

Bread, Soap (I Use The)

I use the soap to wash the dirt off my face
I write with pencil so that I can erase
But what's to do when someone's taken my place with you, with you
I know to stop when the light turns to red
And when it rains I know to cover my head
But what's to do when I wished I were dead over you, over you, over you

Plannin' to write off tomorrow

Hopin' to wash off the sorrow

I woke to find that my world was not there
It ceased to me when I found you did not care
And my ambition vanished into thin air along with you, with you
Now my emotions find it hard to let go
And as for me I'll find a new road to hoe
But maybe this time I will take it more slow than before, before
Than before