

Coffee and Cigarettes

Lagwagon

I'm getting used to getting old
But where's my ambition
Days of omission
I feel broken down inside because my words seem to be trite
Adding to the overwhelming
Always a question of truth
Your truths
They question my efficiency
Shocking the words you can't hear
Impact the words I can't write

Recycled words don't justify...
None of these words suffice
Searching for the sharp words
To drive the message in
I put the last words down then I begin
To question the truth
Your truths
They question my efficiency
Shocking the words you can't hear
Impact the words I can't write

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