

## **Sam Kinison**

# **"This Temporary Life"**

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The morning sun's about to break  
I'm looking in as you create someone  
You lift your head and brush your teeth and make your  
bed  
As if you won't sleep again

You fix your hair and tie your shoes  
And tuck your shirt and now you feel new  
The glass is full, the glass is broke  
And every day desolves and there's no hope

Of ever leaving this temporary life  
Of ever leaving this temporary life

Life, life, life, life

You may ask yourself: is there anyone so alone  
That there's no beep before the dial tone  
When you pick it up to see who called  
If there is, it's probably your mom

Oh the rising sun brings little change  
To this city with a stolen name  
And you're wondering who's bright idea  
It was to pack your things and leave your friends and  
move down here

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