

Patrice, Household

You see a million uses
In each household that you see yes
No matter how obtuse it is
Need to get all the vagaries
Think it over now
cause it aint all the no-how

Been a revolution
in this tidy life of mind
and theres no institution
could fight the old divine

You dont wanna rise
Because youre scared of falling
Perfer to remain down
With you feet stuck to the ground

Pull you into places
Where you dont belong
Into spaces
Where you dont come from
Isnt it amazing
The way we carry on
Try to leave traces
When we are gone

The fickle mans feet
Are fancy free
But that quick buzz
It aint for me
And there aint a mans feast
Thats for free
And thats because
I believe

That Ive seen all the fruit
And youve seen me
And I know that Ive been
And I feel weak

Pull you into places
Where you dont belong
Into spaces
Where you dont come from
Isnt it amazing
The way we carry on
Try to leave traces
When we are gone

You dont wanna rise
Because youre scared of falling
Prefer to remain down
With your feet stuck to the ground
But what if the ground youre
Standing on starts falling?
You disappear
Without a sound