

# Dorling, Aren't We Finished Yet?

Noticing the strain on my mind  
Seeing it's not good for me  
I still have no idea  
What I'm required to be  
I listen to the problems of people  
I tell them what they want me to say  
And I don't see why  
I can't go on this way

Looking through the crack in the window  
And seeing things in a different way  
The image blurs  
And beams of light travel astray

I'm changing in my soul  
I've become tired and old  
My reformation continuing  
In the desert and out in the cold  
I want my future set  
But are we finished yet?

The patience tree is dying  
It withers as it drops to the ground  
I'm running out of time  
Hoping to get away

I want my future set  
But are we finished yet?