

## The "Song Without An Ending"

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I like you... I think that you're pretty good  
But I think that you think, that I...  
Well... that I'm a bit undercooked.

I'm lazy, I play silly jokes & go over the top.  
& one of these days it's gonna get me killed,  
& that will be my lot!

I suppose I'd leave you alone, after a while,  
But I'll lie in my bed, feeding my head,  
Until I become - fairly intelligent.

100,000 people today were burned.  
I felt a pang of concern,  
- what are we waitin' for - a message of hope.  
- from the... POPE!  
I think he got shot as well!!!!

When everyday of your life, seems the same  
- as the last,  
& you know who you're gonna meet  
- & what they're gonna ask  
Then supposin' your legs just withered away  
& you had to somehow slide around on your  
Backside - for the rest of your days.  
'Imagine'... that you're happy now.  
It's easy if you try - because we're all caught  
Up in a mortifying loop - LIFE.

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