

The Mr. T Experience "Perhaps"

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Maybe the world has finally gone so wrong
It's taken all the pleasure out of being right
Even ordinary things seem so far out of reach
That they are almost out of sight

So why propose worst case scenarios?
They seem to find ways to come true

We live in an imperfect world
That we must concede
And some things are impossible
Take that as agreed
But getting some of what you want
And most of what you need?
Perhaps, perhaps

Now that the endless march of bitterness has worn us
out
It could be time to call a halt
Sometimes even victims of injustice must admit
That something might have been their fault

All the same assigning all the blame
Could take all the time in the world

And I don't have that kind of time, forever is a curse
And I don't want to be the ruler of the universe
But staying in a little world that won't get too much
worse?
Perhaps, perhaps.

"A world of our own" sounds so trite
But that's almost all right

The way I thought that it would be has vanished in the
air
And most of it's impossible, and I don't really care
But reaching out for somebody who's actually there?
Perhaps, perhaps.

