

Thea Gilmore, Forgotten

I have been looking for loose change
Down behind the armchair seat
I've been propping up this coffee cup
Looking down, down into the street

And I hate what I've become, said
I hate the insecurity of freedom
Holding every breath, counting every step
Checking every sentence with a polygraph test

Hey yeah, Hey yeah, Hey yeah,
All is forgotten
Hey yeah, Hey yeah, Hey yeah,
Mmm, that's it

And you have always craved a conscience
And I have constantly avoided that with
Sincere regrets, sir, I must inform you
I will not be another feather in your cap

Hey yeah, Hey yeah, Hey yeah,
All is forgotten
Hey yeah, Hey yeah, Hey yeah,
Mmm

I had it all worked out
Had all my T's crossed, my errors ringed
You got me all worn down
You had to go and ruin everything

I have been looking for loose change
Down behind the armchair seat
I've been propping up this coffee cup
Looking down, down into the street

All is forgotten