

Final Hours

Ten Foot Pole

I knew the day would come
Maybe this would be the one
Where I would say good-bye
I've tried to understand
The law of supply and demand
But it does no good to wonder why
I wonder if my number is really up this time
There were other times before
When I thought it was over
Somehow I made it this far
Won't be lucky forever
These could be the final hours
I wish I could say I feel
More than fear and bitterness
I've given you everything I had
Maybe I could have gave more
All I can do is wait and see
If these are my final
I'm waiting just waiting to see
Are these my final hours
You're so afraid of how you look
And what they think of you
Don't you know what really matters
It's not what you say it's what you do
You make me laugh when you demand respect
I only give respect when respect is due
You're just a gambler politician
Chairman of the board
Corporate suck ass
Playing the odds
Gambling with lives
That to you are no more
Than numbers and statistics