

Armchair Martian "Son Of Jeff"

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Never was a savior
Know there's hard ones to take
I hope that I'm forgiven
Still living for what's in store
On the cross, or at the door
Just don't know what I'm hated for
When I was young my eyes went south
I'm failing now, so blind to it all

All that I know, you're winding out
Treading on the coattails you're needing
I hope I'm not falling for your scene
It's too easy, til you wanna leave
On the cross, or at the door
Just don't know what I'm hated for
When I was young my eyes went south
And I'm failing now, so blind to it all
It really doesn't matter
Know what I believe
When I'm upon hard times, but I'm always in the need
Close interpretation, or a brilliant way to bleed
Like right now what am I saying
Hope you don't know what I mean

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