

James, Alaskan Pipeline

You might as well surrender now
You'll never hold that stance
With all my words
I can't find one
To help you understand
It's not too late
Take up the cup
Put down your weapons and choose
But you say, "life's so unfair";
All you say is "life's so unfair";
Oh you can ill afford to hold to these views
Oh you need something to blame
But it's you, yes it's you
It's your truth
Someone made you
I don't know if you're sick
I comfort. You runaway
My sympathy. You twist it.
You're reflex. Gets in the way.
You Mother me. I son you.
You act up. I can't get through.
These footsteps so ancient.
In your eyes I'm your infant.
Your ancient. Full circle.
In my eyes You're my infant.
Dead ball in our court
We've got a dead fall in our court
You just say, "life's so unfair";
You just say, "life's so unfair";
You need something to blame
But it's you, yes it's you
It's your truth