Jim Robert, The Story Of My Life Upside-Down A

I think it's kinda sad
To be sitting on my ass
With a gel pen and notepad
Trying to write lyrics that might pass
The inspection of the masses
When the line before the last is
Just something to mask his intention
To surpass this intuition
That there just might be

Something more to live for Something I'm willing to forgive for God give me style and open the floor Because I know there's something more

Baby I love the rat race Knowing full well that it's nothing To worry about but I must say That it's oh so comforting Knowing that

I'm trying to apply
To the dead society
Of poets who will deny
My requests emphaticly
Just a touch of apathy
And a sprinkle of eternity
Collapse of our society
Covered up with charity
Though we always knew
That there just might be