

Zebra, About to Make the Time

Well you're walking on the moon
But there's nothing
No there's nothing left to do deep inside
And you can't believe it's real
Got ya thinking boy
(You) may be better off to stay than to slide
Lucky boy!
But now she's falling close to you
And there are things that just cannot last forever
And there is nothing I can say that is possibly kind
But I'm about to make the time
Cause I'm about to lose my mind
And you think you're on the move
But there's nothing
No there's nothing left to breathe deep inside
And you say it's in the wheels,
God it's stinkin' boy
Well you know that all you said was a lie
Lucky boy!
But now she's falling close to you
And there are things that just cannot last forever
And there is nothing I can say that is possibly kind
But I'm about to make the time
Cause I'm about to lose my mind
And I'm about to make the time
Cause I'm about to lose my mind
Yes I'm about to make the time
Oohhhh
I do it
We're gonna do it
Gotta stop and take it slow
You blew it
They're gonna screw it
Gotta stop and steal the show
You count the ways
You stop it!
And you say you're on the move
But there's nothing
No there's nothing left to do deep inside
And you can't believe it's real
Got ya thinkin' boy
Maybe better off to stay than to die
Thinkin' boy
But now she's falling close to you
And there are things that just cannot last forever
And there is nothing I can say that is possibly kind
But I'm about to make the time
Cause I'm about to lose my mind
And I'm about to make the time
Cause I'm about to lose my mind
But I'm about to make the time
Oohhhh!