

Camouflage, Days Run Wild

There was a time
when plans were my religion.
A world of schemes,
925 dreams prediction
But I confess, got into a mess
'cause all my days run wild
Days run wild,
while I'm wondering
what's going wrong
All things I've planned
got right out of my hands
and leave me upside down.
Lost my smile
and my friend, Mr. "green-
back" Washington.
In God we trust
but it's business or bust
and no God's on your side
when days run wild
Mirror, mirror,
be my great deceiver
The truth you tell
makes me a true believer
But the face I see
seems no part of me
Now all my days run wild