

John Reuben "Time To Leave"

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Taught young, the world's wisdom
I told life's a game, the earth will be your stadium
Be alert, pay attention
(One day) Even your friends will become the
competition
Trust no one but do remember this, never burn any
potential bridges
Know who's who, and what they can do for you
And don't feel bad cause' in the end they're gonna do
it to you too
Remember life's not fair
In order to maintain, your gonna have to let you
sensitivity be trained
A machine more than a human being
What you say doesn't always have to be what you mean
Tell them what they want to hear if it's to your benefit
And words beyond closed doors are insignificant
Push yourself, never be satisfied
Even if you don't get it, at least you died knowing you
tried

Born, live, strive, succeed
Gain it all, bye, now it's time to leave...
Now, all we see is now

Taught young, the world's wisdom
Begin to pay attention and make my own observations
All of the kids working hard for admiration
Trying their best not to meet their social expiration
Kind of hard in a world this finicky
Easily praised and yet destroyed just as quickly
I guess me and this world must not be compatible,
cause I don't want its approval to feel valuable
So who's next to climb the wall of success, just to see
how good the top truly gets
Chasing lies disguised as going somewhere only to
arrive and realize it's really no where'
That's even if you get there in the first place
What an incredible let down we're bound to face when
we substitute purpose for cheap counterfeit
Too busy trying to succeed in life that we forget to live
it

You can live in the infinite or give in to the immediate
Gain it all but someday you'll have to leave it
This world is temporary and its heart is selfish
Think to yourself, is this what wealth is
But now, all we see is now and now is not a bad thing
but now does bring tomorrow then
Now becomes then
Moments escape, new ones replace them
Don't want to face the end still searching
Asking what in this world did I ever find worth in
What could be worse than life of wasted years
Nothing lasting, nothing true, nothing dear
I fear losing beauty in pursuit of bigger things
I fear a broken home courtesy of the American dream
Maybe that's just me with my emotions on my sleeve,
but one way or another we all wear what we believe

Born, live, strive, succeed
Gain it all, bye, now it's time to leave...
But now, we're wasting now

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