

Overdrive Orchestra

"A Study In Anguish"

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The rhythm and the rhyme of a far away time
Puts a smile on his face, and a smile in his mind
The look in his eyes is mistaken for cold
But it's just a reflection of the want in his soul

He dreams of the stage, of fantasies and fame
He's imagined the rush of fans screaming his name

He's old and he's young, the music makes him whole
He lives through the sons; they bring peace to his soul
He's old and he's young, the music makes him whole
He lives through the sons; they bring peace to his soul

He goes through the day singing songs in his mind
His voice is long gone, from abuse and time
Life is what it is, some make it, some don't
Some of us fake it, until time stops the show

He's old and he's young, the music makes him whole

He lives through the sons; they bring peace to his soul
He's old and he's young, the music makes him whole
He lives through the sons; they bring peace to his soul

The blues make him happy; the rock makes him cry
He's a study in anguish, but it all makes him high
The drums start to pound; the guitars start to whine
The singer starts screaming; I go back in time

He's old and he's young, the music makes him whole
He lives through the sons; they bring peace to his soul
He's old and he's young, the music makes him whole
He lives through the sons; they bring peace to his soul

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