

Bullshit Baby, The Order Song

Look now some keep climbing up
Fallin down and turning around
All in predetermined order
Inflexible

But I say it's not that simple
World is not this easy way
It's flabbergasting and odd
Not consistent at all

The laughter's a kind of cry and life so often starts with death
The failure's so close to victory, that it makes you want to try again
Take it implicitly, take it, be your own master make your day
Accept all selves of yourself, that'll make you more inclined to tolerate
Put the stiffness in the margin
To run free throughout blank page
For a short while
Not to get daft

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