

Lefty Frizzell "Taste Of Life"

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Exploding, like some vision of the future
Eroding, like nightmare of the past
Degrading, like the voice of retribution
Evading, like the life that couldn't last
Demanding, like the call of satisfaction
Tolling, like the bell that rings of death
Announcing, that the game of life is over
Gasping, like the failing of your breath

Your sadness is reflected in the way your life is wasted
Your ignorance stands the test in the life you tasted
Your fear stands alone in the world you have created
But weeping has no future when your cries are so
belated

So there it is my friends, a taste of life
We're on the stage my friends, we're under the lights

Why is it that your visions are confessions of the past
A silence here tomorrow in a life that cannot last
The men that call for changes in a dream that never
starts
Are victims of the future in a play devoid of parts

And there it is my friends, a taste of life
We're on the stage my friends, we're under the lights

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