

Zeke

"Maybe Someday"

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MY HAIR FELL OUT IN GREAT BIG HEAPS. THERE IS NO HOPE FOR MY FUCKIN' TEETH. MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL LEARN. AND MY RIGHT LEG KEEPS GOIN' OUT. AND I THINK MY LEFT HAND GOT THE GOUTE. MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL LEARN. BUT FOR NOW I JUST KEEP BLOWIN' OF TODAY. AND I'M NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL REAL, REAL SMART. AND I DON'T KNOW JACK SHIT ABOUT ART. YOU SAY MY GUITAR SHE WON'T TAKE ME FAR, BUT I LOVE HANGIN' OUT IN THHOSE SLEAZY BARS. MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL LEARN. BUT FOR NOW I JUST KEEP BLOWIN' OF TODAY. AND I GOT THIS REAL FUCKED UP PHONE JOB, SO IT'S YOUR HOUSE NEXT THAT I GONNA ROB. AND I NEVER CAN STAY OUT OFF JAIL, CAUSE I NEVER CAN MAKE THE GOD DAMNED BAIL. AND I HAVE A HARD TIME TRYIN' COPE. SO I TEND TO DO WAY TO MUCH DOPE. AND I CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER THIS WAY. ALL MY FRIENDS THINK I TURNED GAY. MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL LEARN. BUT FOR NOW I JUST KEEP BLOWIN' OF TODAY

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