

# New Amsterdams, Worse For The Wear

All my life I've been waiting.  
It get's older, it's over me.  
I'd speak but it fails me.  
So the dike in the damn stops the leak.  
Maybe it's me and I'm venting.  
I find your speech otivating,  
watching life pass you by on the screen.  
Just flicker and fading with a plot like you wouldn't believe.  
Maybe I don't know the ending.  
Someone ruined my daydream.  
Aren't you spoiled enough as it is?  
Whatever you're saying won't bring anyone closer to this.  
I know you're sick.  
I wish you were healing,  
but you're worse for the wear.  
We keep tearing the seams we repaired.  
If we all had the call to fair then we wouldn't be standing here.