

Track Record, The "The Making"

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Take long showers
Just feel no pain
I'm of a persuasive nature with something to sell
Yeah everyone needs reason to step outside
You know I complain when I'm bored as millions starve
in the cold

I wish I hadn't decided to up these walls
But I was losing interest like I tend to do
I'm stalling, we're changing
This was years in the making
Myself at home wherever I go

Balmy Winter's got me twisted about like I'm tasting the
end of the world
So, I convert fear to motivation in hopes of adjustment
to social change
Let's make the game our career
I'm such a slave to your trade

Get, get, get where you're going
Get where you're going

Oh anything that I fault you for I am myself or wish I
was

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