

Wonder Stuff, Maybe (4:11)

Maybe I should be a writer,
wroight a book and feel much brigter,
share my thoughts with the world.
Or maybe I could be a film maker,
celluloid, more fun than paper,
you never see the scren's corners curl.
Aah maybe then I could be a lover,
find a girl and win her over,
and tell her that she's the only one.
But maybe then a philanderer,
I'd sneak around and lie to her,
and kid myself that I'm the happy one.
I'm not looking over four leaf clover,
I'm just waiting for hell to freeze over.
Maybe I should take the mike, (mic')
stand up tall like Michael Stipe,
and try to solve all the problems of the earth.
Or maybe then I should sit back down,
scratch my chin and use my frown,
and try to figure out exactly what I'm worth.
We'r estill building churches, burning books,
killing the babies to feed the cooks.
Who said the world would turn out fair?
So I guess I'll dig myself a hole,
ask the devil if he wants my soul,
And do soemthing real like cut my hair.
Ooh, "maybe this" and "maybe that",
it may be satin and it may be sack.
won't really matter much in the end.
May be my enemy, may be my friend?
I'd drive myself around the bend,
thanks for your time and ears to lend.