

The The, Song Without An Ending

I like you... I think that you're pretty good
But I think that you think, that I...
Well... that I'm a bit undercooked.
I'm lazy, I play silly jokes & go over the top.
& one of these days it's gonna get me killed,
& that will be my lot!
I suppose I'd leave you alone, after a while,
but I'll lie in my bed, feeding my head,
Until I become - fairly intelligent.
100,000 people today were burned.
I felt a pang of concern,
- what are we waitin' for - a message of hope.
- from the... POPE!
I think he got shot as well!!!!
When everyday of your life, seems the same
- as the last,
& you know who you're gonna meet
- & what they're gonna ask
then supposin' your legs just withered away
& you had to somehow slide around on your
backside - for the rest of your days.
'Imagine'... that you're happy now.
It's easy if you try - because we're all caught
up in a mortifying loop - LIFE.