

John Reuben "Pataskala"

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Bright and early in the morning and my day's on track
Hot coffee in the kitchen? Okay, I'll take it black.

66 degrees with a comfortable breeze,
I guess every now and then you get days like these.
And I'm thankful, hit the city streets grateful,
We're livin' life to the upmost while we're young and
able.

While others fable about where they come from,
We got nothing to hide, we're far from stardom.

Chorus:

P-A-T-A-S-K-A-L-A, O-H-I-O

P-a (P-a), t-a (t-a), s-k (s-k), a-l-a

-repeat-

We never did anything in that place, just waste time,
Talkin' about what we'd do if givin the chance to.
You know, stupid things that we never live out,
It sure was cool for a moment to think about.
You could say just an innocent exaggeration,
Just some young adults have fun, by imagination,
But somehow we stretched ourselves and started livin'
it.

Life is funny sometimes, isn't it?

We're in the sky on the plane over European terrain,
Lookin' down to the ground we watched the earth
change.

At night in the car over looked by afar,
Thinkin' to ourselves, none of this is really ours.
Perspective changes, we could never claim this
Life, Yahweh spoke and showed us what our aim is.
Something that wasn't alive by heartbeat and breath,
And something that's not left with bone and flesh.

Chorus

Life is too short to sweat the minimal,
And things that once seemed simple now seem
valuable.

Like the simple satisfaction of being content,
And the simple satisfaction in the time we spent.
I value everything our friendship meant,
Even though you never paid me back the money I lent.
Speakin' of which, the other day, your mom I saw her,
I had to tell her Scott Bellows still owed me 50 dollars.

Chorus

(In Background)

This one goes out to the one we know,
From Kid Flow to Fourth Avenue,

Mr. Scott Bellows

-repeat-

I'm wantin' all heads to break up.

Open ears to listen,

Scott Bellows is the fellow with the grand design and
'vention.

Reuben asked me to throw in a twenty second verse,

I have a rhyme and some time,

But oh well, what could it hurt.

Out of style, out of practice,

Out of touch and out of taste,

I started thinkin' to the days of the showcase.

So I set off to explorer the store of lyrics in my head,

But for hours I got nothin', and I wrote this instead.

(Note: This should be right. The only part I'm not
exactly

Sure about is the last part, after the song ends.)

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