

# Triumvirat, A Cold Old Worried Lady

A cold old worried lady  
Took my hand today  
She warned of gloom, impending doom  
I laughed, and I sent her on her way

Then as she closed my garden gate  
She turned to me and stared  
There was nothin' said, but inside my head  
I felt, just a little bit scared

Alone inside my empty house  
I reflected on her words  
Predicting things so bad, I guess she must be mad  
Still I wish, I wish I'd never heard

As shadows began to wash my room  
Thought about my past  
The mistakes I made, the dues I never paid  
Am I a ship without a mast?

I know I wasn't always wrong  
But I wasn't often right  
'Cos when being kind means being left behind  
It's a choice, a simple choice of black or white

Everybody gets what's coming  
And it's just what I deserve  
I'd be crueler still, 'cos I've got the will  
But I never, no I never had the nerve

I'm a lonely empty body  
A worn and faded brain  
So I'll stay inside, where it's safe to hide  
And never face the world again

Is there nothing left to life for  
Nothing left to do?  
It's a crazy pain, when your life's in vain  
I'll be glad, I'll be glad when mine is through

I think I'll use my shotgun  
or a hundred colored pills  
Though I don't know how, really mean it now  
I'll try anything, anything, anything that really kills

Lord, a strong imagination  
Should be locked inside your head  
Now there is no pain, but I can't explain  
Why I wish, I wish I wasn't dead

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