

# Beanbag, Taste Test

## 11. Taste Test

Seeing how the world is a fast direction.  
One blink can cause mass destruction.

One word and it's instant satisfaction.  
Go riding on the arms of gratification.

Gravels on the road of your destination  
but you've drifted into your own vacation.

Driving a car through an open shop window.  
Grabbing the goods like a stressed out weasel.  
Alarms call the shots, even after you're gone.  
Just test taste the world, just test taste the world.

Can't stop the ringing that comes from a phone.  
Fantasy, reality blurs and it moans at me.

Person to person I can't seem to meet.  
I'm offering my all but I can't move my feet.  
and I've no answer but troubles recall.  
They play like a moving picture when.  
I sink, fall, sliding in and

I dine alone in my own facade.  
I've got these needs and the playing cards.  
Deal from the pack that I rigged before.  
Received me an ace then a seven then a four.  
Spinning the wheel for the magical number.  
Fresh for the kid which has had no slumber.  
I've really never had a day before.  
I gave myself away so it's love I saw.  
Life is mud when you feel like this  
but soon happiness will make me forget.  
feeling real good is what counts to me.  
My money has provided this security.  
My body's injected so here I lie.  
but meaning is something that I cannot buy