

Lament, Me

I walk through these days like a dog through a park
I do things I've been told to...
never expecting their necessity
never believing their important

I've got a small idea of what I'm looking for
guess I know what I need

So I try to discern the leading chords
and cut them to change the course

I'm ready for the final take over

I want to feel like a sailor in the storm
who has never been shaken like that before
never been so subjected to the waves

I hope it needs just one more second