

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 emphatically
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