

Reason To Believe, Drawing Board

Planning out, I'm planning out my strategy
The next move, I figure making
Same mistakes, they won't repeat
When I find myself, down this deadend street
Lord, I'm back
Back to the drawing board
Well yesterday, come back for awhile come back for awhile
Another year, another year keeps going by keeps on going by
Self, are you with me?
It's when days, they last too long,
It's hard to face being gone
Can you see me, I'm deep into pain
I'm up to my neck, in this quicksand