

It's My Tail and I'll Chase It If I Want To

Oceansize

A whole new world of "would"
When the bad outstrips the good
It's the reap/sow interface
That'll help you win the race
It'll help you build a rocket
Help you build a ship
There's a good chance you can help
There's a price on this return
But there's absolutely no rush
Absolutely no rush
And no time, no time, no time, no time

As the spider takes the fly
As the gray does take the dye
As the drink does numb the pain
As the songs all sound the same
With diminishing returns
And the hackneyed twist-and-turns
As the egg runs down your face
We'll still bang on the bin lids
Cause dad forgot the kids
And they throw us to the pigs
And it's hard lines, hard lines, hard lines, hard lines

It's my tail and I'll chase it if I want to