

# Brother Cane, I Lie In The Bed I Make

Out of the past  
On a moon-jet from out of bound  
Try to relax  
When my church runs me out of town  
Fathom a chance  
To behold what you never knew  
I'm coming around  
And I won't be leaving  
Say you can, say you will  
Turn a four-letter self regret  
Hold the hand that holds your fate  
But don't let it lead you on  
Right or wrong, I lie in the bed I make  
On and on, I lie in the bed I make  
Needed a shove  
To believe in a jagged edge  
The sentiment of  
A self centered wonder man  
I'm coming unglued  
Oh I couldn't be more obvious  
Say you can, say you knew  
Your sincerity bathed in doubt  
All you loved and all you knew  
Time let it lead you on  
Here in the rough  
Where a crowd still attracts a crowd  
Try to relax...  
Oh I couldn't be so obvious