

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

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

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

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