

Lagwagon, Coffee And Cigarettes

I'm getting used to getting old but where's my ambition - Days of omission
I feel broken down inside because my words seem to be trite adding
To the overwhelming
Always a question of truth, your truths, they question my efficiency
Impact - The words you can't hear
Shocking - The words I can't write
Recycled words don't justify...
None of these words suffice searching for the sharp words
To drive the message in I put the last words down then I begin
To question the truth

Your truths, they question my efficiency
Impact the words you can't hear
Shocking the words I can't write