

The Color Red

"El Dinero"

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Its 8:15 and Im fumbling through my musings
I want to start the day with words so brave, but Im
losing

It used to be so easy
Waking was like redemption
But now these days are filled with misfortune
And my every move is a misstep

Am I clumsy or just poor with calculations?
The numbers seem so right inside my head
Am I clumsy or just poor with calculations?
The figures look so bad when you write them out

Its 3 pm, almost 4, and Im still searching
Ive been beat down by every passing hour, the second
hands say Im losing

It used to be so easy
Waking was like redemption
But now these days are filled with misfortune
And my every move is a misstep

Am I clumsy or just poor with calculations?
The numbers seem so right inside my head
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