

The The, Bugle Boy

The country is riddled with social ills & aches,
But my heart is calmed by her embrace,
I'm trying to tell something to the world,
- But my words are slurred & slow,
Have you ever been caught up in a dream,
 where your legs were froze.
I was left alone, with my thoughts and my guitar.
But it felt hopeless,
Like the desire of the moth - for the star.
Sometimes... nothing seems unreal,
this strange little boy said
"Mister, play us your guitar" & I said -
"No... I can't"
& put my geetar, in the car-
Listening to the music of heaven & earth,
Have you ever thought you were the
- Most important thing in the universe.
I didn't know whether to strengthen my
Weaknesses - or play to my strengths.
Yeah...
I was trapped in the triviality of
 - everydayness.
I said.
"There's magic in my head, girl,
but I only use it when I'm depressed"
I don't suppose she heard me.
She was too busy admiring her dress.
I said - just young - & - well intentioned,
Who can save us now.
 - the world rots...
I did know the secret of the universe
... only I forgot!!