Robert Kramer, Maybe

Maybe this is what it is
Maybe there's no more
Just a ceiling with holes in the roof
And maybe no floor
Maybe sometimes theres only night
Sometimes only day
All your problems are out of sight
But not out of your way

Truth is never an only path
But an only way
Cutting two holes into a half
What else can I say?
Everybody is staring now
But they don't see me
Maybe this is all I am
And all I'll ever be

Maybe there's hope, at the
End of my rope
Maybe there's light
At the end, of this tunnel of night
Maybe.....