

# Ten Foot Pole, Closer To Gray

Clawing his way out of the doldrums  
Getting sick and tired of coke and rums  
We'll just have to wait and see  
Because he's jumped on the wagin before  
Only to crawl and beg for more  
His pride is just another casualty  
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Can you see beyond today's euphoric state?  
Do you remember how you'll feel tomorrow?  
All the people that you hate  
All the times you've had to wait  
Every piece of food you ever ate  
Reminds you of your fate  
He's clawing his way out of a paper bag  
Reaching for the life that he never had  
And he's just one step away  
He's going backwards on a two track  
He's going one step forward and two steps back  
Getting closer to gray  
In the end there's only grieving  
All his goals inside pulled thin air  
Can you blame him if he's desperate?  
There's nothing left for him to get  
And he dosen't care that the people stare  
And they do f\*\*king stare