

# Paramaecium, My Thoughts

(Music by A. Tompkins)

My life, my days, they all just seem to pass away  
My dreams, my thoughts  
They all just seemed to come to nought

I find each day has its own little story  
Each waking hour its own little glory  
The pages say that my soul has been borrowed  
The night time calls to my aching,  
Tomorrow never comes

My life, my days, they all just seem to pass away  
My dreams, my thoughts  
They all just seemed to come to nought  
My life, my days, they all just seem to pass away  
My thoughts, my dreams,  
All are seldom what they seem

Given time all the pain seems to melt away  
Even time cannot heal that which  
Promised to stay for evermore  
Given time even pain I can hold in sway  
I will wait with it hidden then loosed on the final day

At times I've hated the lives of the living  
Wished all could see their salacious forgiving  
The pages say that my soul has been borrowed  
Can't spend my life  
Making sure that tomorrow never comes

My life, my days  
My dreams, my thoughts

At times I've hated the lives of the living