

**11;57**

**Elemeno P**

Another day slips away and I gotta wonder  
Lying here in my bed do I even care  
Everyday seems the same, seems so paint by numbers

Early bird catches the worm is what the people tell me  
Put on a face, put on a suit and then you'll be someone  
I live for fun, live for One, live for little wonders

It's 11.57  
And I'm running out of time  
Pick me up and turn me on  
Out of luck I'm out of my mind  
Running out of time

Broken man with a pen and a piece of paper  
Rolls the dice, takes a hit but he didn't care  
Takes a card, takes your lies takes your name and number

Given what I got, got a lot, got a situation  
Taken from the top, at the top it couldn't it be so bad  
Lost the shirt and tie cause that style doesn't qualify me.