

Kelly Joe Phelps "Worn Out"

Visit "[Worn Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

Wonder flood the valley, tunnel feed the soil
Free advice with constant wit, never to recoil
Bums rush o'er the high grass field with shoes of
plastic lace
That untie at the first step, not the last that wins the
race

Herein lies my sure demise, 'haps my one bright seed
This or then the other tact falls right and starts to bleed
Can you hear a toneless rhyme between my bones and
sunken eyes?
No, I think not, it's as if my thought has worn the
clown's disguise

Oh, my little life worn out on a goddamn road
I live to breath more than believe, a reason for this load

Is it my own version of a terrifying leap across
An unforgiving landscape, when all I want is sleep?
Unfolding here before me is an ugly naked truth
I know no more than a drunkard in a circus dunk tank
booth

The balls come flying, one, two, three, in and down I go
People retch in laughter while I scream out for more
Now I'm dry electric shock, I watch the sky like a broken
clock
I tie my plastic lace and then I go back to my walk

Stuttering for coffee or a comforting brush
Across the backs of both my knees, mother sings to
hush
Make a castle to the sky in honor of a man like sand
Who'll wash away in time and he will ne'er be here
again

Oh, my little life worn out on a goddamn road
I live to breath more than believe, a reason for this load

Visit [Kelly Joe Phelps](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

