

Who are you and who am I
Except a couple of people
Wasting lots of time
Worrying about the future
Forever asking why
Some people go on living
While others die before their time
Yet there's never been a reason
Whatever is is right
If only just because
Its much too big a fight
Like the painter who is way ahead
Or worse still far behind
You only punch yourself out
When you start swinging blind

These are the things too often gone unsaid
These are the things that keep
You better off than dead
These are the things that keep running through your head
Woo oooo
These are the things too often gone unsaid

Who are you and who am I
Except a couple of people
With nothing else to do
But follow vain obsessions
Making gestures towards the truth
While trying to ignore it
When its convenient to
The symbols we believe in
Sometimes turn inside out
Reshaping each dimension
Were so sure about
Dreams get so frustrated
Fantasies turn pranks
A simple ounce of common sense
Is money in the bank.