

## 100 Years

### Masters of Reality

I found my place in bed  
Three feet beneath your head  
I wanted to stay home  
And I couldn't think of nothing new

I moved like syrup (slow)  
I moved I didn't know  
I'd took off from my faith  
And I couldn't think of nothing new

Boo hoo boo hoo boo hoo

Waiting waiting  
I'd been called down  
Waiting waiting  
Would I rebound  
Waiting waiting

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Three feet beneath your head  
I wanted to stay home  
And I couldn't think of nothing new  
Boo hoo boo hoo boo hoo