

Horace Pinker **"Refined"**

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six miles left to run there's your smoking gun that
leads me to the fact
you've got no direction i've got a path to go unlike you
have no goal i
may not rhyme but you've got no reason to write what
will be sung to say
what will be heard by just like you who have no focus
attention there's
just one thing i am sure of simplify and refine i don't
wonder what you
mean when you say it's not hard to understand what
you say this is now set
in stone don't move around rock the boat it won't be
understood within definition
looking back now it's easy to see upheld this sorry
tradition i turn my
back wishing that wishing that slow pace dead on
words you say

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