

New Amsterdams "Worse For The Wear"

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All my life I've been waiting. It get's older, it's over me.
I'd speak but it fails me. So the dike in the damn stops
the leak. Maybe it's me and I'm venting. I find your
speech otivating, watching life pass you by on the
screen. Just flicker and fading with a plot like you
wouldn't believe. Maybe I don't know the ending.
Someone ruined my daydream. Aren't you spoiled
enough as it is? Whatever you're saying won't bring
anyone closer to this. I know you're sick. I wish you were
healing, but you're worse for the wear. We keep tearing
the seams we repaired. If we all had the call to fair then
we wouldn't be standing here.

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