

Unfinished Thought, Disenchanted

What's The Matter Baby
You Don't Like The Sighs
The Cries Inside

I Know It's A Tough Trip
So Heartbreaking
To Forget Me

So Sweet To Think You Cared Enough
To Stare At The Wheels Turning Round
Screeching To A Halt

When You Echo My Name

How Are The Nights Treating You
With The Sun Breaking Daze

Does It Help Or Hinder
Your Thickening Haze

To Hear That I Don't Care
Of Course This Is Fair
You'd Do The Same If You Had The Chance

To Make It Last

But My Poor
Sweet Baby
You've Had Your Chance