

Big Dismal "A Never Ending Endeavor"

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Hello my pretty have the years not been so kind to you It sounds little safe enough but it's a reflection of the

Things that we use to do it

I remember them well

Weren't you surprised to find year book

It's just a version of hell

To what do we owe the honor?

I thought by now that we could leave it all behind

The never ending endeavor

With no point to find

So by and by

The pound that may be fine

The case so anyway

You think you need to save the face (faith)

Or maybe you, would like to see

The tug of war that goes on inside of me

Well it depends, my point of view

And which is which, and maybe just who is who

Well keep them straight, don't cross them up

Cause either way you know you'll never reach the top

Yearbooks are scattered, all across the bedroom floor

And if you've got a minute

She'll gladly show you some

Boy's the least to need it

I'll be the first to say

She'll think that you don't mean it

Cause she's to feelin ok

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The never ending endeavor

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