

# Facing New York, Claim / Subclaim

Soles are worn out in my tennis shoes  
mother please carry me home  
the process of progress is killing me (now i can't go on)  
someone please carry me home

and my cold feet slow me down  
they haunt me now...

Claim to subclaim, now turn it off  
i'm doing the best that i can  
Act for react, now turn it off  
i'm doing the best that i can

could i be losing the will to walk?  
maybe it's time to run  
and Madison's where i will build my name (from the bottom up)  
where i will work in the sun

and the science slows me down  
but i'm free now...

Claim to subclaim, now turn it off  
i'm doing the best that i can  
Broken finger, now burn it off  
i'm doing the best that i can

shedding the smile i used to wear  
(left alone to my despair)  
learning how not to let it break my stride  
casting my tennis shoes aside  
(missing what was left behind)  
a dead man is plotting his return tonight

burn, let me feel the burn,  
i'm lighting a match to all i've known  
think, i just want to think,  
but this could have been a pauper's parade

Claim to subclaim, now turn it off  
i'm doing the best that i can  
Blood on my hands, now wash it off  
i'm doing the best that i can