

One seventh of a week, six to go

Got some friends, but how far will they go?
Hard to tell with this kind of flow
Those same old faces, looking real good
Good people all, if you only understood
The music is loud, the feeling is grand
What the hell could be wrong with my plan?
Next morning when I awoke
The lip is split, the tooth is broke
The good time went all to hell
Fought a friend at the sound of a bell
That feeling is back with all the despair
Am I always going to be going nowhere?
The worms are crawling in my mind
The bottle can make everything fine
The worms will be back, like on a track
The liquor store, right next door

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