

## **Cursive**

# **"What Have I Done?"**

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A year now and nothing much has changed  
Holed up in a motel in El Paso  
This was meant to be my great escape  
I got lost along the way  
Amongst free HBO and take out

Going to write my Moby Dick  
More like scratching lyrics on paper plates  
I spent the best years of my life  
Waiting on the best years of my life  
So what's there to write about?

What have I done? What have I done?  
So is this my destiny?  
From starlight into eternity  
The gods must be laughing down at me  
Ha, ha, ha

A traveling salesman at twenty years old  
Stranded in Ann Arbor with a flat tire  
I watched the sun sadly set  
Any younger, I may have wept  
Much older, I wouldn't noticed

But I was out there in the world  
Yeah, then the world, it passed me by  
I was telling everyone back home  
That I was taking it by storm  
Instead, I watched it from the roadside

What have I done? What have I done?  
Are these the best tales I can spin?  
A boy waiting to begin  
A man of no memoirs

What have I done? What have I done?  
And you're young and you're gonna  
You're gonna be someone

And you're old and you're  
You're ashamed of what you've become  
Well, take a look around you

You're preaching to the choir

Tell me darling, what have I done?  
And I don't, don't know, what have I done?  
What have I done? What have I done?  
What have I done? What have I done?  
What have I done? What have I done?

Oh, tell me darling, what have I done?  
Oh, c'mon baby, now, what have I done?  
Oh, what have I done? What have I done?  
What have I done? What have I done?  
What have I done?

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