

Horizontal Orange "Chin Up George Bailey"

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We're all strangers to ourselves.
We know damn well there is a truth.
You had me all worked up camus.
You only knew how I was feelin'.
I hit the bottle.
And I hit the bottom.
I sat down before the nothingness.
Staring at the face of a stranger.
Dancin' with the devil by firelight.
Waiting on him to tighten his grip.
Waiting on him to slip.
We have the mind of willy loman and the will of blowing
leaves.

We have the purpose.
We have the dream.
We are concious of conciousness but we're never self
aware.
I wanna sit down with c.s. lewis for a smoke a warm
lager and theology.
Pose a question from sartre's pages.
Discuss it at the pub.
Down with the sex!
I get down with the sex!
I should close my tab and go.
No thank you.
I'm alright to drive.

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