, the ocean'

Of small doses.
Show me a color that I haven't seen before.
Just smell the roses.
Why should I need anything more?

Why should I need anything more?
Why should I need anything more?

Must be something going to take me by surprise.
Must be something,
Look there,
And there, another.
Could it be that I never noticed it this whole time?
So many different colors.
So many different, so many different colors