

# 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

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