

Format "Career Day"

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today's been a career day,
futures made and fortunes lost as I'm standing in the
lobby,
I'm waiting for the elevator to take me away up to nine
or ten, maybe eleven
the sound of sirens fading as she whispers in my ear
she's saying,
it's too late to wish success so get undressed and
please just come to bed
cause I'm the last real thing you've got
you're cursed by all ambitious thoughts
is that all you've got as for you,
you spin a story like a spider spins a web
see that's a metaphor, no wait, a simile
I'm still learning but I think I'm getting better
oh if I'm not tortured how are you ever going to relate
I've been condemned by those I love,
wishing me the worst as I'm trying my best
but she's the last real thing I've got
I'm cursed by all ambitious thoughts
is that all you've got
love close your eyes and cover, cover your ears,

for the end is near but the beginning is here
in with the outro and out with the old
I'm gonna tie all the loose ends I once pulled
in with the outro and out with the old,
preparing for failure, from what we've been told
in with the outro and out with the old
with nothing to offer, so nothings been sold
in with the outro and out with the old
forgive me and give me
one more chance to fold
in with the outro and out with the old
there's nothing to lose when there's nothing to hold
we'll be together in the morning

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