

Fine Science

"My Own Last Chance"

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The tread of my tires is wearin' low
The thread of my life I'm tryin' to sew with
Is sharp and thin like a razor's edge
I feel I'm walking on a high ledge
CHORUS
(But then I) feel I'm falling down now
(And I) amplify the sound now
I'm lost and never found now
In my own last chance
I'm not tryin' hard enough to win
Sometimes I feel O.K., but then
My mind untamed packs me into a trance,
And then there's no escape from failing my last chance
CHORUS
It's strange what this feeling makes me do
My desperation makes me play the fool (to
You) I'm unnamed, I'm a face in the crowd
My indignation makes me want to scream out loud
CHORUS

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