

# Household

Patrice

You see a million uses  
In each household that you see yes  
No matter how obtuse it is  
Need to get all the vagaries  
Think it over now  
'coz it ain't all the no-how

been a revolution  
in this tidy life of mind  
and there's no institution  
could fight the old divine

You don't wanna rise  
Because you're scared of falling  
Perfer to remain down  
With you feet stuck to the ground

Pull you into places  
Where you don't belong  
Into spaces  
Where you don't come from  
Isn't it amazing  
The way we carry on  
Try to leave traces  
When we are gone

The fickle man's feet  
Are fancy free  
But that quick buzz  
It ain't for me  
And there ain't a man's feast  
That's for free  
And that's because  
I believe  
That I've seen all the fruit  
And you've seen me  
And I know that I've been  
And I feel weak

Pull you into places  
Where you don't belong  
In spaces  
Where you don't come from  
Isn't it amazing  
The way we carry on  
Try to leave traces  
When we are gone

You don't wanna rise  
Because you're scared of falling  
Prefer to remain down  
With your feet stuck in the ground  
But what if the ground you're  
Standing on starts falling?  
You disappear  
Without a sound

Pull you into places  
Where you don't belong  
Into spaces  
Where you don't come from  
Isn't amazing  
The way we carry on  
Try to leave traces  
When we are gone