

Dri, Decisions

You ask me questions I can't answer
Give me problems I can't solve
Offer suggestions I can't respect
Is there anything at all?
You give me reasons for your ideas
All the facts behind your thoughts
Tell me of your observations
And count the number of my faults

I hide a smile, I wear a frown
Always wanting to play the clown
I make my plan, I lose a chance
As I perform a long death dance
Life or death, it's all straight up
Make my choice, and throw it up
Shot glass full, down the hatch
My mind's made up, no second chance

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