

all of us Within

She wasn't really pretty
She wasn't very wise
When she walked in front of me
She looked me in the eye
I tried to stop and talk
Hope and fear exploding inside
Nervous feet stumble on
The shy One cannot hide
What did we miss this Time
All of us in here despair
Let me talk you son Of a Bitch
Shouts Little Head from his lair
The Wise One laughed and shuddered
at the thought so insane
Lonesome took the shot to the heart
Loner smiling in the rain
We need a different driver
Comes the chorus from within
The Drunkard says let me drive
As stupid starts to grin
Ego yells she was ugly as sin
Little Head shouts who cares
Sensitive man thinks of her feelings
While the Bold One stops and stares
As she walks on by Lonesome watches her
With a physical pain
The Loner is comfortable with alone
as he smiles in the rain

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