

Pie Humble, What You Will

Thinking of the past I feel my life
Is slipping by at such a speed
Things I knew have gone and those I loved
I look for granted and deceived

Call me anything you will
I'll hide behind a purple pill
And though it seems I'm laughing still
I'm crying

Looking from my window I see winter
Almost too bare to believe
People change with seasons
And I wonder if it's my turn to receive

But they avoid the things I ask
Or quickly change their style of mask
The faith I had is fading fast
And dying

Seems to me the only way to be
Is like a businessman
And have bad colours round my head
Getting drunk to find some peace of mind and consolation
But there's still the problem of what happens when I'm dead