

Track Record, The "Absolute"

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Yeah we want to make land owners of ourselves
With gifted kids, beautiful wives, and selfless people
open minds
The goal is simply to settle the purest of surroundings
With only those providing stimulation

This is us providing stimulation

The life is a sick joke but it's all good
Your brilliant art, it doesn't speak to me
No one will be spared so there's no need to go quiet
Burn it down if you want
Just as I had thought, the crowd swallowed the town
All we could do was watch support give out
If there's a sole existing absolute
I must be missing it or missing you

We only get down when we are depressed
I carry these weights with me everywhere
Don't hate the entertainers making millions
They treat us in ways M.D.s can't imagine
Guess what, you got everything but you got nowhere to
go
I'm done, I swear I'm done, I think so
If there's a sole existing absolute
I must be missing it or missing you

We want love and money
We want love and money
We want the love, the money, the health, humor and
talent
But most of all, a break from the real world

If there's a sole existing absolute
I must be missing it or missing you

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