Ace Troubleshooter, My Way

Epicurean theme to a never-ending sequence
Burns me out, dries me up
And out and through
My plans disappoint, drain my cup
Blind man sat in his room and he cried
"Tomorrow promised me triviality"
Bite the bait, swallow the-
Hooked in routine instead of living
Wondering what's become of me
What's become of me?
What's become of me anyways?

I've been uncaring, unconcerned
Except at what comes dangerously close to
Overturning my house of cards
Falls fast and furious
Scattering shapes of well-worn self-conceit
Blind man shook his fist and he cried
"Surely those were my rights"
As if it were all bad as thou wilt
Wilt and fade away
The kernel must first die
So here I wait for You
I wait for You
I wait for You all the while

My way sucks and I don't know what to do
My way sucks and I don't know
My way sucks and so I'm giving it all to You
My way sucks and so I give