

The The, Good Morning Beautiful

Could God really be so cruel?

To give us feelings that could never be fulfilled.
'cause I ain't ever found peace upon the breast of a girl
I ain't ever found peace with the religion of the world
I ain't ever found peace at the bottom of a glass
sometimes it seems the more I ask for the less I receive
In our lives we hunger for those we cannot touch.
All the thoughts unuttered & all the feelings unexpressed
Play upon our hearts like the mist upon our breath.
But, awoken by grief, our spirits speak
"How could you believe that the life within the seed
that grew arms that reached
And a heart that beat.
And lips that smiled
And eyes that cried.
Could ever die?"
How many whores have walked through that door
Lain by my side & climbed in my mind
& taken me down to where the heat
blisters the skin upon my feet
makes me reach out & weep for the days when
I was pure of heart & slept in peace.
Everybody knows what's going wrong with the world
But I don't even know what's going on in myself.
I smell the pain upon the breath of the lost & lonely
I hear the thoughts that whisper in the hearts of all men.
You're the strangest feeling I ever had.
You make me cry when you look into my eyes.
And see me for who I really am.
I've got too much energy to switch off my mind,
but not enough to get myself organized.
Don't tell me what your name is--
I want your body, not your mind,
I want a feeling, worth paying for before I say goodbye
But as I was talking, I couldn't look her in the eyes,
I just kept wondering,--
How many men unleashed their frustration between her thighs?
I was trying so hard to please myself,
I was turning into somebody else.
Well, whats a man got left to fight for
when he's bought his freedom
by the look of this human jungle
It aint just the poor who'll be bleeding!
I was just another western guy,
--with desires that couldn't be satisfied
The calendar, on your wall, is ticking the days off.
The calendar on your wall is ticking the days off.
You've been reading some old letters --
You smile and think how much you've changed.
All the money in the world --
Couldn't bring back those days.
You could've done anything -- if you'd wanted --
And all your friends and family think that you're lucky.
But the side of you they'll never see --
Is when you're left alone with the memories --
That hold your life together like --
- GLUE -