

Fur Patrol, Bottles And Jars

I am twisting all the dials
And I'm tweaking all the buttons
And I'm sure that pretty soon
Pretty soon all of a sudden
It will hit me why I'm here
What I came for why I'm leaving
Why you're gone why you're gone why you're going why your gone
I am dipping both my feet into the waters of both rivers
Under both sides of this bridge that I have built to sit and think on
I have built from bank to bank
I have built to sit and think on, sit and think on
Think of you think of you sometimes

I am pacing up the corridor
And pacing down the hallway
I am pacing in the kitchen
In the bathroom, through the doorway
Of my bedroom, past the living room
I panic past the front gate
Till it happens, till it happens
Something had to happen

I am hammering the seconds on the table with my pencil
And my feet dissect the minutes through the hours
And the calendar you gave me I have shredded page from page,
Day from day from page from day
I cannot breathe for fear of failing
I cannot see all these bottles full of nervous words
And jars of lame excuses
All these bottles and jars of lame excuses