

# Stretch Armstrong, (This May Be In Fact) As Good

just like your time, it's gone, in a flash, in a flash  
a mayfly's desire for an hour of life  
if you want protection, you won't find it here  
no one makes it out alive  
running after illusion, spending precious time  
wasting precious time  
misinterpret salvation with your reason and your rhyme

so concerned about the outside world  
think this is taking too long

the feeling's gone unaware of the consequences and our hatreds carry on  
never a thought, our delusions, our confusion, and our actions feel so wrong

you tried so hard to find your safety net  
but all you found was lies and lost regret  
standing still, you fight the will  
that comes from deep inside yourself  
inside yourself

my stone to push, your cross to bear  
this struggle is endless and it gets us nowhere  
your stone to push, my cross to bear  
this struggle is endless and it gets us nowhere

the feeling's gone unaware of the consequences and our hatreds carry on  
never a thought, our delusions, our confusion, and our actions feel so wrong  
the feeling's gone unaware of the consequences and our hatreds carry on  
never a thought, our delusions, our confusion, and our actions feel so wrong

crbt2('Stretch Arm Strong','(This May Be In Fact) As Good As It Gets')

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