

Program The Dead "Humdrum"

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Got off the bus, without a fuss,
Quickly, as we ran, you came and held my hand.
We stepped in time, talked out in rhyme,
The things you can't replace
are what you always crave to taste.

The only thing we need,
is what we once believed,
tell me, where did it all go?
And as these seasons change,
our lives are rearranged,
locked inside our hope remains.

Got off the bus, without a fuss,
Growing old and numb, I am
surrounded by humdrum.
My tie tied tight, my face pale white,
the ghostly figure in the mirror
wasn't always here.

Wheeled off the bus, with so much fuss,
in modesty I roll, remembering
how I used to stroll.
And in the end, my only friend,
are memories we've made,
I'll take my sorrows to the grave

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