

Umfrey's McGee, Roulette

Think of all that's come to pass
And all the things that fall away so fast
Had you tried could you have made them last

Morning could not give again
And soon enough those things that happen then
Could only wait for your remembering when

First think of this
What you would miss
Not what you become
The scheme has no roots
It sleeps on the roof
Deciding its too drunk

And though there seems no way to know
I'd rather question when I'm old
Away from all the reasons now
I'd hope to deal with them somehow

Along the way these words would scream
But could they still remain unseen
And now its left up in the air

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