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That man is on all fours in the field, but I'm not
His woman is soaked cooking all of his meals, but I'm not
His boy's in the backyard picking up toys, but I'm not
I'm stuck in a prison wishing i was them, but I'm not
Oh well...
Oh well...
Oh well...
Oh well...
That man is in all the photographs, but I'm not
The world is keeps spinning and pushing ahead, but I'm not
I'm like a homeless man praying for change
Waiting for the man with the key to unlock my pain
But oh well...
Oh well...
Oh well...
Oh well...
You're free if you want it
You're free if you want it
Oh well...
Oh why...
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