

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